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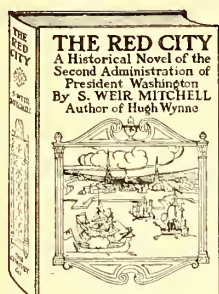
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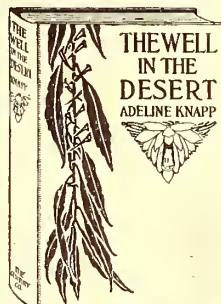
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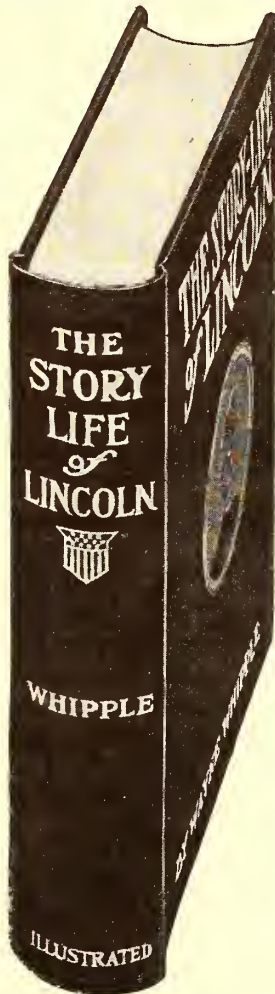
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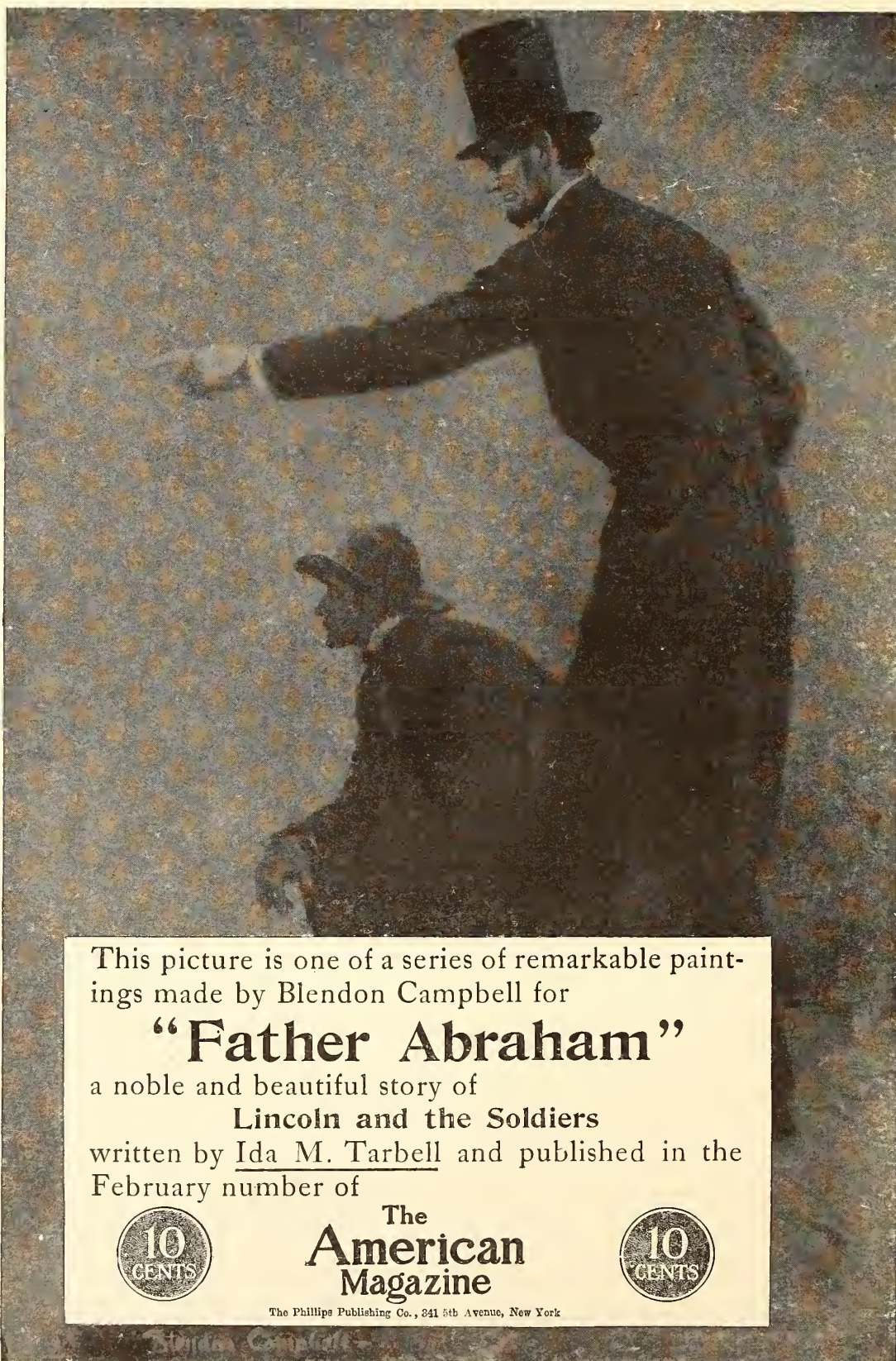
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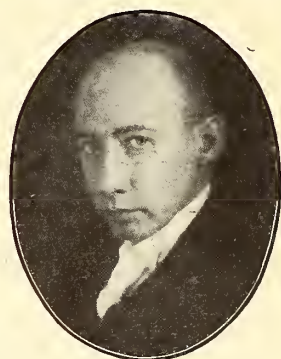
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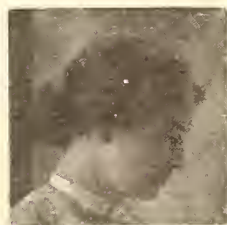
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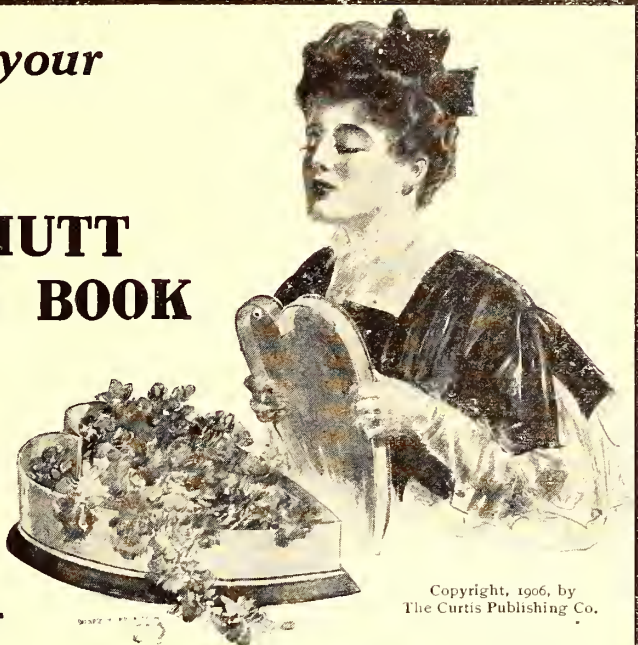
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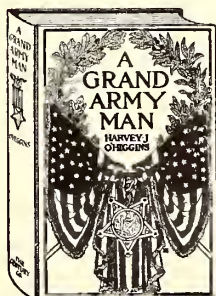
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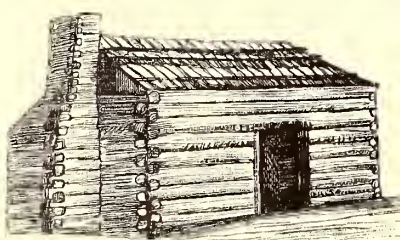
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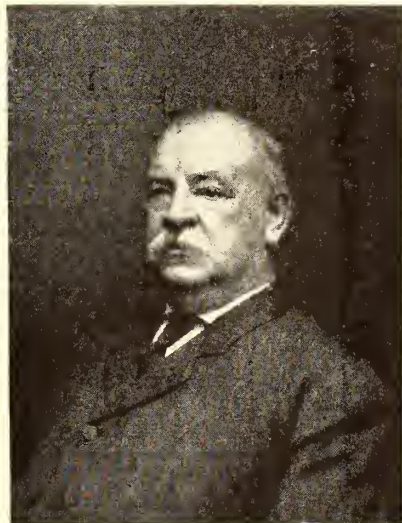
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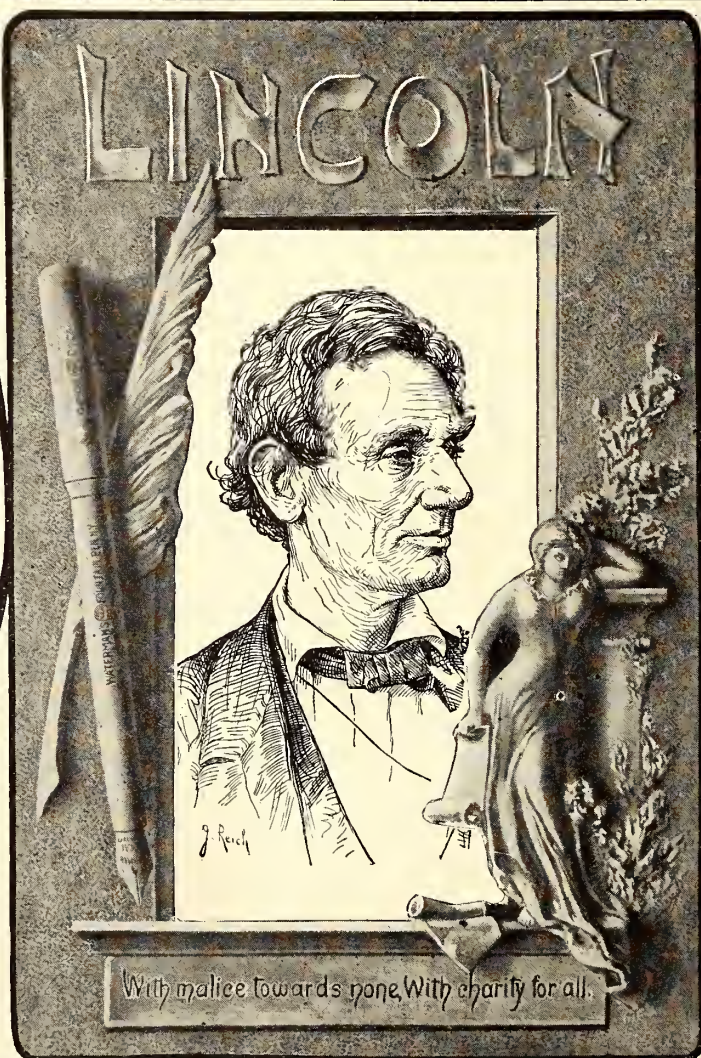


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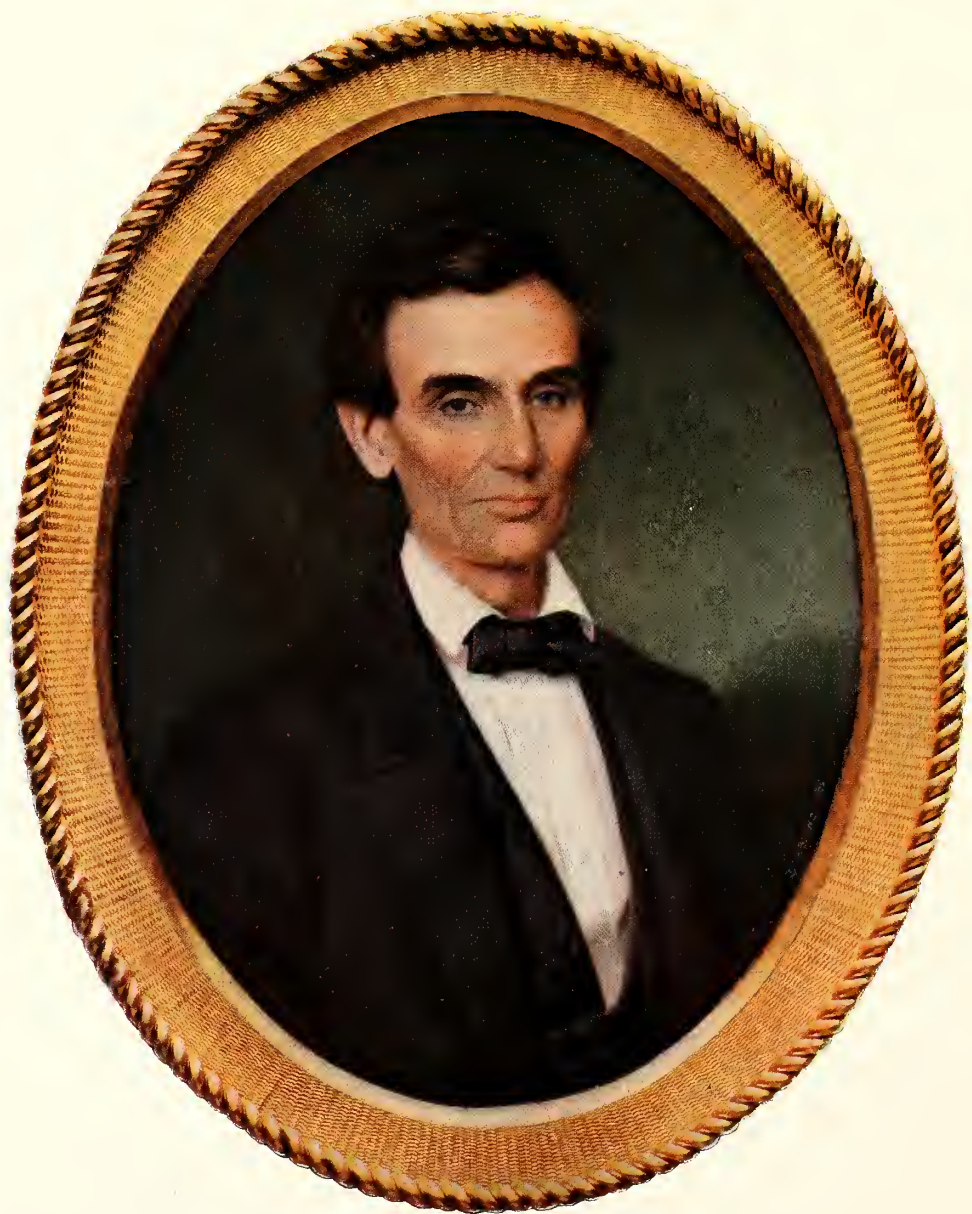
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Miniature (size of the original) painted on ivory from life at Springfield, Illinois, in 1860, by John Henry Brown, at the request of Judge John M. Read, of Philadelphia.
From the original owned by the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVII

FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 4

LINCOLN THE LEADER¹

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

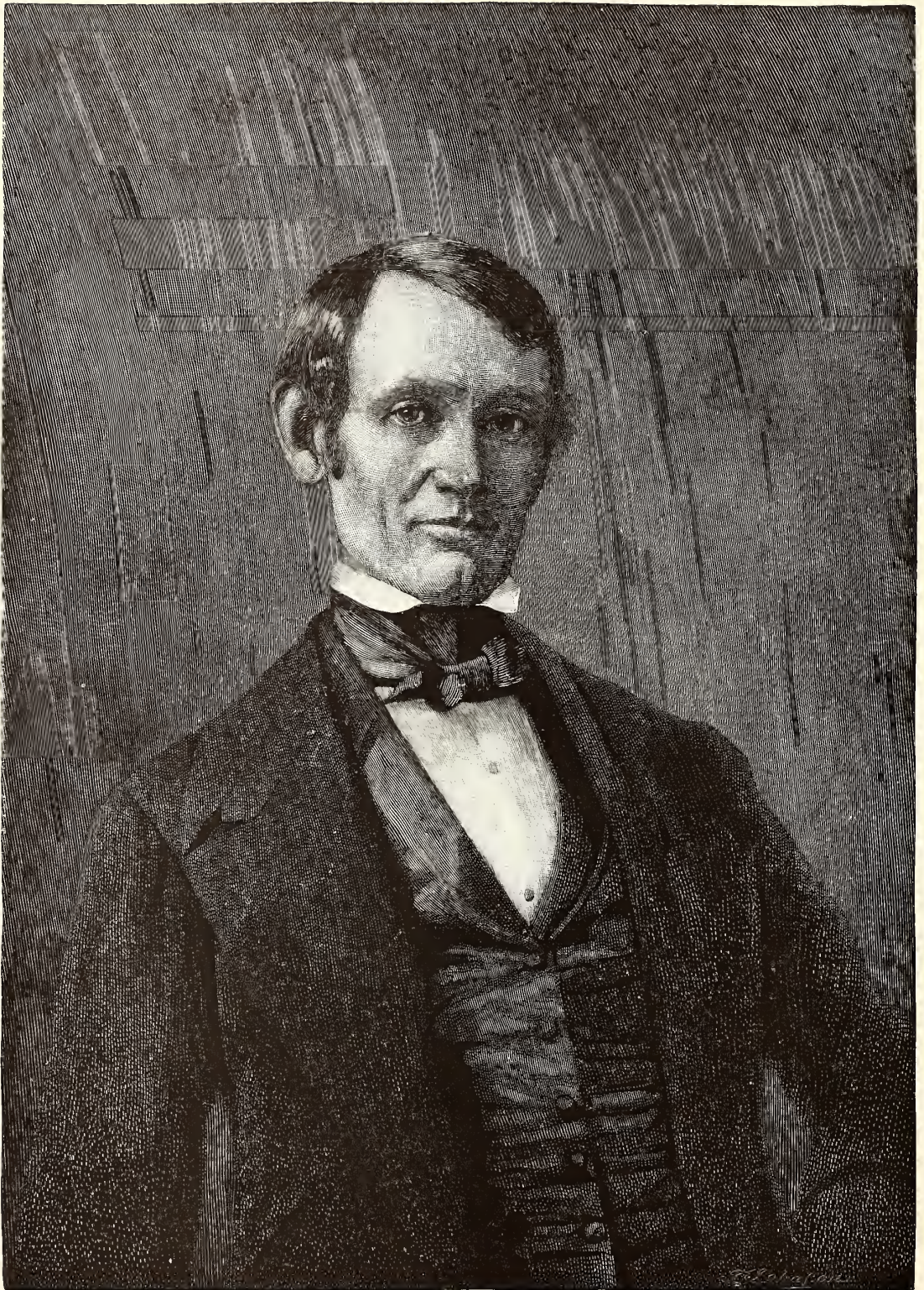
"GREATER AND GREATER"

IT was not many years after the Civil War that I first came to New York. There I met, with youth's curiosity and admiration for genius, among other literary lights of the day, Edmund Clarence Stedman, who had struck out that dynamic lyric on Ossawatimie Brown, prophetic of the war; who had addressed to the President the demand for a captain,—"Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!"—a demand which it took Lincoln so long and through so many disappointments to satisfy; and who had written the ringing sonnet on the assassination, in which Lincoln is described as "the whitest soul a nation knew"; Bayard Taylor, who had been of special service to Lincoln at the important court of St. Petersburg; Richard Grant White, who had interpreted the Union cause in his "New Gospel of Peace," and had gathered the war-songs into a unique volume; Richard Henry Stoddard, who had written an eloquent ode on the death of Lincoln; Dr. J. G. Holland, who had written a life of the President, the first of any moment to be put

forth after his death; Noah Brooks, who had been close to Lincoln in Washington; Bret Harte, author, among other famous pieces, of certain memorable lyrics of the war; George William Curtis, who had taken part in both the conventions that nominated Lincoln, and officially notified him of his second nomination; and, a seldom and picturesque revisitor of his beloved Manhattan, Walt Whitman, who had written "Captain, My Captain," and the passionate chant on the death of the President, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." A majestic figure of the time was the poet Bryant, who had presided on the occasion of Lincoln's Cooper Union Speech, when each had been greatly impressed by the other, Lincoln saying "It was worth the journey to the East merely to meet such a man," and Bryant becoming, soon after, one of Lincoln's chief supporters for the Presidential nomination.

A certain young journalist and author in the literary group greatly attracted me. I remember writing to him in those days a boyish, enthusiastic letter enrolling him in the company of "good fellows"—the

¹Read before the Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion, at Minneapolis, February 12, 1907.



From a daguerreotype owned by Robert T. Lincoln. Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson. See "Open Letters"

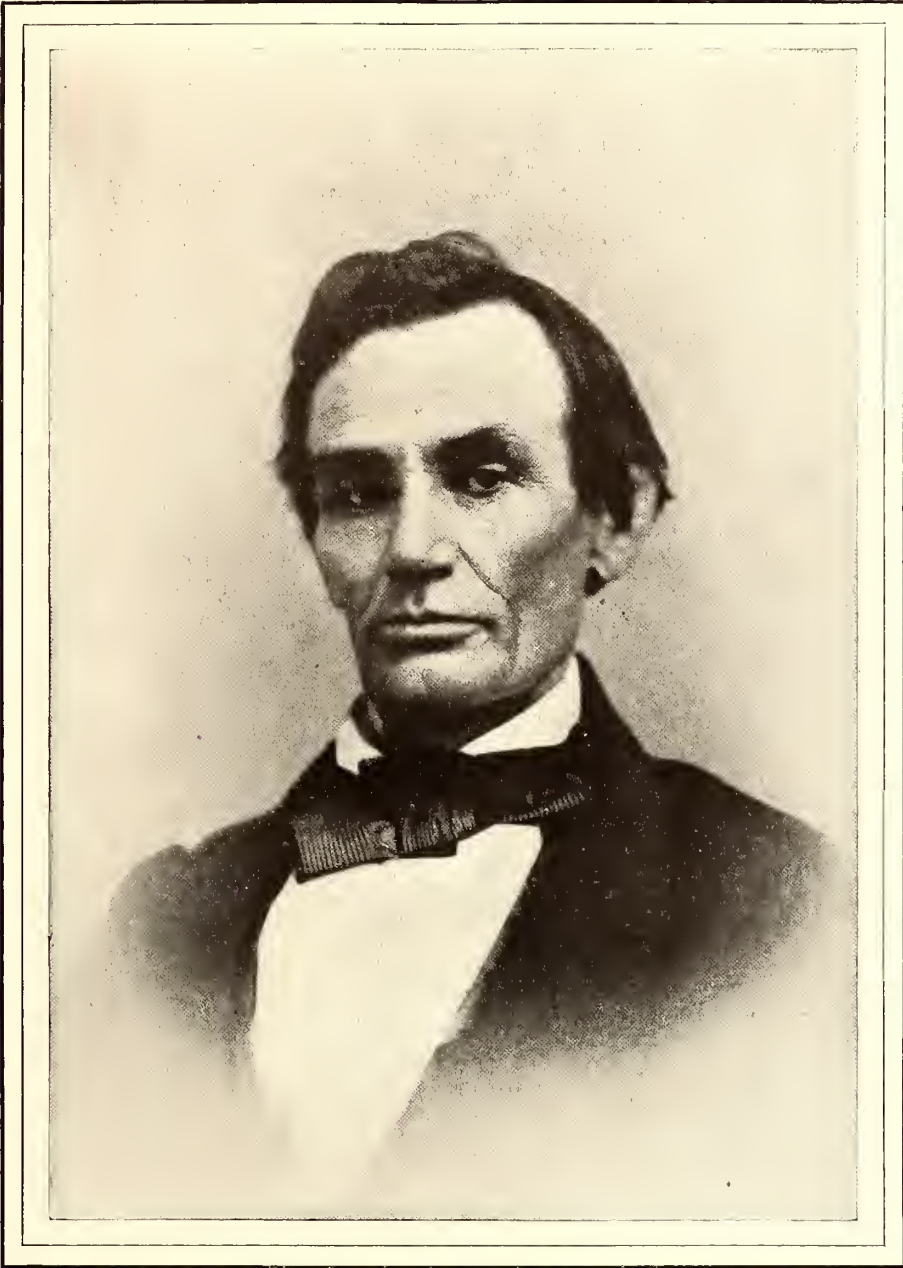
LINCOLN AS LAWYER

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln is of the opinion that this portrait was taken between December, 1847, and March, 1849, during his father's one term in Congress.

good-hearted, the art-loving, the genial. There was a special fascination about him. He had a quiet, intense sense of humor; a wit that was genial, though it

your writing about him, does he seem to you larger or less?"

To this,—and I remember the seriousness of his manner,—John Hay answered:



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

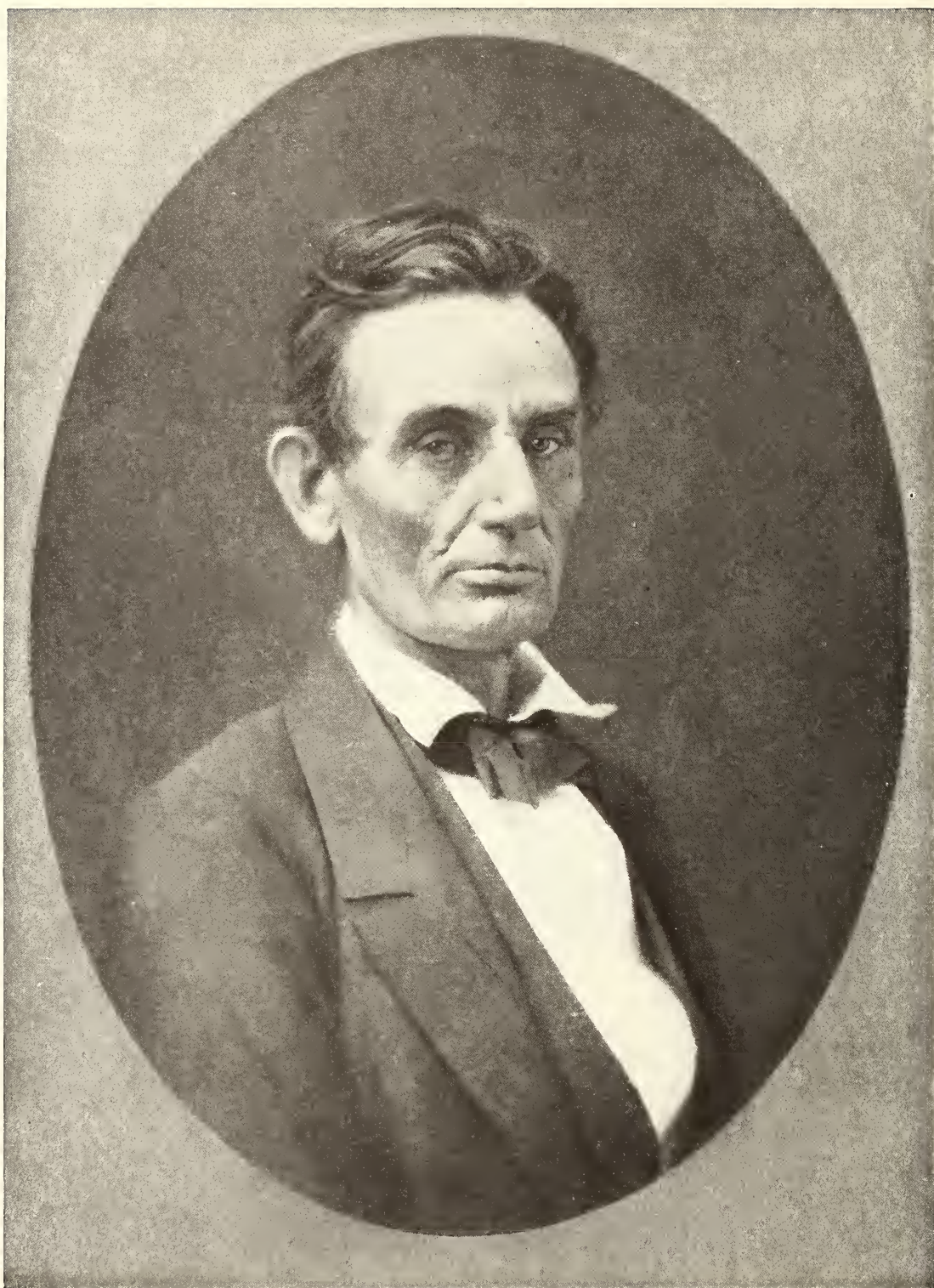
From an ambrotype made a few days after the debate at Galesburg, Illinois, October 7, 1858.

could be stinging; and a piquant poise and reticence. He was as self-confident as he was courteous and modest.

To him I said one day, "Colonel, as you continue your study of Lincoln, and

"As I go on with the work, to me Lincoln grows greater and greater."

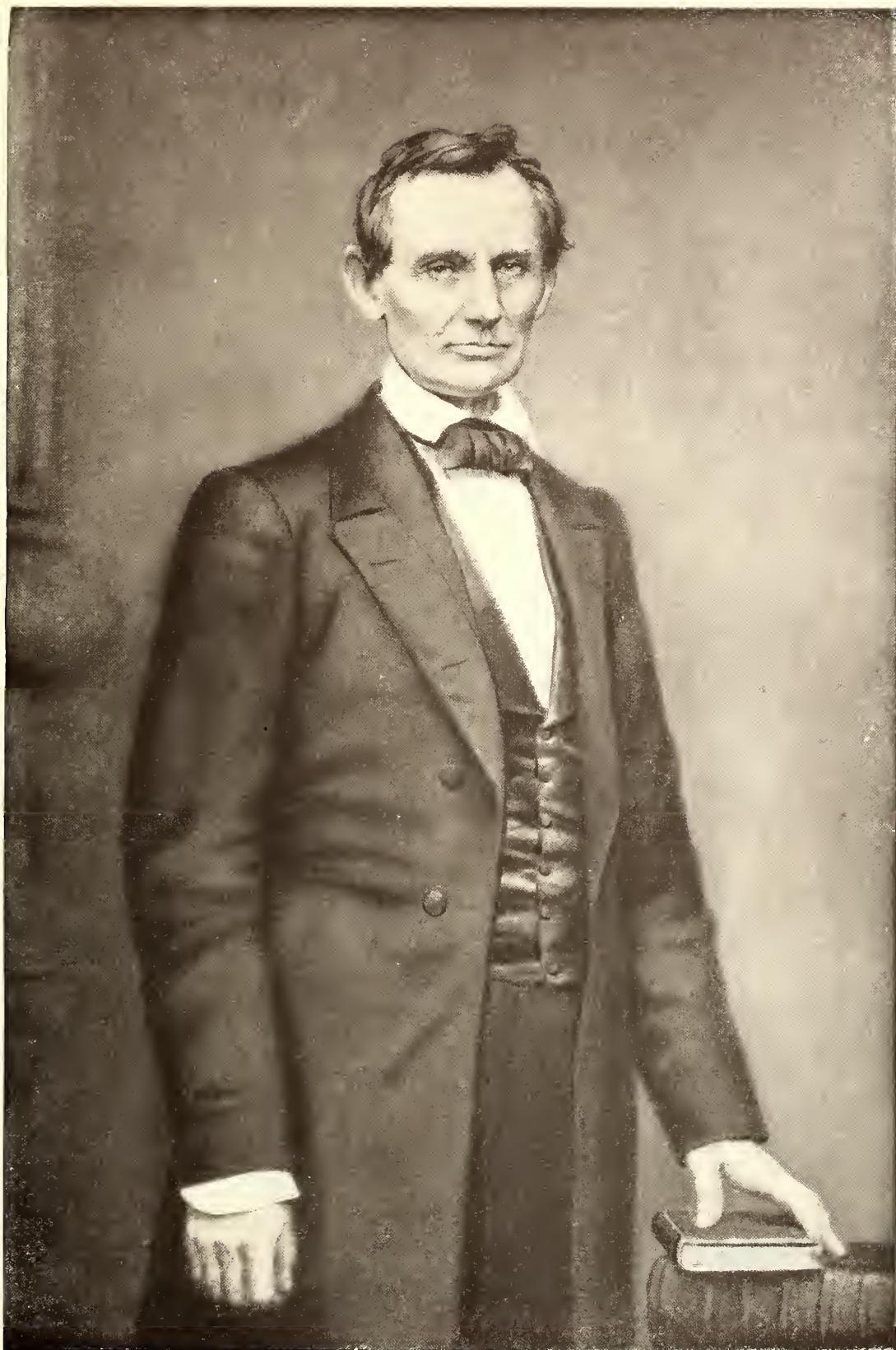
Since then, as the historical students and the people of his country and of the world have studied and better known his



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill. See "Open Letters "

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

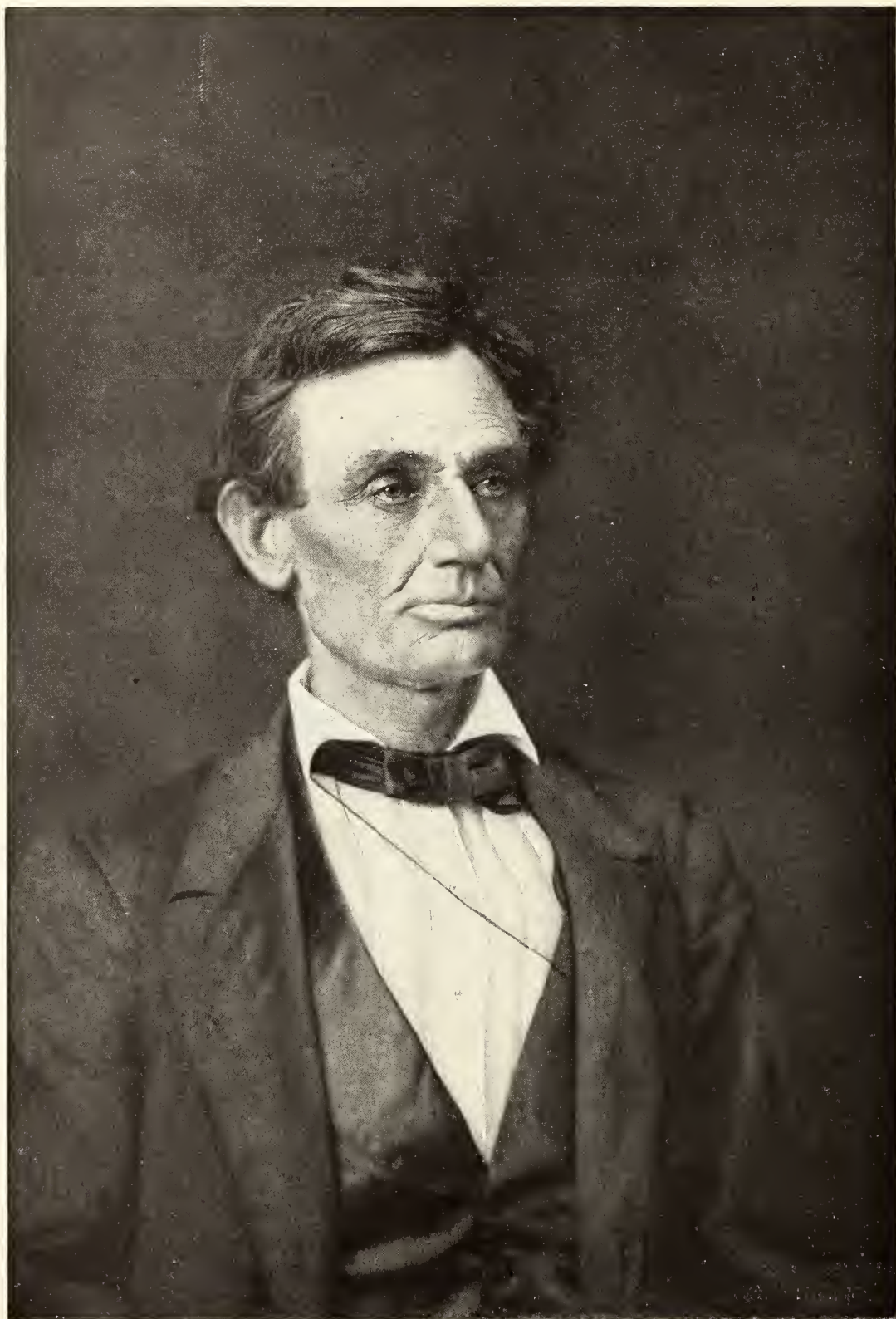
From a photograph owned by William Lloyd Garrison, made by Fassett of Chicago in October, 1859.



From an enlargement of the Brady negative in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This photograph was taken just after Lincoln's Cooper Institute speech, February 27, 1860, and is called the "Cooper Institute portrait."



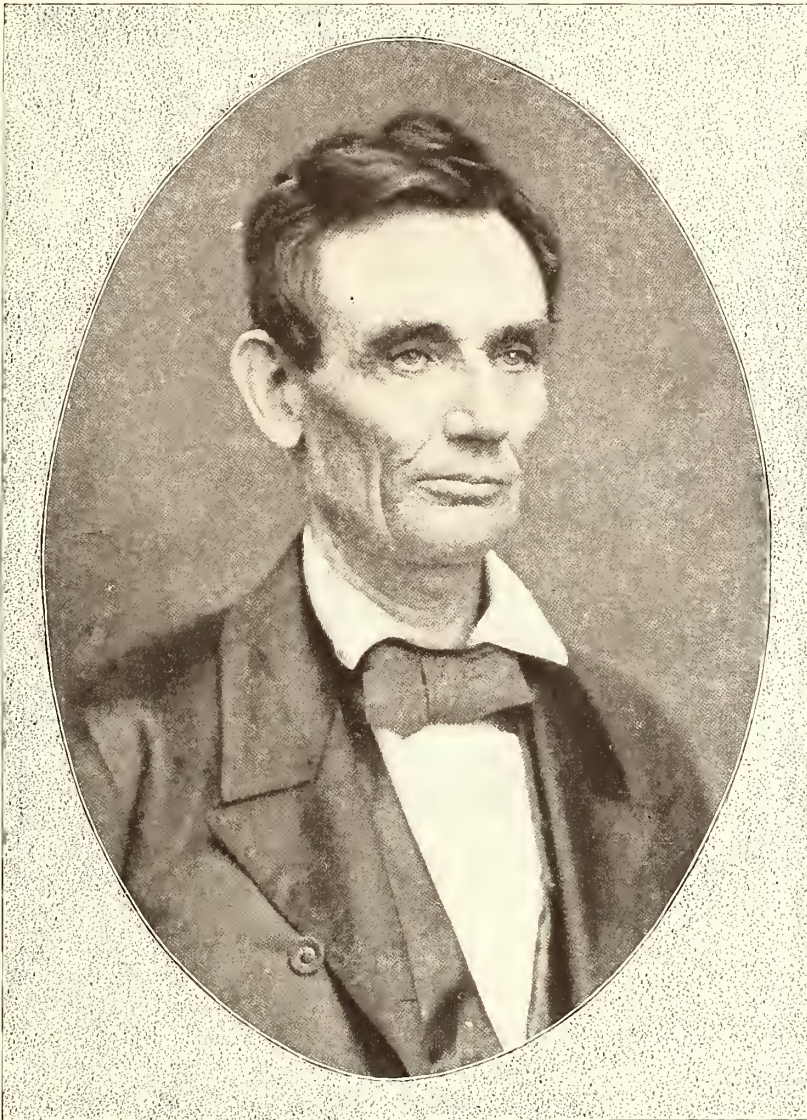
Copyright, 1954, by George B. Ayres. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

From a negative taken at Springfield, Illinois, in June, 1860, immediately after his nomination.

commanding personality, Abraham Lincoln has grown greater and greater in the estimation of mankind. Very greatly, indeed, has the writing of John Hay himself, and of the elder devoted co-biographer, John G. Nicolay, helped in this better

living day. A man of light and leading in our Southern States told me lately that to him Lincoln was one of the three most interesting personalities in all history, one of the others being no less than "the man of Galilee."



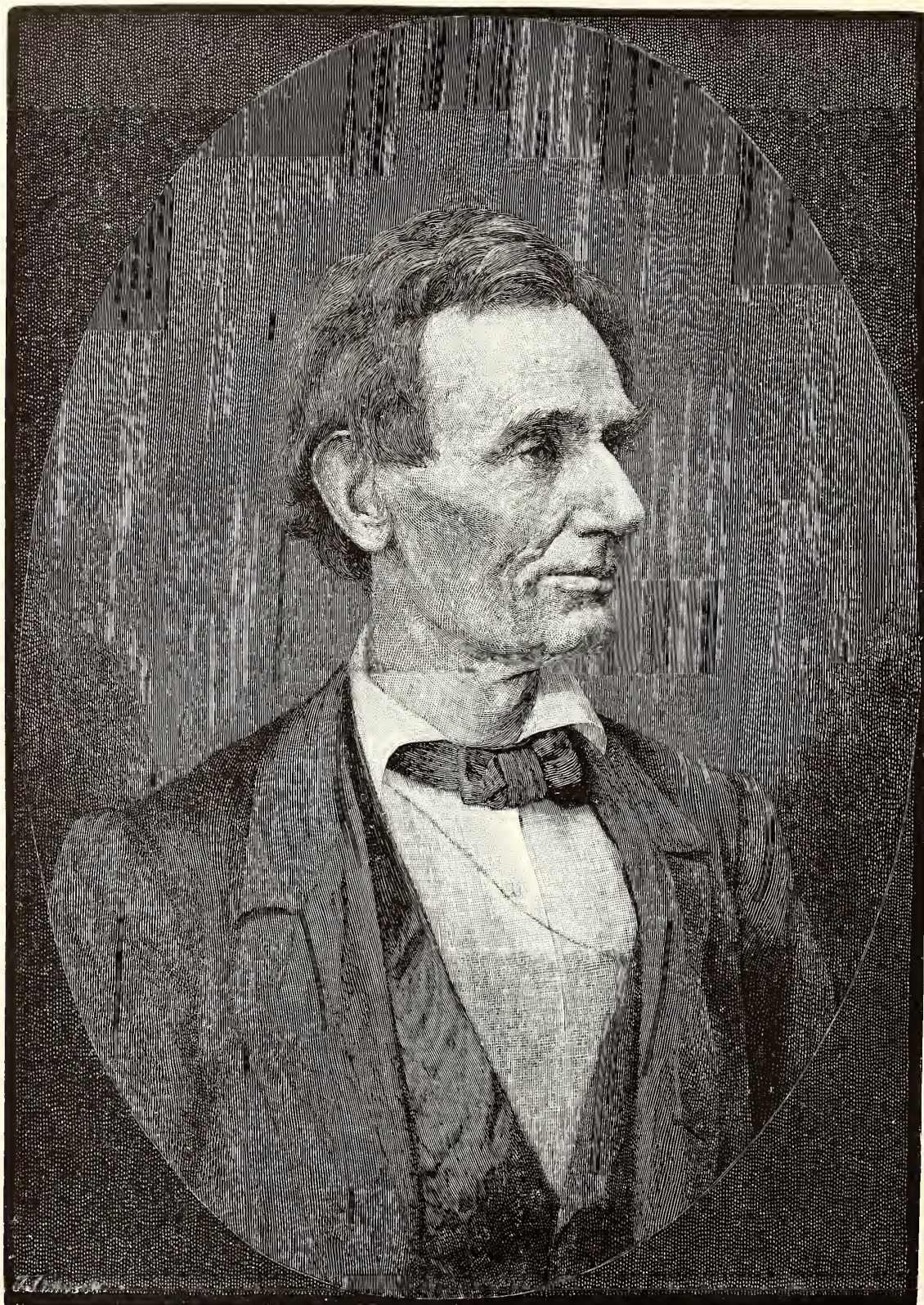
From a photograph owned by R. W. Gilder. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

understanding. Lincoln's praises are multiplied in all lands by statesmen, historians, orators, poets. Added to the common admiring regard in which he is held, one constantly comes upon a peculiar interest in him, an absorbing affection for him on the part of all sorts of people, some of whom were his contemporaries, and some children during his life, or born since his

POWER OF EXPRESSION AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESSFUL LEADERSHIP

It is natural that a writer should be specially attracted to Lincoln by a study of his recorded utterances; in other words, by an interest in his literary style. Too young to appreciate what may be called the artistic quality of his speeches



Engraved by Thomas Johnson from the original negative. Copyright, 1881, by George B. Ayres

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This photograph was made by Hesler in Chicago, about 1860.

and writings at the time of their delivery, it was after the war that I awoke to a full appreciation of Lincoln's power of expression—a power which was one of the main elements of his strength as a leader.

It is not strange that an unusual faculty of expression should be found to belong to those who have risen to leadership among men. This expressiveness may be of various kinds. Lincoln and Gladstone having been contemporaries, born in the same year, and each rising to the highest leadership in the two great English-speaking nations, it is natural that they should be compared as to their use of language spoken and written. Gladstone's elaborate and persuasive eloquence, his manifold learning and well-stored memory, the copiousness of his diction, and the dignity, as well as the fire and energy of his forensic appeals—these were among the wonders of a good part of the last century. But lately, on separate occasions, I asked of two of Gladstone's most eminent parliamentary supporters and admirers, without contradiction, and, indeed, with full agreement on the part of both, whether it was not one of the miracles of genius that notwithstanding Gladstone had enjoyed all that culture could accomplish,—by means of university training, and familiarity with the art and literature of the ancient and modern world, and long training and leadership in public life,—he had not left a single masterpiece of English, hardly one great phrase that clings to the memory of men; while Lincoln, without any educational advantages whatever, growing up in the backwoods, with scarcely a dozen books of value at his command, and ignorant of the literature and art of modern Europe, as of ancient times, had acquired a style of higher distinction than that of Gladstone, and had bequeathed more than one masterpiece to the literature of the English tongue.

Lincoln's style in speech and writing is the same sort of miracle that gave us the consummate art of Shakspeare, the uncolleged actor; of Burns, the plowman; and of Keats, the apothecary's apprentice, son of a livery-stableman. It is not easy to analyze a miracle, but in discussing the leadership of Lincoln it is interesting to find certain qualities in his literary style

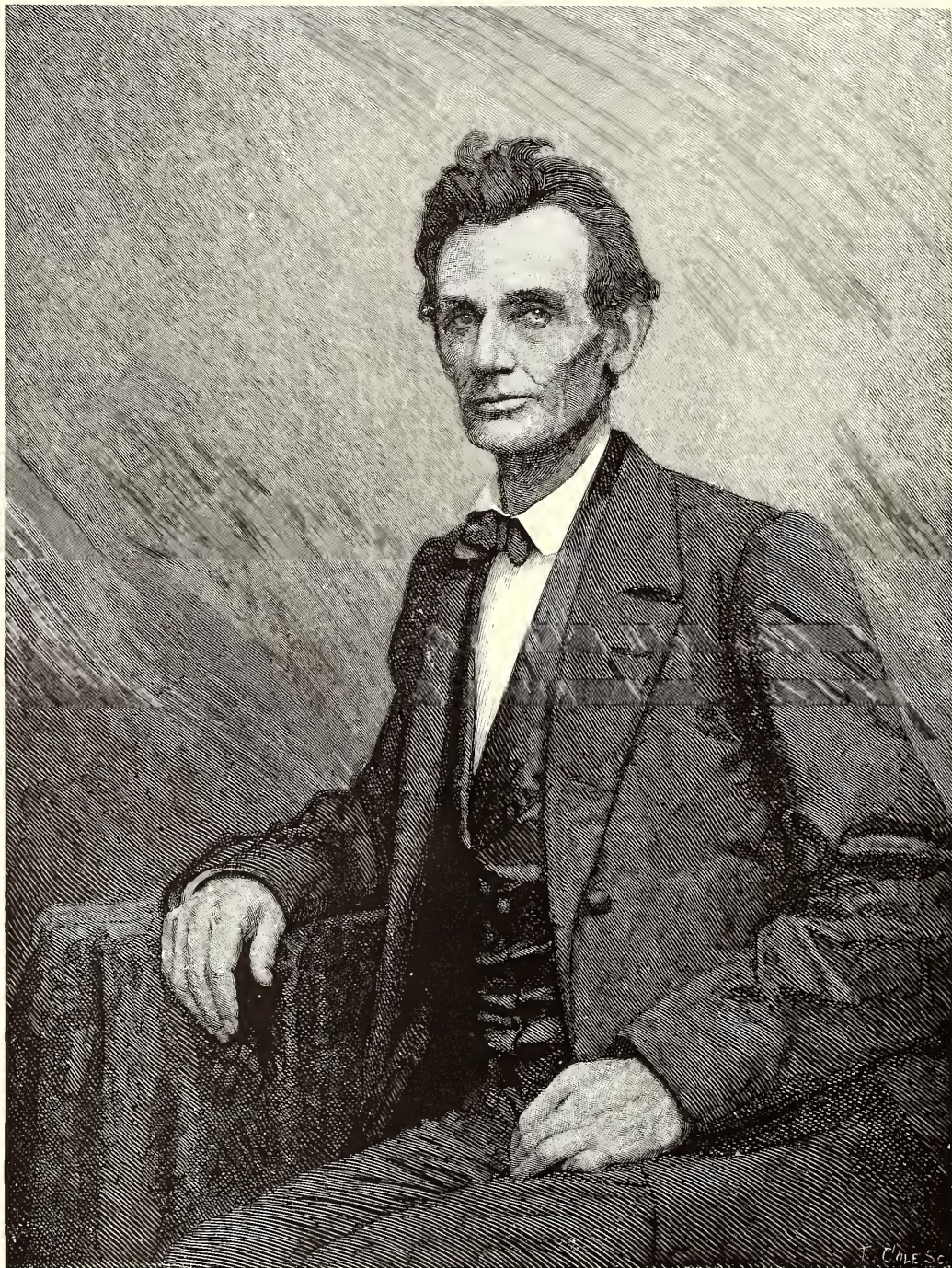
that are traits of his character, and thus elements of his leadership.

Notwithstanding that the country has been ransacked for every record of his public speech, and every scrap of paper to which he put pen, there has been found from him absolutely nothing discreditable, and little that can be criticized in the way of expression. Without the aid of any teacher, he early learned to be moderate and reasonable in statement, so that on the part even of the obscure young politician there is a complete absence of that kind of public speech which is described in a passage he loved to quote, where it is said of the orator that "he mounted the rostrum, threw back his head, shined his eyes, and left the consequences to God."

LINCOLN'S SENSE OF HUMOR

LINCOLN'S relish for a phrase like this recalls his extraordinary sense of humor. Probably no great historical figure in the realm of action ever had Lincoln's intense humorousness, combined with so keen and racy a wit. Lincoln's laugh was something amazing. His face, in repose, well-balanced and commanding, with the grimace of laughter is said to have become a surprising thing. Many anecdotes relate the boisterousness of his appreciation of a humorous situation or story. Hay tells of his cheery laugh, which filled the Blue Room with infectious good nature. "Homeric laughter," Hay says it sometimes was; adding this genial touch, that it was "dull pleasure" to Lincoln "to laugh alone." Some visitors at the White House were filled with wonder at the quick transition from unbridled mirth to pathetic seriousness. What wonder that "the boisterous laughter became less frequent year by year, the eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects; the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased," and, as Hay says, and his pictures and the two contrasting life-masks show, he rapidly grew old.

Lincoln's sense of humor, which flavored now and then his speeches and writings, and constantly his conversation, went along with a homely wit which frequently brought to his argument quaint and convincing illustration. His sense of humor



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an ambrotype taken May 19, 1860, the day after his nomination for President.

was, indeed, a real assistance in his leadership, having many uses: it relieved the strain of his strenuous labors; it helped to attach the masses to his personality; and it assisted him out of many difficulties. We did not fully know till lately that he himself so keenly appreciated the part that story-telling played in his career. Colonel Burt reports a strange interview with Lincoln at the Soldiers' Home at a time of keen anxiety and when a person present had rudely demanded one of his "good stories." "I believe," said Lincoln, turning away from the challenger, "I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense; for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feeling and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

TRAITS OF LINCOLN'S STYLE

THE most striking characteristic of Lincoln's style may be found in the record from the beginning. Candor was a trait of the man, and not less of his verbal manner. His natural honesty of character, his desire to make his meaning clear,—literally to *demonstrate* what he believed to be the truth with mathematical precision,—this gave his expression both attractiveness and force. The simplicity of his nature, his lack of self-consciousness and vanity, tended to simplicity and directness of diction. An eminent lawyer has said,—perhaps with exaggeration,—that without the massive reasoning of Webster, or the resplendent rhetoric of Burke, Lincoln exceeded them both in his faculty of statement. His style was affected, too, by the personal traits of consideration for those of a contrary mind, his toleration, and large human sympathy.

But Lincoln's style might have had all these qualities, and yet not have carried as it did. Beyond these traits comes the miracle—the cadence of his prose, and its traits of pathos and of imagination. Lin-

coln's prose, at its height, and when his spirit was stirred by aspiration and resolve, affects the soul like noble music. Indeed, there may be found in all his great utterances a strain which is like the leading motive—the *Leit-motif*—in musical drama; a strain of mingled pathos, heroism, and resolution. That is the strain in the two inaugurals, in the "Gettysburg Address," and in his letter of consolation to a bereaved mother, which moves the hearts of generation after generation.

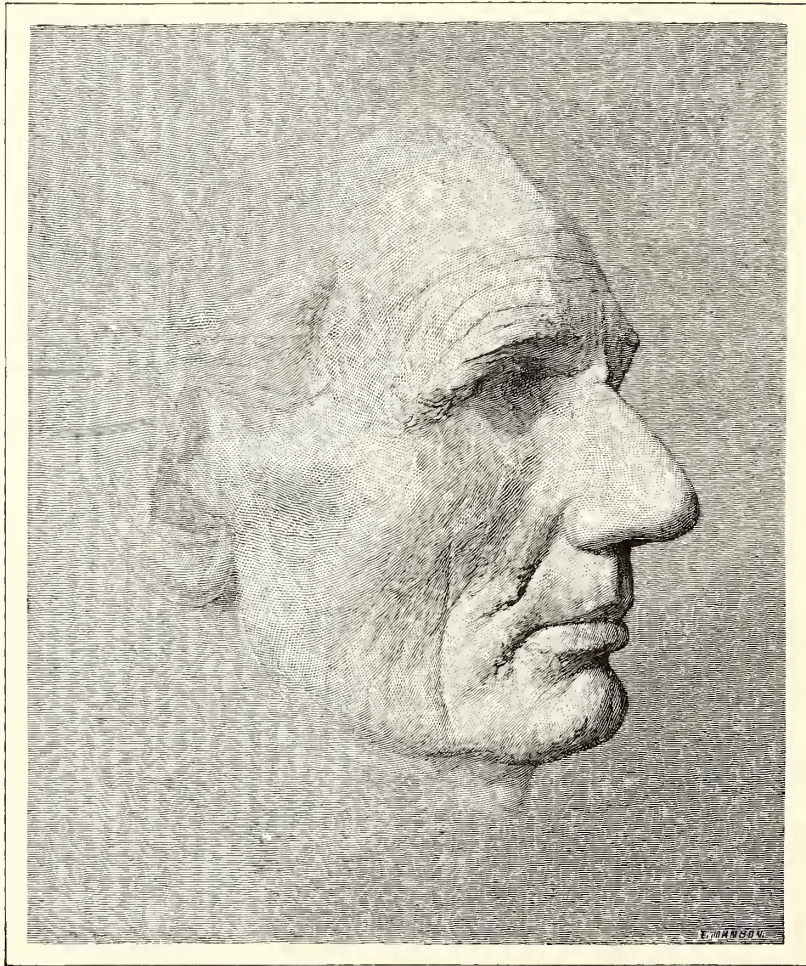
Lincoln's power of expression was evidently one of the most effective elements of his leadership. The sympathy and toleration which made his writings and speeches so persuasive assisted his leadership not only in convincing his listeners, and in endearing him, the leader, to individuals and the masses, but helped him as a statesman to take large and humane views, and to adopt measures in keeping with such views. To that sympathy and that toleration a reunited country is under constant obligation not merely for the result of a successfully conducted war,—successful in the true interests of both antagonists,—but for the continuing possibility of good feeling between the sections. To think that in the preparatory political struggle and during the four years of the hideous conflict, Abraham Lincoln, though his spirit was strained almost beyond human endurance by the harassments of his position; though misunderstood and foully calumniated by public antagonists, and thwarted and plotted against by some of his own apparent supporters, uttered not one word of violence or rancor,—not a phrase which, after the cessation of hostilities, might return to embitter the defeated combatants, or be resented by their descendants!

HIS TOLERANCE AND SYMPATHY

THIS extraordinary forbearance of the President's has often been spoken of as an amiable trait of the man; but do we fully realize the value to the nation of this trait, and the worth of its example in public leadership? After so tremendous a conflict, the world abroad wonders at the quickness of the return to sympathetic relations—to closer relations than ever—between the sections so lately at war. But we of the country know that the obstacles

to true union after the war were not so much the events of the war,—though some of them naturally enough left a trail of bitter resentment,—as events succeeding the conflict of years, in that period of experimental reconstruction, when things were done in the name of the dominant powers

A striking illustration of his sympathy for the people of the Confederate States was his attempt, earnest and ineffectual, in the last days of hostilities, two months before his death, to convert his own cabinet to his generous and long-cherished scheme of compensated emancipation.



Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson

LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This mask was made in Chicago in April, 1860, a month before the nomination for President, by Leonard W. Volk, who described "The Lincoln Life-Mask and How it was Made," in this magazine for December, 1881.

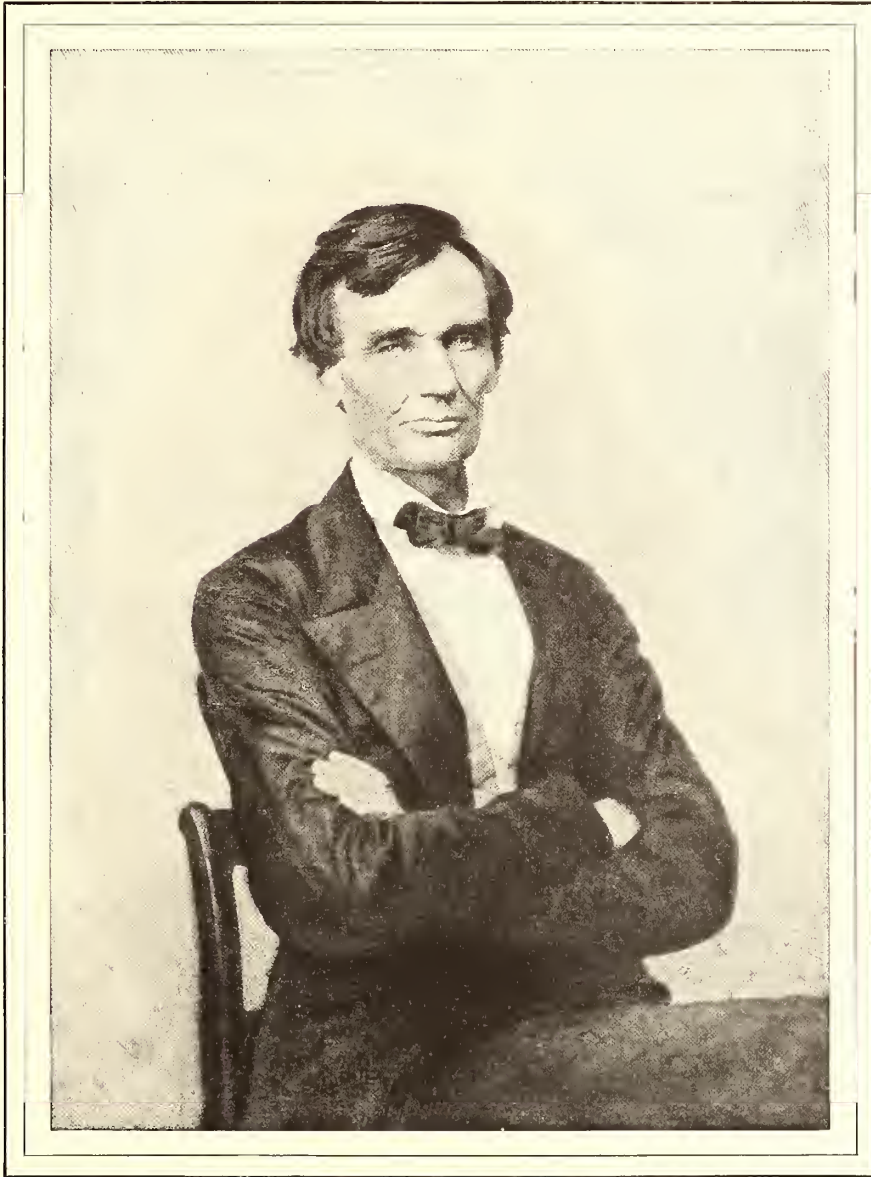
which the South has found it hard to forget, and the North ardently wishes could be blotted from all remembrance. Lincoln's attitude toward the South, when fully comprehended, helped to obliterate the acid stains of the reconstruction period. In other words, we are to-day a truly united country not only because Lincoln conducted the war to a successful issue; but because of his wise and tolerant and sympathetic leadership during that war.

That he failed pathetically to carry through this plan, upon which his heart was set, illustrates, also, the fact that uninterrupted success is not necessary to the fame of the great figures of history. Lincoln's failure to win support for this humane policy deeply grieved him, but the misadventure is not held against him in the estimate of his greatness. On the contrary, the fact that he made the attempts counts in his favor, and to-day especially

endears him to multitudes of his countrymen, and is one of the very bonds that hold the country together.

But Lincoln's sympathy and tolerance, his forgiveness, his distaste for personal contention, his lack of resentment, his

among his nominal supporters whose zeal led them into positions of open or concealed antagonism. The opposition to him in his own party was much more intense than is generally known to the present generation.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1860

From an ambrotype owned by Major William H. Lambert, which is one of the two ambrotypes made at the request of J. Henry Brown as guides to that artist in the painting of the miniature which is the color frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*.

great heart, were shown not only in his attitude toward those whom,—for their own good, as he believed,—he unrelentingly opposed with all the forces at his command; but also toward his political opponents in the North, and toward those

HIS MANAGEMENT OF DIVERSE PERSONALITIES

As to his masterly management of the personalities whose followers he placated and whose peculiarities and diverse abili-



Wyatt Eaton 1877

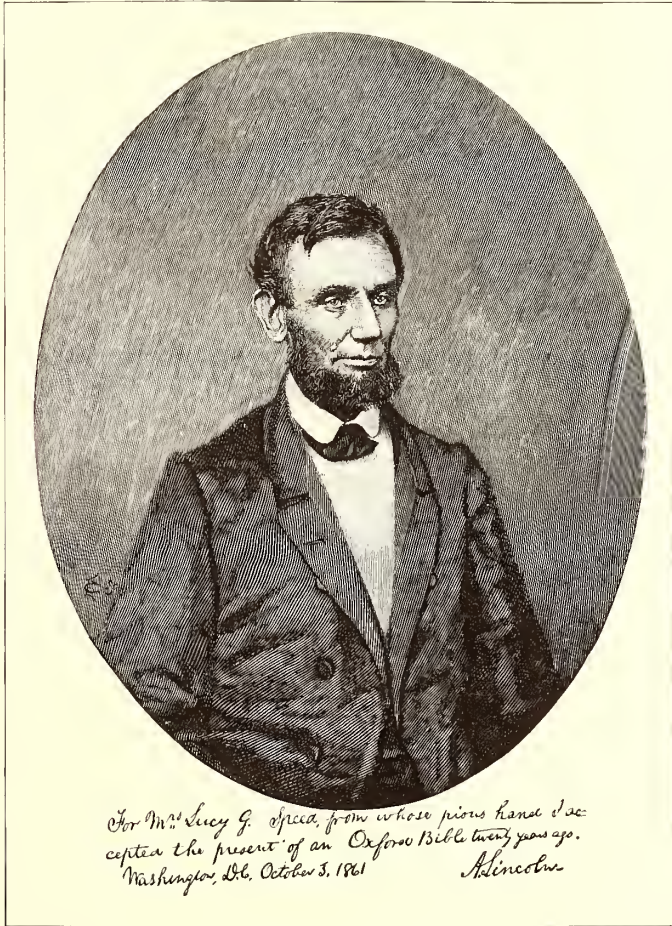
T. COLE. Sc.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A pen portrait made by Wyatt Eaton, from photographs, for THE CENTURY
MAGAZINE in 1877. Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole.

ties he skilfully utilized for the common cause, this part of his leadership is illustrated by a hundred stories either true in fact or typically true. Here came into play his sense of humor, his insight into motive and character, in a word, his tact, along with that tolerance and that sympathy of which I have spoken as affecting

Lincoln's leadership of the irascible and faithful Stanton was a simpler matter; here the President's inexhaustible patience and his abounding sense of humor were both required to save the situation, though looking back on the relations of these strong and utterly divergent personalities, one feels that the sense of humor was per-



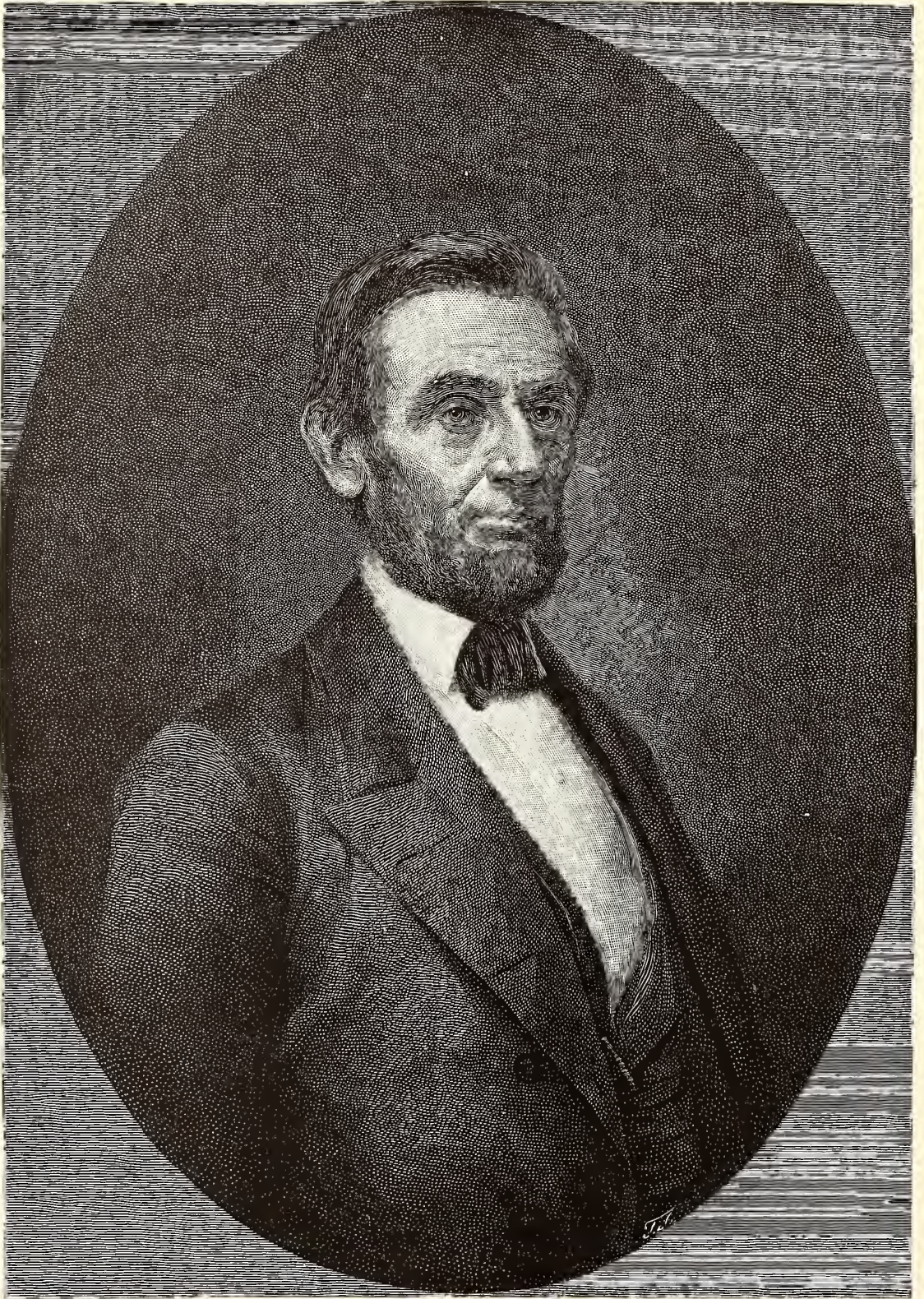
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph with autograph which the President sent to Mrs. Lucy G. Speed in October, 1861.

his habit of oral and written expression. That he could manage to hold so long together four such individualities as his own, Seward's, Stanton's, and Chase's, proves a genius of leadership truly exceptional. It is now known, as it was not till Nicolay and Hay revealed the fact, how Seward learned to respect and loyally acquiesce in the leadership of one whom he at first not unnaturally expected to lead.

haps the saving grace. As for Chase, and his convinced and enthusiastic following, it was inevitable that some such rallying-ground should exist, in a time of stress, for those who, as in the case of Chase himself, were temperamentally unsympathetic with the personality and methods of Lincoln. But Lincoln's leadership did not fail him here, as the story of the second nomination and election abundantly testifies.¹

¹ His most perplexing and unfortunate entanglement was with Cameron, the inner history of which episode is not fully known.



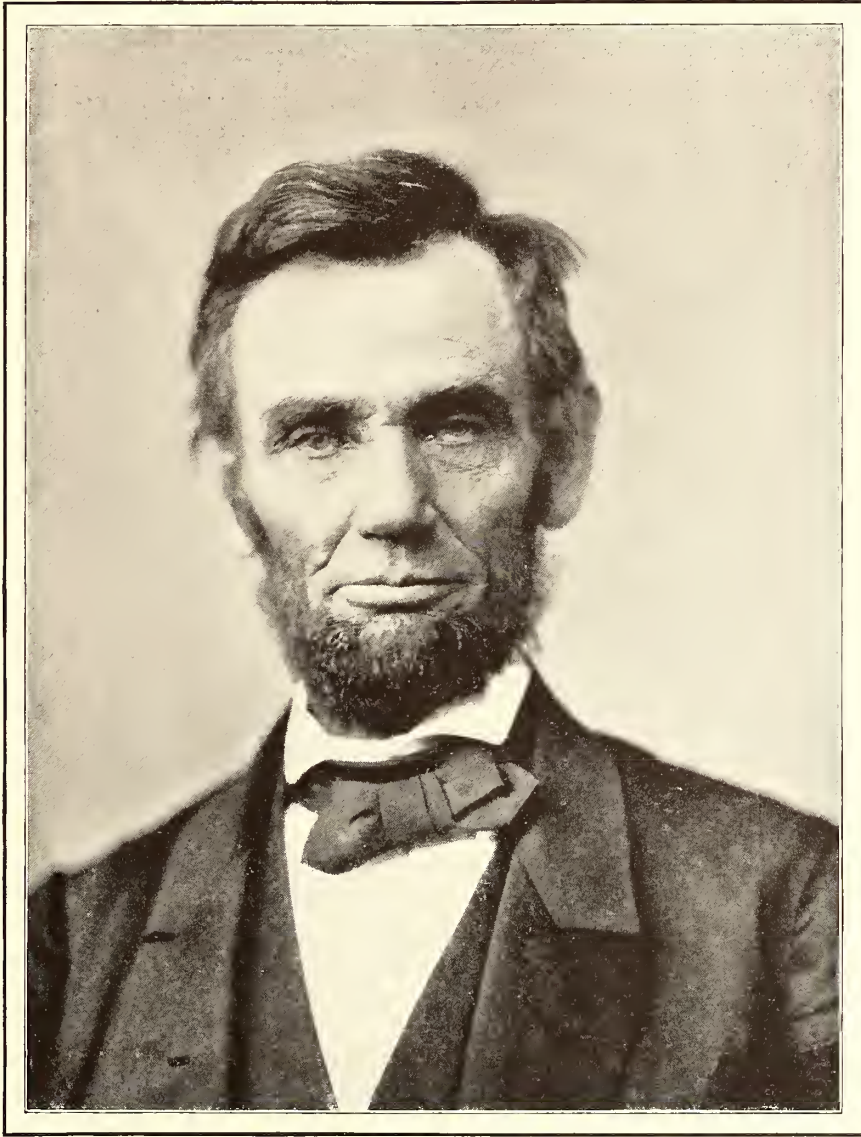
Engraved on wood by Thomas Johnson

*A. Lincoln. January 26, 1861
Springfield, Ill.*

OTHER TRAITS OF LINCOLN'S
LEADERSHIP

LET it not be omitted in the enumeration of the elements of Lincoln's leader-

and experience" should "show a modification or change to be proper," and that in every case and exigency his best discretion would be exercised "according to circumstances actually existing." Lincoln, like



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an original, unretouched negative made in 1864, at the time the President commissioned Ulysses S. Grant Lieutenant-General and Commander of all the Armies of the Union. It is stated that this negative, with one of General U. S. Grant, was made in commemoration of that event.

ship that he did not disdain to learn from experience. In his first Inaugural, while stating the policy of the Administration with regard to acts of violence against the authority of the United States, he definitely announced that the course indicated would be followed "unless current events

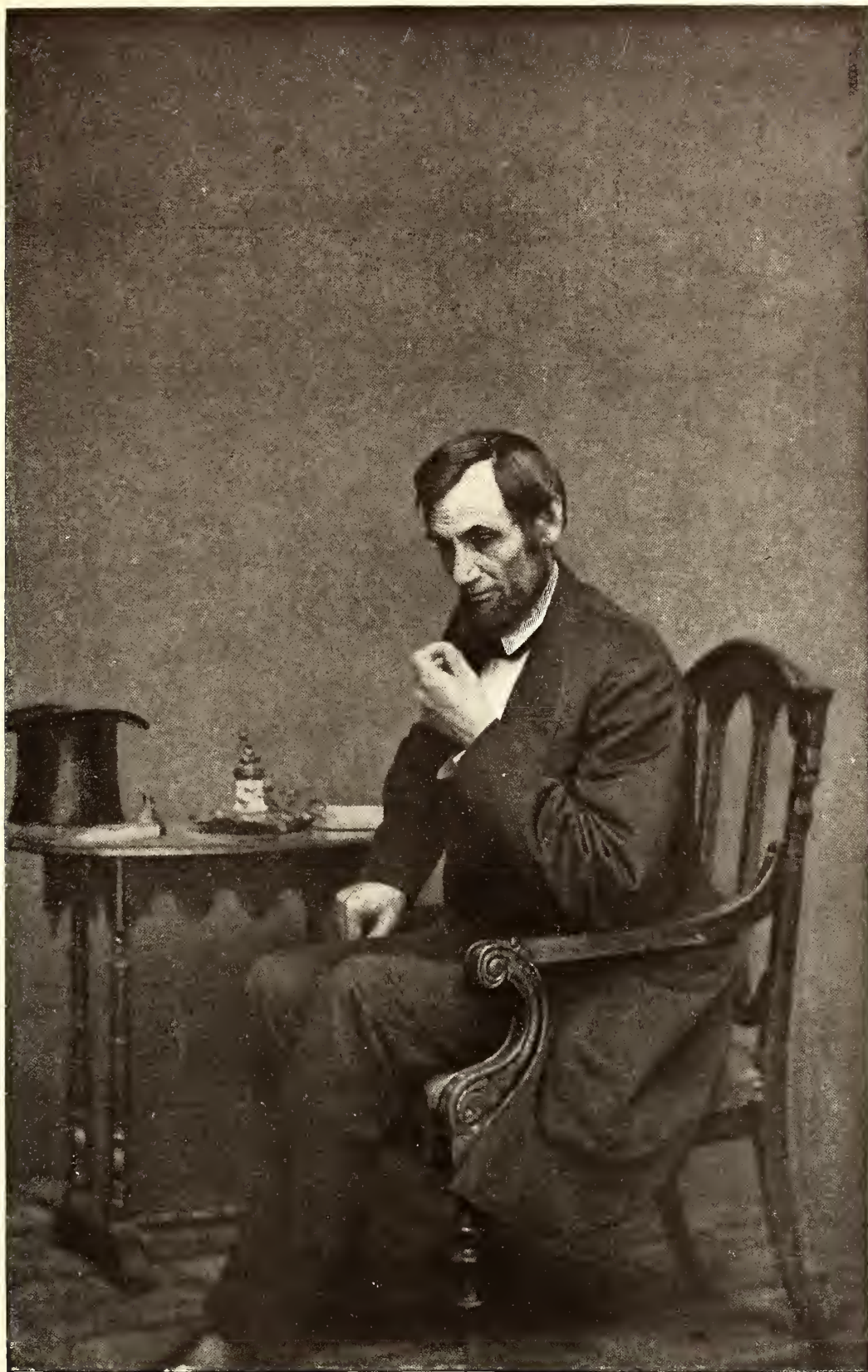
other great leaders and administrators, would rather be right than be consistent. His was a consistency of principle rather than of program. His aim was justice, and if he could not reach it by one path, he would push on by another.

Special features of his leadership were



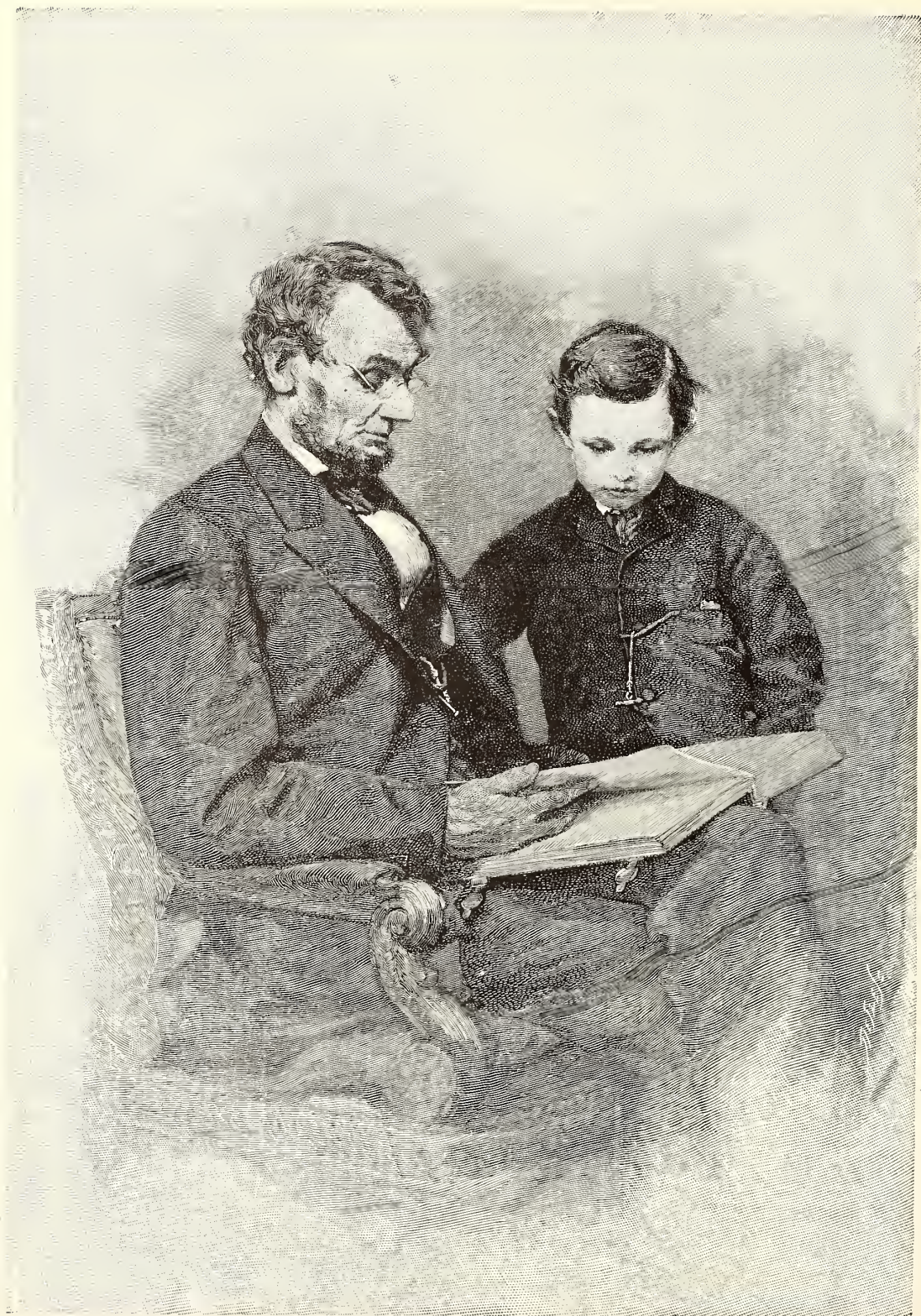
Drawn by George T. Tobin from a Gardner photograph in the collection of Robert Coster
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WAR TIME



From a photograph by Brady in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



From a photograph by Brady. Engraved on wood by R. G. Tietze

LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

Lincoln's youngest son, Thomas, familiarly called "Tad," was born April 4, 1853, and died in Chicago, July 15, 1871.

two acquired skills and two acquired knowledges: the skill and knowledge of the long-practiced lawyer, which helped him immeasurably in his executive decisions, as Frederick Trevor Hill has clearly pointed out; and his quickly and almost instinctively acquired skill and knowledge of military strategy. His letters to generals in the field are those of a master of strategy who should use the symbolism of Æsop and the irony of Socrates.

An intensely important feature of Lincoln's leadership would be omitted if nothing were said of the effect upon his thought and conduct of his belief in and conscious communion with an almighty, mysterious, and beneficent Power, concerning itself not less with human affairs than with the march of seasons and the sweep of constellations. The deity was to him an ever-present, ever-regnant influence. There was nothing of theology or dogmatism in his religious opinions; but he lived in the spirit. The strange silence of the Almighty Sovereign perplexed him; and he sought with passionate eagerness to read the decrees of Providence in the unfoldings of events, sometimes taking definite action in accordance with his interpretation of divine indications. And always the belief in God was to him a challenge to singleness of purpose: to the All Pure he lifted clean hands and a pure heart.

Lincoln the Leader possessed sterner and higher traits than those to which I first called attention. He had the lofty qualities of spiritual insight, of moral conviction, of solemn resolution, of undying courage, of complete devotion, and of faith and hope unflinching. He saw deeply, he felt intensely, he spoke at times with the voice of a poet-prophet.

Fate—or is it some world spirit of comedy—plays strange pranks with human affairs now and then, and nothing more singular ever happened in history, or was invented in romance, than the giving of imperial powers, the destiny of a race, the leadership of a nation, the keys of life and death, to a sad-eyed, laughter-loving, story-telling, shrewd, unlettered, great-hearted frontiersman,—the one great humorist among the rulers of earth.

Leader always he was, from the day when he, a youth, commanded a grotesque company of motleys in an Indian frontier

campaign, to the time when at Washington he led public opinion in a field as wide as the world; controlled the movements of fleets and armies; and held in his strong hands the lives of hundreds of thousands of men.

That inordinately tall countryman, with a shawl thrown over his gaunt figure, crossing alone the little park between the White House and the War Department, if appealed to by some distressed private soldier or citizen could order justice done by a written sentence as surely as could any Asiatic autocrat by issued edict. While often yielding to the dictates of his pitying heart in individual cases, and showing constantly almost abnormal patience, those who mistook his charity for weakness were liable to sudden enlightenment. The fact was only lately published that Colonel Hay once saw the long-suffering Lincoln take an office-seeker by the coat-collar, carry him bodily to the door, and throw him in a helpless heap outside.

And here is the wonder; this merciful man, daily saving the lives of deserters so as not to increase a melancholy list of widows and orphans; this tender-souled, agonizing, consecrated leader, looking out upon armies encamped and a suffering people, was as stern as fate in demanding that battle should be made, and war, with all its horrors, resolutely continued, till right should be accomplished and eternal justice done. Here is the true leader, as gentle and affectionate as any woman and as averse to violence, yet able to meet with unflinching spirit the unwelcome duty of sword-bearer!

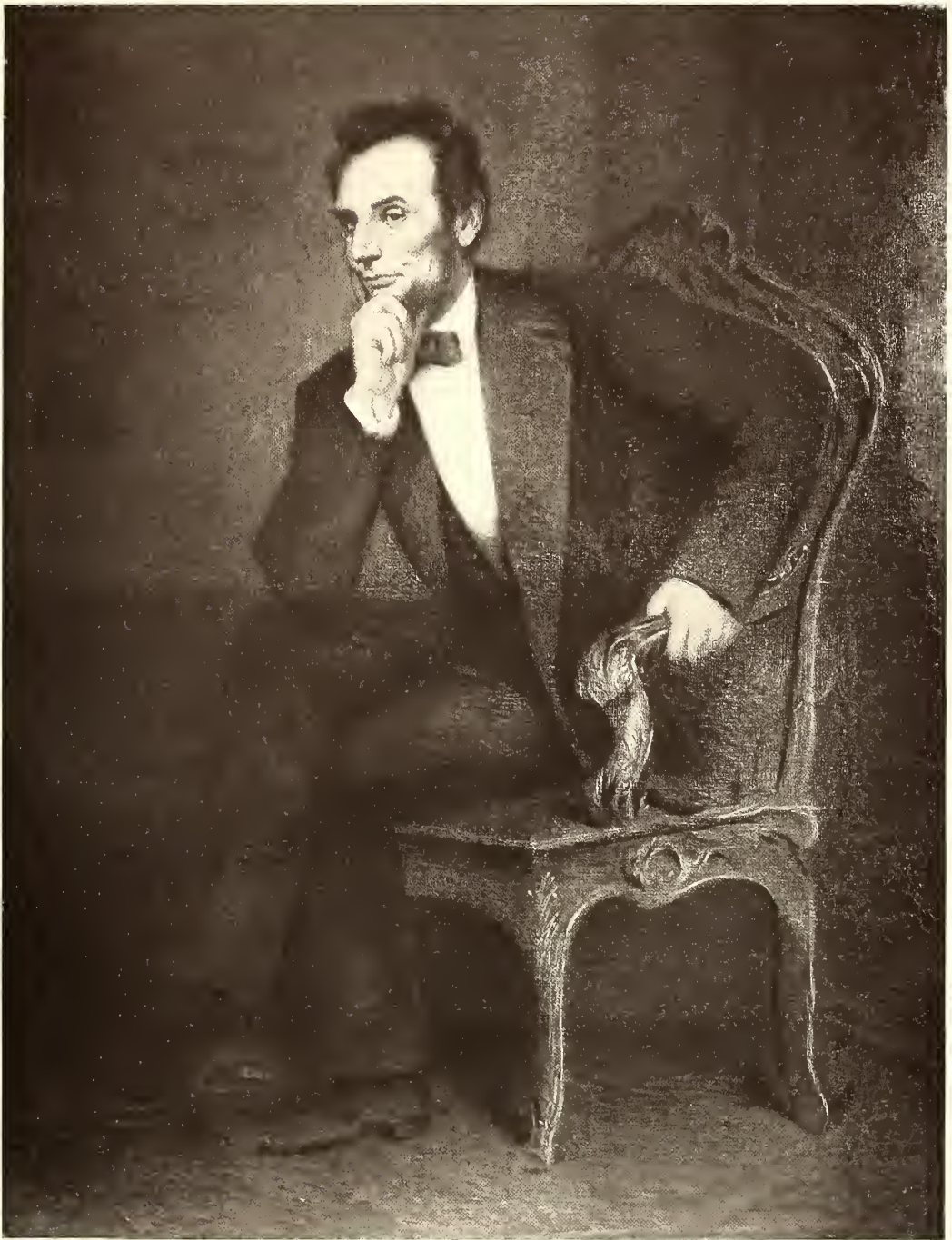
THE GREAT TEST OF LINCOLN'S LEADERSHIP

THE great test of Lincoln's leadership came in his dealing with the fundamental question of slavery as related to the compact of the States, the perpetuity of the Union, the very existence of the nation. The important part of his political career before the war had to do with this complex question. This double problem made the war itself, and was dominant throughout its course. As he called it, the "perplexing compound—Union and slavery," had become indeed a "question not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides," even among those who were for the



From a Brady photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN WAR TIME



From the portrait by Healy. Owned by Robert T. Lincoln. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This portrait was painted probably about 1871, from sketches made at City Point early in 1865, just before the close of the War.

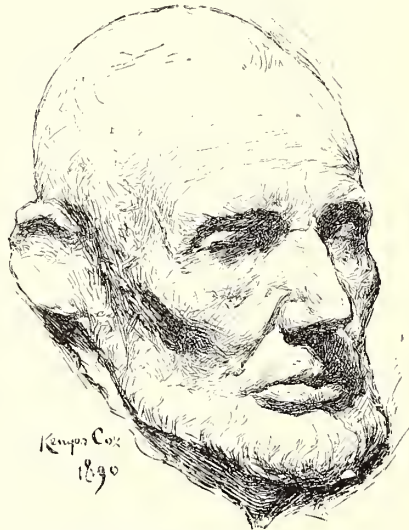
Union, saying nothing of those who were against it.

"There were," he said, "those who were for the Union with, but not without slavery,—those for it without, but not with; those for it with or without, but who preferred it with; and those for it with or without, but who preferred it without." Here was the maze through which he must needs find his way; these were the conditions from which he was to work out salvation for the nation, with the profound conviction that whether slavery was or was not immediately extinguished, its death-warrant was already signed. Lincoln's view of slavery was, from the first, not unlike Washington's and that of other founders of the Republic. His attitude was unyielding as to principle. He looked upon the institution as intrinsically evil: inimical to the interests of free labor; anomalous, and impossible of perpetuity, in a politically free community; something to be thwarted, diminished, and ultimately made to cease by just, constitutional, and reasonable means. He satisfied the extremists on neither side of the great debate; for while he would never compromise as to principle, he was too profoundly the statesman to refuse to compromise as to details of time and method.

Lincoln the Leader in dealing with the chief perplexity of the situation,—this complex question of slavery and the Union,—was helped by his own intensely human make-up. The average traits of mankind were in him strongly developed. He was in close touch with his kind; he sympathized with men on the plane of humanity, and regarded them in the spirit of philosophy. He was called a great

joker; but Lincoln's "seeing" of "the joke" meant a good deal more than with ordinary minds; it meant, frequently enough, that he saw through pretension and falsity. And the jokes that he told often had the wisdom of the ancient parables.

Lincoln's democracy was a matter more of instinct than of reason. He comprehended human motives, human prejudices, littlenesses, and nobilities. It was he who once described honest statesmanship as the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. Acquainted with humanity, he knew how to bear with its infirmities, and he moved toward his inflexible purpose, over what to others would have been heart-breaking obstacles, with a long-suffering patience that had in it something of the divine.



Drawn by Kenyon Cox from a copy of the mask made by Clark Mills in February, 1865

LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The original mask was owned by the late John Hay, who in an article on "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln" (printed in this magazine for November, 1890), after characterizing the mask on page 490, as "a face full of life, of energy, of vivid aspiration," said by way of contrast: "The other is so sad and peaceful in its infinite repose that the famous sculptor Saint-Gaudens insisted, when he first saw it, that it was a death-mask." He continues: "A look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-sufficing strength. Yet the peace is not the dreadful peace of death: it is the peace that passeth understanding."

A STATESMAN WITH THE HEART OF A PROPHET

As memoir after memoir of the war time has come to light, his countrymen year by year have been better able to obtain a knowledge of the workings of Lincoln's mind, and the marvelous skill and wisdom of his leader-

ship during his Presidency. That which his chief biographers long ago declared of him we now more certainly know to be the truth; namely, that, "with the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft."

Descended upon him from the North delegations of abolitionists to tell him that unless he at once freed the slaves his administration would be shorn of moral support, and the war would end in failure and disgrace. Hastened to the White House from the Border States

their governors and congressional representatives to warn him that, if he touched slavery, they could not keep their constituencies on the side of the Union; and the Border States, he knew, held the balance of power. Hurried back from Spain, Carl Schurz,—that gallant figure, a contribution of the best of the Old World to the service of the New in its hour of need,—hurried Carl Schurz from his post at the Spanish court to inform the President that, according to his belief, there would be great danger of the recognition of the Confederacy unless there were prompt military success, or some proof that the war would destroy slavery; while other warnings from over the sea were to the effect that if the President should stir up the slaves against their masters, the sympathy of European friends of the North would be justly forfeited.

Through all this divergence of counsel Lincoln watched, waited, prayed, and incessantly worked toward the end which his own intellect, his own heart approved. It was, as we have said, a highly important element of his leadership that he had had the training of a lawyer, by a practice of many years and many kinds. His knowledge of men had thus been greatly increased; while his grasp of legal principles was of vast help when his talents and experience were enlisted in a mighty cause. It was no petty construction of legal obligation that made him strenuous as to the literal fulfilment of his oath to execute faithfully the office of President, and preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. He found no constitutional authority to emancipate the slaves except as a military necessity, and he steadfastly refused to free the slaves till with an honest mind he could declare that the necessity had arisen, knowing, then, also, that the time had at last arrived when public opinion would sustain his action.

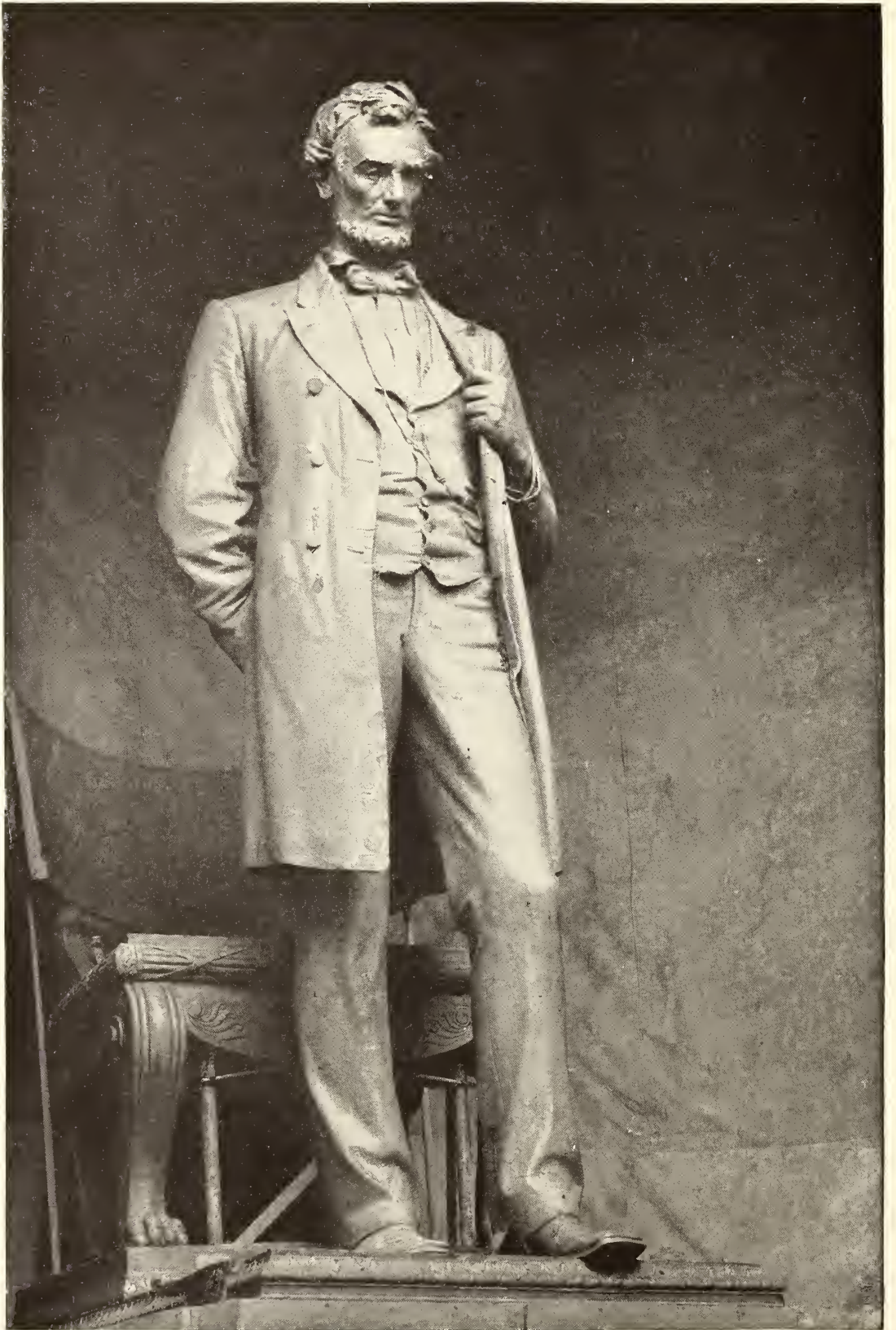
In his famous letter to Greeley in 1862, he stated his position and explained his policy with absolute lucidity. "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that."

Like statements were made to others in formal and informal utterances, and he explained to impatient critics and counselors that the condition of public opinion would not justify the course they demanded.

But the deep lesson of his leadership lies in the fact that while year after year he carefully studied public opinion,—that supreme element in all matters of government and all the affairs of men,—he studied it not to yield to it as his master, but in order so to act in respect to it as to accomplish his own well-considered purpose; to act upon it; to bring it powerfully to the help of his cherished plans; in a word to lead it, and to lead it right.

And what is true leadership of the people? Is it to be carried away by a popular wave; to avoid opposing it, not in order to circumvent it,—to save one's strength for its later direction,—but solely and selfishly to avoid being submerged by it? Is it to change when it changes, in order to retain place and the semblance of power? Is he truly a leader who listens to "the sacred voice of the people," in order to learn which way to leap? Not thus Lincoln. His was not the leadership that, in order to be popular, changes its mind, but a leadership that changes the minds of others. He kept "near the people,"—he kept his "ear to the ground,"—through his sympathy with human beings and his interest in them, in order to learn the moods of many minds, and gradually to lead thought and action in the line of his own profound convictions. Lincoln respected public opinion,—he declared that "public opinion in this country is everything,"¹—but he was not opinion's trembling slave. He understood human prejudices, limitations, the effects of heredity and environment; but he never considered a wrong public opinion final. Not unknown to mankind is the statesmanship that resists public opinion when it disapproves of it—resists till the waves beat threateningly, and then turns with the tide. This is the statesmanship of Pontius Pilate—that hesitant and tragic figure who stands before the eyes of all mankind washing ineffectually his guilty hands, while he releases Barabbas and sends the Christ to Calvary.

¹ In his Columbus speech, September 16, 1859.



SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

"DON'T SPARE ME"

No book praising Lincoln has lately been issued which has brought to me a clearer idea of his method with public opinion, as well as his wisdom and his self-sacrificing devotion, than one by a man whose life was a romance of devotion to ideals,—a Southern-born abolitionist,—who did not hesitate to dispraise the President. He was opposed to war, and held that "no drop of blood would have been shed if the President," at the beginning, "had proclaimed freedom for every slave." Yet even he would have protected the centers to which the slaves would flee, as if that itself would not have been an open invitation to war! In 1862, he, the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, went to the White House with the Rev. W. H. Channing to urge personally upon the President the emancipation of the slaves. Pathetic was the sweet reasonableness of the President in explaining to these good and insistent men, as he had so often done to men of like scruples and beliefs, not only his own great desire for emancipation, preferably with compensation, but the fact that perhaps they did not know so well as he the temper of the entire public. He showed them that those who were working in the antislavery movement would naturally come in contact with men of like mind, and might easily overestimate the number of those who held similar views. He gave it as his observation that the great masses of the people at that time cared comparatively little about the Negro. And at the end of the interview he said,—can we not hear him say it?—"We shall need all the antislavery feeling in the country, and more; you can go home and try to bring the people to your views; and you may say anything you like about me, if that will help. Don't spare me."

Do we seize all the bearings of his strange situation: He who is known now as the Great Emancipator set before him as the one indispensable aim not the immediate freedom of the slave, but the immediate salvation of the Union,—the integrity of the nation,—though when the time came for emancipation to assist Union, how joyfully and confidently he put forth emancipation! With what courage, and in the face of what heavy risks! In

many thoughtful minds the fact that Lincoln's policy was the Union first, and abolition next, remains his highest title to world-wide fame—that his saving of the nation is the gigantic feat that lifts him to the companionship of the most momentous characters of universal history. "This Union," says John Coleman Adams, "is the consummation of all the struggles of all men toward a state of universal peace. It is the life and aspiration of the world organized into a nation." The threat to undo the Union was a "peril to mankind." That Lincoln instinctively felt this, and strained every nerve to the supreme task of preserving the nation, and this with success, gives him rank among the greatest. That he did this, and destroyed slavery also, proves his genius and doubly crowns his stupendous accomplishment.

He did all this, so far as we may attribute to any single person the guidance of affairs so tremendous,—though in this case the personal preponderance is exceptionally evident,—he did all this, and he assumed no virtue for having done it; not a thought of vanity or undue exultation ever crossed his candid mind. To a lesser nature the temptation would have been great as, at the last, success followed success, remembering the reproaches he had so long silently borne, and, most trying of all, the suspicion and spiritual scorn,—the look from above downward,—of those who, working for the same ends, regarded him as less sensitive morally and less faithful to that cause to which he had dedicated every energy of his soul.

It is pleasant to know that this kindly, much-burdened, and harassed ruler had at least for a few days before his taking-off the satisfactions of full success. He who knew more than any other the awful dangers—as Godkin said while Lincoln still was living—was perhaps the only man in the North who had "never wavered, or doubted, or abated one jot of heart or hope." He had "been always calm, confident, determined; the very type and embodiment of the national will, the true and fit representative of the people in its noblest mood"; the ideal "leader of a democracy." Said lately one who knew him, and who confesses that it has taken years of reflection and retrospective consideration to become convinced

that in the matter of the proclamation as a war measure, Lincoln was right and he was wrong—"Through the ages to come the history of the Union and freedom under the Union will hold up to the admiration of mankind, as the greatest saving influence in our greatest danger, the character, the firmness, the homely sayings, the freedom from passion, the singular common-sense, the almost divine charity, of Abraham Lincoln."¹

LINCOLN'S LEADERSHIP AS A STANDARD

IN these times of new conditions, new advantages, and new dangers, in every community of our country, and in the national field, the cry to-day is for leaders. Nor are we without them; some long-known and well-beloved; some just emerging into prominence, and being tried by the first tests of responsibility. Some are leaders in the best sense, and to some we may be inclined to apply the name not of leaders, but of misleaders. It would be absurd to be looking now here, now there for "another Lincoln," for a reincarnation of that rich and most individual personality. We shall not see again that extraordinary combination of sympathetic qualities with the sterner virtues, such rare gifts and abilities, such sense of humor, such mixture of buoyancy of spirit with moods of gloom, such tendency toward contemplation, and such power of action, all united in one character. It would be unfortunate, moreover, to judge present-day executives and leaders by comparing their opinions and acts in detail with those which were characteristic of entirely different men and conditions. We are living in a very different world from that of the middle of the nineteenth century. For one thing, the relation of public men to the merit system in public office is not that of the days of the Civil War, and many questions are now pressing which were only faintly imagined forty or fifty years ago.

But nothing has outworn the fundamental principles of Lincoln's leadership. We have the right to demand in our leaders equal sincerity, disinterestedness, and devotion. We have a right to point, as a perpetual standard, to his moderation; to his conscientious consideration of all inter-

ests and views; to his wise and patient tolerance and open-mindedness; to his freedom from rancor, and avoidance of personal contention; to his moral courage; to his sense of justice; to his essential democracy. We may well ask of our leaders that they should imitate his manly attitude toward public opinion; that they should disdain to poison its sources by violent and unproved assertions, and by the forced uses of our modern enginery of publicity. We may well insist that they should not meanly follow, nor falsely and selfishly mold the sentiment of voters; but direct aright and to no ignoble ends the opinions and the suffrages of the people. We have a right to resent leadership based either upon conscienceless advocacy of supposedly popular programs, or, still more shameless, upon the wholesale use of money. It is our duty to warn against the spurious leadership that deals in indiscriminate denunciation, awakens a feeling of class, and of class hatred, forgets the bonds of a common citizenship, spreads distrust and despal of the nation, and sows the very seeds of anarchy and assassination. We have a right to scout the demagogues who take the name of Lincoln upon their lips, and in their lives, and in their parody of leadership, set at nought every principle of his nature.

Our needs, our conditions, are different, but the principles of justice and of human liberty are the same, now and forever. In the recurring and necessary readjustment of laws and methods in the related realms of industry, of economics, and of government, let us demand the respect for rights, the acknowledgment of mutual duties, the striving for justice, the understanding of humanity, and the love of fellow-men which make Lincoln's leadership, like the leadership of Washington, the standard of a patriotism broader than the confines of commonwealths, and fit for emulation and guidance throughout all the centuries of earth.

A NIGHT OF 1865

LET me close with the memory of a night of the spring of the year 1865, in the time of the blooming of lilacs, as says the wonderful poem. I was waiting in Philadelphia for Lincoln's funeral train

¹George H. Yeaman.

to start, as it was my duty to accompany it to Newark. I had and have little desire to look upon faces from which the light of life is departed; but suddenly it came upon me that I had never seen the great president, and must not let go by this last opportunity to behold at least the deserted temple of a lofty soul. To my grief I found it was too late; the police had drawn their line across the path in front of Independence Hall. But my earnest desire prevailed, and I was the last to pass in by the window and behold, in a sudden dazzle of lights and flowers, the still features of that face we all now know so well. Then I went my way into the night and walked

alone northward to the distant station. Soon I heard behind me the wailing music of the funeral dirge. The procession approached—the funeral train moved out beneath the stars. Never shall I forget the groups of weeping men and women at the little towns through which we slowly passed, and the stricken faces of the thousands who, in the cities, stood like mourners at the funeral of a beloved father. Thus, as came the dawn and the full day, through grieving States was borne the body of the beloved chieftain, while the luminous spirit and example of Lincoln the Leader of the People went forth into all the earth along the pathway of eternal fame.



NANCY HANKS

BY HARRIET MONROE

PRAIRIE child,
Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
Nourished you?

Rolling plains
Of billowy green,
Far horizons,
Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
Beat out the time.

These, and the dreams
Of fathers bold,
Baffled longings,
Hopes untold,

Gave to you
A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
Brave desire.

Ah, when youth's rapture
Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
Was all in vain?

O soul obscure,
Whose wings life bound,
And soft death folded
Under the ground;

Wilding lady,
Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
And never knew;

To you at last
Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
Through the nation's years!

Mother of Lincoln,
Our tears, our praise;
A battle-flag
And the victor's bays!

QUEEN VICTORIA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN

BEING THE LETTERS OF MRS. SALLIE COLES STEVENSON, WIFE
OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN LONDON, 1836-41

ARRANGED BY WILLIAM L. ROYALL

ANOTHER DINNER AT BUCKINGHAM
PALACE

[Letter of December 6, 1837]

I WROTE you ¹ a slight description of a dinner soon after her little Majesty's accession to the throne. This [other dinner described below] very much resembled it, differing only in being larger and more splendid, and the Queen seemed more at her ease.

"We passed up the same grand staircase, lined with liveried servants, who bowed and signed the way (no one is announced at the Queen's dinners), through the same magnificent suite of apartments, to the grand drawing-room, where we stood like soldiers on duty. My republican pride a little revolted at this act, I thought, of supererogation, and I proposed to the ladies of the diplomatique corps that we should sit until the entrance of the Queen. Accordingly we took possession of a sofa, and the peeresses soon followed so comfortable an example; but it was really amusing to see the alacrity with which we all resumed our feet when the mirrored doors flew open to admit Her Majesty with all her attendants. Among them was the beautiful and magnificent Duchess of Sutherland. After passing around the circle, and giving her tiny fingers to be pressed by the ladies, a gentleman-in-waiting (the Marquis of Headfort) whispered the Count Pozzo di Borgo that he was to be the honored person (as ambassador, he ranked all the

others). At the same moment a powdered gentleman announced dinner. The band struck up, and we followed after, the foreign ministers' ladies taking precedence of every one but royalty. I was led by Baron Guensloff and seated nearly opposite the Queen, the Baron only between the Duchess of Sutherland and myself. I determined to take a more particular look at everything than I had done before; but when I raised my eyes to look upon all this royal magnificence, the thought occurred to me: 'If I gaze about, they will say, "Look at that wild American, how she is staring at every thing! I dare say she fancies herself in one of the enchanted castles of the Arabian Nights."' So with Indian-like caution I only cast furtive glances around, and endeavoured to bear myself as though it was all as familiar to me as my every-day comforts. In consequence of this prudent determination, I cannot tell you much more than I did before. The room was large, lofty, and so brilliantly lighted that the rich gilding and gorgeous decorations of the ceiling and wall were as distinct as they could have been by daylight. Opposite to me hung two full lengths of George the III & IV in royal robes, and over the table were suspended three golden chandeliers, with twenty-four wax lights in each, and on the table there were ten or twelve candelabra holding 5, 7, & 9 lights in each. There were vases of beautiful flowers, supported by figures of such graceful forms as we may have supposed Pheidias could

¹ See THE CENTURY of last month.

have sculptured. Thirty-nine guests sat down to table, and there was a servant to every two chairs. Behind the Queen stood two well-dressed gentlemen, *out* of livery, who handed her all she eat. It might have been ambrosia for aught I know, and that to which she helped herself, and which I thought was port wine and water, might have been nectar. She certainly eat very like a mortal—heartily, but with the delicacy and high breeding which distinguishes all the English aristocracy at their meals. She was dressed in crimson velvet, with a lace scarf light as gossamer, pearl earrings, no necklace. On her head she wore a crimson net studded with diamonds, which confined, without concealing, her hair. The Duchess of Sutherland, so celebrated for her beauty, grace, and splendid dressing, presents in her person a striking contrast to her royal mistress. She is a tall, commanding figure of the most perfect proportions, her deportment graceful and dignified, with a little touch of English reserve; her features are regular, with soft blue eyes; and when she converses there is a brightness in her smile which gives great animation to her countenance. Her complexion, for an English woman, is rather pale, though, like her countrywomen, very fair; hair & eyebrows black as the raven's wing, and blazing with diamonds. She had at least 50, maybe 100, diamonds in her hair, as large as a *four-pence* & one of a superior size as a *fermoir*; on one side of her head an ostrich feather twisted to fall in a graceful curve to her face; on the other, a bunch of roses, the leaves with a diamond in each, like a dewdrop, and the same on her bosom; her dress of rich white satin. The evening wound up much as before. We stood, and when the Queen was pleased to sit, we were informed we might do the same. Poor Madame Dedel (the lady of the Netherland's minister) had been ill, and I said to her after the Queen retired, 'How do you feel?' 'Ah, Madame Stevenson, *très malheureuse*! I shall be too happy when I get into my bed. I think I shall be obliged to lay *dere* all day to-morrow.' Poor lady! I presume she survived it, as I have not seen her death announced in the papers. Such, dear Julia, is the penalty to be paid for a glimpse at royalty. She, poor girl, full

of life & hope and may be ambition, says she *likes* to be a queen; she likes business; and I suppose likes to be cheered, followed, admired, and to feel herself the observed of all observers."

A VISIT TO THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR

IN the winter of 1837-38 Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were invited by the Queen to pay her a visit of several days at Windsor Castle, and in the following letter, dated January 2, 1838, Mrs. Stevenson gives a most interesting account of the visit:

"Nothing could be more gratifying and flattering than our visit to Windsor. Mr. Stevenson was requested every day whilst we stayed to lead her Majesty to dinner, and occupied the seat of honor at her right hand between the Queen and the Duchess of Kent. I have been often struck since I came to this country to see in every trying situation in which Mr. Stevenson has been placed how he has always risen equal to the occasion, and it amused me, who sat opposite, between Ld. Albemarle & Ld. Howick, to observe the progress of his tête-à-tête with these two illustrious persons. At first it was all etiquette, but soon it took a more easy and conversational turn, and before the dinner was over, *she had asked him* to take wine with her, and conversed without the slightest restraint of manner. Her laugh is to me particularly delightful, it is so full of girlish glee & gladness, whilst her countenance beams with such an expression of innocence & sweetness, so blended with the dignity and majesty of the Queen, that it would be impossible for a person ignorant of her high destinies not to be struck and impressed by her manners and appearance. But Mr. Stevenson has written so much about her to Mr. Ritchie & drawn so just a portrait of her that I must refer you to him. I think it deserves to be published.

"We arrived at the castle about half-past 5, too late to see this glorious monument of the olden times & of royal magnificence. The lights, which gleamed from every part of the building, gave us the impression of its immense extent, and I felt an involuntary awe steal over me when I entered this royal residence, interesting not only from its historical associations and its magnificence, but as having been the theme of the historian and the



From an engraving of the painting by Thomas Sully in the Wallace Collection, Hertford House, London
Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

QUEEN VICTORIA, IN THE ROBES AND JEWELS OF STATE

inspiration of the poet. Little thought had I when with girlish delight I pored over Pope's beautiful verses addressed to

Windsor, and its green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses'
seats,

that I should ever be an honored guest under its royal roof. But so it was, and I followed the respectful female who met us at the door with a beating heart. She led the way to a beautiful drawing-room, which she said, 'Is yours, Madam,' then on to a bedroom; 'Yours, Madam'; then on to another one, which she said was Mr. Stevenson's, with a dressing-room; and on a little further still a larger and more magnificent drawing-room, which she added was for His Excellency. These rooms, it seems, are always appropriated to the King of Belgium and his family, and are considered the handsomest in the castle except Her Majesty's.

"We put on our best bib and tucker. Mr. Stevenson was dressed to perfection, and with Miss Murray, a maid of honor, to show us the way, we reached the receiving-room about 15 minutes before the Queen came out, followed by all her attendants. She approached me, and, extending her tiny white fingers, welcomed me to London, then Mr. S., and sent her gentleman-in-waiting to him to say she requested him to lead her to dinner. As she moved off, the band struck up, and it played all dinner-time, and, indeed, at intervals, all the evening. The party was large, although we were the only foreign ministers. All her home ministers were present, and Lord Melbourne sat on her left, and ate as heartily as though he was only seated by a milk-maid.

"After dinner, she conversed with me about our friends in Scotland, &c. When the gentlemen came in, card-tables were set, and Mr. S. played at that with the Duchess of Kent. I had a seat near the Queen, and played chess part of the evening with Miss Murray. The parties here are much more informal than at Buckingham Palace. Her ladies all sat by a round table at work, and there was more conversation than in the parties at London. When she retired for the night, she requested Lady Tavistock, her lady-in-waiting, to return and say to me that

she hoped I would take care of my cold, and have my breakfast in my rooms, if I preferred it. What charming courtesy and thoughtfulness in a royal woman, who is never allowed to have a thought for herself!

"Feeling, however, anxious to see everything, I went out to breakfast, and found a pleasant party of some 24 or 30 persons, dropping in as they were ready. The Queen and the Duchess never appear until after lunch, when they come forth equipped for their ride or drive. After breakfast, Lady Tavistock took us with a large party to see the castle. Of all I saw I shall say nothing here; the castle is open to so many travelers that any one can tell of the windows, of the plate, of the rooms, and pictures, library, &c., but the private life of the Queen at London is a subject of interest and curiosity even to her own subjects of high rank who have not been among the chosen few. At 2 o'clock she came forth, and mounted her beautiful Arabian, and dashed off, followed by her numerous train, Mr. Stevenson among the number. Twenty miles in two hours! But such groaning and twisting for a week after you 'never did see.' Lady Tavistock (Ld. T. is the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford) and Lady Albemarle (Ld. Albemarle is the Master of the Horse, and I whispered him in private to order Mr. S. a gentle horse) and myself followed in a close carriage, in consideration of my cold. After following for a little while, we struck off to Virginia Water, and visited the pavilion built by the luxurious George IV.

"I had much conversation with the Baroness Lehzun, who always had the charge of the Queen. She says she is a most extraordinary person, and that her heart is as good, as pure, and innocent as her countenance indicates, and that she has a strength and vigor of intellect which is developing itself every day. Whilst we were talking about her on the second night of our stay, she approached and addressed me with an inquiry if I would play chess with her Master of the Household, the Hon. Mr. Murray. Miss M. had played with me the night before, and when I had seated myself near her, I said, 'I hope I have Your Majesty's good wishes.' To which she replied with the most sweet and winning smile. She

said, when taking leave of us, that she was happy to have received us at Windsor, and hoped we would come again. We saw also a stag-hunt whilst we were at the castle, and a thousand other things I could tell you, but write in great haste and with many interruptions.

A CHRISTMAS FÊTE

"I HAVE seen the two things I most desired in England—Windsor Castle *as a visitor*, and Christmas gambles in the country. On Christmas eve we had every sort of Christmas games—danced Jim Crow and quadrilles with the children, played at the 'Emperor of Morocco is dead,' made a 'Knight of the Whistle' of Mr. Sheridan, the son of the celebrated man of that name, cut at the flour pudding, and it fell to my lot to put my mouth and nose in, snap-dragon, loto, &c. We children of the larger growth were quite as happy as the little ones. This is a delightful season in this country. My heart is open to charity, to love, and all the endearments of social and domestic life. Last night we were invited by the children to their school-room, which we found beautifully decorated with evergreens and flower-pots, &c., and a long table with little works made by the children as presents. We, the strangers in a strange land, were not forgotten, and had our offerings presented with such grace and kindness that my heart was quite touched. How beautiful is all this, and how many virtues are cultivated by the observance of this custom—industry, generosity, the forgetfulness of self, the desire to please and give pleasure! If I had time, I could moralize for an hour upon this subject; but I must leave you for other things, and I dare say you are tired of all this."

VIRGINIA APPLES FOR HER MAJESTY

ON the southern slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Albemarle County, Virginia, a pippin apple is raised which is perhaps the most delicious apple raised anywhere. Mrs. Stevenson, in a letter dated February, 1838, gives the following account of sending some of these apples to the Queen:

"And to you, my other dear and precious friends on the Green Mountain,

I must offer our united thanks for your kind remembrance of us. On our return from Paris we found here three barrels, one containing hams, which we have tried and found excellent; the others, apples. One was good for nothing, the other, which was *wrapped in paper*, every *separate apple*, came in as good a state of preservation as we have them generally in Richmond, and never did a barrel of apples obtain such a reputation for the fruits of our country. They were eaten and praised by royal lips, and swallowed by many aristocratic throats. Mr. Stevenson proposed sending two dozen to the Queen. Accordingly, they were put into a beautiful basket he had given me, and one of the maids of honor presented them. In a day or two I received through the Countess of Durham the royal acknowledgements, and the assurance of their having been much admired; and dining with Lord Durham soon after, he told me my apples had created a great sensation at the palace; that it had been feared they would have been the death of the Premier, Lord Melbourne, who, after the Queen retired, had actually eaten *two* of immense size, and that all who had seen him perpetrate the rash act had considered him as a dead man. But, lo! he liveth unharmed. I said, 'So much for their being Virginia apples.' We sent also two dozen to the Duke of Sussex, one to Lord and Lady Sherbourne, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen to Lord Palmerston, & six to a score of other people, not omitting my friend and poet Rogers and his amiable sister. After having given them all away, we dined with Mr. Ellice (a person of high tone, whose wife was sister to Lord Grey), and he asked me, if I had *one* left, to send it to him. I was gratified on my return home to find *three* very inferior, which, however, I sent him. . . . I must not fail, however, to tell you the Duchess of Kent took such a fancy to my nice little basket that she asked permission to keep it, thinking it American manufacture."

AT THE QUEEN'S BALLS

IN the following, dated May 15, 1838, Mrs. Stevenson shows us the Queen dancing most industriously through a whole night:

"I wrote you, beloved sisters, on the

27th of April, just before I went to Mrs. Marryat's, where I spent four or five days very pleasantly, and returned much improved, but not quite well enough to stand three or four hours on my feet at the drawing-room, so that I was forced to disappoint Mrs. Ludlow, who had her dress all ready for the presentation. I have, however, been dining out occasionally, and ventured out to the Queen's ball on the 10th, which was very crowded and brilliant. We retired before 12, but Lady Lansdowne told me she remained with the Queen until 4 o'clock in the morning, and that the sun was shining beautifully as she returned through Hyde Park about 5, *half dead*. The Queen danced every quadrille, and said the next morning that she had enjoyed herself very much. She received me very graciously, and said she was delighted to see me looking so well. The Duchess of Kent gave me her hand and said, 'Do take care of yourself this cold night,' and inquired after my health as if she really took an interest in it."

We get a glimpse of a ball given by the Queen in the following, dated May 20, 1838:

"I continue, however, to save myself as much as possible by being out to midnight routs as little as I can to save appearances, then staying as short a time as possible, although that is not in our power, as it happened to us the other night at Lansdowne House, where we were kept until after three o'clock in the morning before we could get away. We were one hour (some persons two) getting to the door, one more in squeezing our way through crowded apartments to the grand statue-room, where we found Lady Lansdowne and some members of the royal family. Many persons who were there did not see the hostess at all. We were more than one hour in getting from this room to the *salle à manger*, where a sumptuous supper was provided. The most agreeable incident in the evening was the introduction to Bulwer the novelist. We searched an hour in the unrobing-room for my wrappings, and then waited until it was broad day for the carriage. Sixteen hundred invitations were sent out. And this is pleasure! All this fatigue I endured after being in the drawing-room in the morning,—the birthday,—and the most splendid that has been given. The

display of diamonds and jewelry was beyond my power of description. There was a Count Zethy, an Austrian, literally covered with precious stones, and even in that splendid assembly he was gazed upon as a lion. The little Queen looked very sweet, and when I presented myself, she said: 'I am so happy to see you. I hope you are better, and took no cold at my ball.' She is acquiring a great deal more of confidence and ease of manner, and has won golden opinions from all parties. The wonder is how she can be so discreet—so self-possessed and so thoughtful of others. You saw the account of her ball in the 'Court Journal' I sent you. Dear little thing! She danced with all her heart, and said the next day she had been 'so happy.' Poor Lady Lansdowne, who was in waiting, said she was half-dead. I dined with her a day or two after at the Marquess of Sligo's, and she told us that she had never seen St. Paul's to advantage until the morning after the Queen's ball, when she had admired it from St. James' Park at five o'clock in the morning. We met a very distinguished party at the Marquess'; and Mr. S. and myself became so much acquainted with the Duke of Cleveland that he invited us to one of his splendid castles on the way to Scotland."

In the same letter she gives the following account of a ball given by the Queen:

"By the by, I think I must give you some description of a court ball, having in my last letter given you a court dinner. We have been to two balls this season. To the first Mr. Stevenson went with us, and he was in such a hurry to be off we saw nothing; but to the last he refused to go, and Messrs. Rush, Vaux, and Livingston went with me. All of us resolved to see everything and enjoy everything we could; accordingly we found ourselves at the palace gates before they opened at half-past nine. (Royal parties are always early.) We waited until a few carriages of the nobility had passed in, and then we made our appearance at the entrance. We found some acquaintances on the grand staircase, and followed fast behind the Duchess, Countess, and her daughter, the Countess of Surrey. The former inquired if the young gentlemen who were with me were Americans, and I asked permission to introduce them. Mr. Rush she had known

during his residence here, & was very civil to his son. She enquired, after a little while, if I would like to see the finest diamonds in the world, & when I answered in the affirmative, she introduced me to the Marchioness of Westminster, who had diamonds in her ears as large as ninepence, & one in the front of her dress as large as a quarter of a dollar, besides necklace, & a tiara on her head. On something being said about the fear of losing anything so valuable, the old Duchess jested most amusingly upon the chance of her getting them for me to exhibit in America. We had the pleasure of promenading through the splendid apartments and of seeing all the well-dressed dames & demoiselles, and then we enjoyed the luxury of a sofa until just before the Queen appeared, when all the company formed into two lines from one door of the grand saloon to the other, so that when the Queen entered by the mirrored door at one end she passed down the file of persons on each side. We of the embassy stood together and received her particular notice. When she had passed into the next room, we followed, and saw the first quadrille danced. Her Majesty chooses her own partners and those who are to stand opposite to her, that her hand may not touch that of any one but those she likes. She danced with Prince George of Cambridge, & the Princess Augusta of Cambridge stood opposite, with some high sprig of nobility as her partner. The Queen danced very gracefully & without effort, and her little person appears to great advantage from the perfect taste in which she dresses. She always wears the Order of the Bath over her bosom, which is fastened on the left shoulder with a band of diamonds & looks graceful and royal. Indeed, there is a queenly dignity, a lady-like sweetness in the air and manner of this young Queen that is very striking. She is always attended in public by two little pages, sons of noblemen, who are dressed in the court costume, with swords at their sides; besides her officers of state, the gold stick and the silver stick in waiting. Noblemen of rank, who have rods, which they hold before them, and Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain always precede her when she moves from room to room. All this seems very ridiculous to us republicans, but royalty, after all, you

know, is but a pageant, & take from it the pride, pomp, and circumstance of state, & what would it be? In both the ball-rooms there were places elevated for the seats of the royal family, in front of which the Queen stood to dance, & when it was over, she ascended to her chair, & received the homage of her subjects. But I have bought another 'Court Journal' to send you, which will give you a better account of all these things. At one o'clock the Queen made a move towards the supper-room, and the band struck up 'God save the Queen.' At two, immediately after the supper, I made my escape, after loitering an hour in admiring the decorations of the tables, wine, &c., and talking to such of my acquaintances as I met there, among the number Lady George Murray, dressed in an Irish dress of such brilliant texture that it attracted my attention, in the midst of so much splendor. When I approached her, & met her smiling, benevolent face, I exclaimed, 'Can this be you!' 'Yes,' she replied; 'I shall be seventy-seven my next birthday & I have strength and spirit still to enjoy this scene.' Shortly after, I encountered Lady Clarendon, some few years Lady George's *senior*, with a figure as good and as youthful as any woman of twenty in the room. But, alas! the poor old lady is rather blind, & she puts on her rouge in a daub from her eyes to her chin. So you see, my dear sisters, if you will come to old England, we shall all become Hebes again."

THE CORONATION

IN the following letter, dated July 15, 1838, we have an admirable account of the coronation of Queen Victoria:

"It would be impossible for me to give you an idea of the excitement through which we have been passing. Such a whirl of splendors and gaiety, such riding and driving, so much to hear, to say, to do, such noise and bustle! What would have become of me if it had occurred two months sooner! But it has pleased Heaven to give me health and strength sufficient for the day. . . . I wrote you an account of the events which preceded the coronation, of the crowds of Americans who were here morning, noon, and night, to obtain tickets of admission and of the arrival of the ambassadors

and other persons, among whom was Mr. John Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren accompanied us to our carriage. The weather has been threatening for several days, and the morning was overcast, but about nine it became clear, and continued so for the rest of the day and night, as if Nature smiled upon England's hope, and the fair object of all this enthusiasm. We left our door about half-past eight. Our equipage was thought to be in fine taste—a pale yellow chariot with white silk linings, hammer-cloth of deep blue, brass harness, with yellow roses and frontlets, two footmen behind in new livery—blue coats with yellow buttons and the eagle; yellow short-breeches, with silk stockings and buckles on their shoes; white gloves and bouquets on their coats; round hats, with the American cockade and yellow eagle. Every one else had cocked hats, but Mr. S. thought it better suited to his republican taste and habits to have the plain round hat. The attachés followed in a carriage of the same colors and liveries. Marshal Soult lives just opposite to us, and when we went out, the street was filled with spectators to look at his silver carriage. As he passed along, we could only wonder where all the people came from that filled the streets so that we could only move at a snail's pace and feared being too late to join the procession; but all the carriages having the same difficulties to encounter, we were safe. Barriers had been raised to prevent the people crowding into the street through which the procession was to pass, therefore as soon as the barriers were passed, our way was unobstructed. Then a spectacle met our eyes that was really magnificent. The houses presented almost one solid line of human faces, peering one above another, and such smiling, rosy faces, that it looked like a beautiful bed of flowers. For many days previous to the coronation workmen had been busily employed putting up galleries for this mighty mass of human beings, and seats sold for several guineas. Mr. V. B. was quite overwhelmed with admiration. It was indeed a magnificent sight, and much did I wish for those dear friends I loved best to share the pleasure with me.

“When the Queen left the palace, it was announced by the firing of cannon, and also her arrival at the Abbey. Her progress

was known by the cheering of the multitude which thronged her carriage. The streets from Buckingham Palace were completely filled, except the line kept open by the police for the carriages, and as she moved on, the countless multitude, high and low, united in one continuous cheering, loud and long, and for the whole of the distance of more than two miles this young creature continued to bow and smile to her loving subjects, all anxious to catch a glimpse of her and too happy to have a smile. We reached the Abbey about eleven and entered through files of soldiers and men-at-arms, dressed in their gorgeous uniforms, and bearing in their hands their badge of office. The Abbey, like most of the old churches, is, as you know, in the form of a cross. We entered at one end, and at the other extremity was the altar, so that on entering we had a *coup d'œil* of the whole scene of magnificence. Imagine this immense building adorned with the richest draperies, crimson and gold, and covered with costly carpeting, and filled in every part with persons in the most brilliant dresses, the peers and peeresses glittering in all the pomp of velvet and ermine, the ladies sparkling with diamonds, the peers occupying the south and the peeresses the north transept. When the sun shone upon the latter, it was really dazzling to look upon them. It was a gorgeous scene, and which no eye could witness without calling up in the heart mingled sensations of pleasure and astonishment. Mr. S. and myself entered together; Van Buren, Vaux, and Livingston followed close behind. My husband never looked better or moved with more dignity and grace. I cannot tell you how many people have told me since that he was the finest-looking man in the Abbey. His countrymen expressed themselves as proud of their representative. We ascended the tribune, and took our seats, Mr. S. on the right of Marshal Soult (Duke of Dalmatia), and I by his side. The ambassadors were blazing in diamonds, and Prince Esterhazy was literally covered with precious stones. (It is said that he never wears this dress without losing a hundred pounds worth of jewels.) Mr. S. and myself, like our equipage, were handsome and genteel, without being fine. He wore a new coat, which I hope to show you some day; I, a white satin dress with

blond lace, bare neck and arms; a rich scarf I purchased in Paris of blue and gold, with a slight mingling of crimson and green, very handsome; on my head a gold turban with a diamond star, with necklace, earrings, and a breastpin of same stones. Such was the demand for diamonds on that day that one of the great jewelers told me he had not one left in his shop and that he had hired one set for twenty-five pounds.

"Our situation was decidedly the best in the house both for seeing and hearing. To a flourish of trumpets the Queen entered, preceded by all of her officers of state, and accompanied by the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, Lady Lansdowne, Barham, &c., her train borne by six young girls of her own age, dressed all alike in white satin, with lace over it, with bunches of pale-pink roses in front of their dresses, on their heads a string of diamonds with blush roses. These girls were of the highest rank in the kingdom. The Queen advanced up the entire nave until she reached the first chair, where she knelt at her private devotions. The striking part of the ceremony was the crowning. When the superb crown was put on her head, at the very moment a roar of cannons announced it to her people,—by signal I suppose,—and at the same time all the peers and peeresses put on their coronets. It was a grand scene, but the most touching part to me of this grand national pageant was when the fair young creature knelt at the altar before receiving the sacrament, with her head uncovered, looking so young, so innocent, and helpless, that involuntarily my heart was raised to Heaven in supplication to the Great Giver of all good that the little head that then bowed down in such seeming humility before the footstool of His mercy-seat might at last receive a crown such as no mortal hand could bestow.

"She was crowned in St. Edward's chair, which I formerly described in a letter to B., and I also related to her the tradition which accounted for its being always used on such occasions. It was covered with crimson and gold, and I should not have recognized my old acquaintance in its new dress. In the centre of the Abbey, immediately under the central tower, a platform was erected of a circular form, with five steps. The summit of the platform and

the highest step leading to it were covered with the richest cloth-of-gold, and in the centre a chair was placed, in which she received the homage of the peers. The royal dukes first knelt, kissed her hand, and touched the side of her crown. I was struck with the manner of the Duke of Sussex. He kissed her hand repeatedly, and when he touched her crown, it was more the caressing action of a father than the homage of a subject. A little incident occurred during the ceremony of the homage which created quite a sensation. An old peer, Lord Rolle, very infirm in attempting to ascend the steps, the weight of his robes and his own feebleness caused him to fall and roll down the steps. The Queen half-rose from her seat as by a sudden impulse, and when he was put upon his feet and attempted again to ascend, she rose and met him. The house cheered. All felt the action to be an indication of her amiable disposition. Some one in speaking of it afterwards said that it was the best act of his life thus to tumble down and give the Queen an opportunity to show the kindness and benevolence of her heart. It is said that she exhibited great sensibility on her arrival at the Abbey. When she went into the robing-room she wept so passionately that her attendants were alarmed lest she should be unable to go through the ceremony. I remarked when she retired that she was very pale, but calm and self-possessed through the whole ceremony. She seemed much affected when a hundred instruments and more than twice that number of voices united in 'God save the Queen,' 'Long live the Queen,' 'May the Queen live forever.' The loud anthem, and then the applauding shouts of the multitude of spectators, had a most thrilling effect even upon my democratic nerves, and I dare say drew royal tears from royal eyes. After the Queen retired, the rush to get out was immense, and I thought I should stand a chance of being crushed, when suddenly a stentorian voice proclaimed, 'Not a peer or peeress can leave the Abbey until the foreign ambassadors have passed out,' and in an instant I found myself passing through an avenue made for us, beside Marshal Soult, and the procession returned as it had come, the patient spectators still waiting to behold again the gorgeous show.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BALL

"WE reached home half-starved and fearful that we should find nothing to eat, but our skilful little cook had ready a fricassee of chicken, which revived me so much that after resting a while, I had courage to dress and go to the Duke of Wellington's grand ball; the noise and bustle, and the brilliancy of everything would have rendered it impossible for me to sleep. The whole city was a blaze of light. Marshal Soult had a brilliant transparency just opposite, and we shone forth the American eagle. We reached the duke's noble mansion through crowds of people. On his gate was a splendid illumination, and the whole house lighted up so as to turn night into day. In giving a description of one London party you will have a good idea of all. In approaching a long file of carriages, you find the streets lined with curious spectators (for I believe the English people have more curiosity than any other people in the world) who are peering into your carriage as if it contained an ourang-outang. You enter through two rows of liveried servants, who announced in voices of thunder, 'The American Minister and Mrs. Stevenson,' which is repeated all the way up the magnificent staircase, which is always brilliantly lighted and ornamented with rich vases of flowers, statues, &c. The lady and gentleman of the house receive you at the door of the first apartment. After a curtsy and a few words, you pass through suites of apartments, brilliantly lighted, perfumed with flowers, and adorned with all that art and luxury can supply, and crowded with well-dressed persons of both sexes. If you are so fortunate as to penetrate into the ball-room, you have the pleasure of seeing fairy forms wheeling in the waltz or gliding gracefully through the mazes of the quadrille to the music of Strauss or Werpert's band. You curtsy low to royal dukes and duchesses, and if you have strength and patience to wait for supper, your eyes may be dazzled by the blaze of gold and silver and your palate feasted with all the luxuries and delicacies of the season. At the Marchioness of Westminster's the other night, they had, besides the exhibition of this splendid mansion, the whole garden illuminated with white and colored lamps. It

was beautiful, and looked as if the firmament was beneath your feet."

A ROYAL REVIEW

IN a letter, dated July 24, 1838, Mrs. Stevenson gives an account of a review of troops by the Queen:

"In my letters to them I told you of my improved health & strength, notwithstanding the severe trial both were undergoing in the progress of a London season the gayest and most brilliant of the last century. The representatives of all civilized nations of the earth (except *poor* America) have been vying with each other in the magnificence of their fêtes in honor of the Queen's coronation. One thing has succeeded to another in such rapid succession that we have scarcely time for the necessary repose of nature. The Queen commenced with a grand ball at which all the foreigners, ambassadors & ambassadresses, shone forth in a blaze of diamonds, & all that was rich, costly, curious, & magnificent in the way of dress that the earth affords, and everything which money, taste, & English pride could do was accomplished in adorning and embellishing Buckingham Palace in honor of its fair young mistress, who passed through the glittering throng, standing up to receive her, bowing and smiling to all, & speaking with gentle graciousness to her august visitors (that 's the style) as she passed into the ball-room to the elevated platform raised for her at one side of the apartment, over which was a gilded canopy wreathed with flowers, &c. She dances very gracefully and without effort, & as soon as the quadrille is over, she steps back to her seat, a large arm-chair on each side of which sat the royal family & her attendants, the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Lansdowne, &c. She sends her gentleman-in-waiting to the person she means to honor with her hand, and our republican prince Van Buren was, or effected to be, afraid of the honor of being selected; but I suspect he has nothing to hope or fear, as there are so many representations here from crowned heads. The Queen's ball has been followed by one from some of the royal family, which her little Majesty has honored by her presence. The Duke of Sussex's commenced before the arrival of the

foreigners, but the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, after the coronation,—all very magnificent, but, like all royal parties, very dull and formal. We did not stay to supper at either place, but made our escape as soon as we had made our obeisance to the Queen. The foreign ambassadors and many of the élite of the English nobility are now giving dinners and fêtes every day, and sometimes two and three on the same night. But the most magnificent spectacle yet exhibited (according to my notion, but not Mr. S.'s) was a review in Hyde Park soon after the coronation. For three days after, this park was occupied with a fair, which appeared to be the most curious exhibition of everything odd and ridiculous, as seen from the ring; but I did not venture in, as many ladies did. At the expiration of the three days allowed by law, the whole pageantry disappeared as if the wand of a magician had passed over it. I suppose it was all removed in the night. A few days after, the review took place.

"I was afraid at first I should not see it, as it was said only royal carriages would be admitted; but the night before, I received a card to admit 'Mrs. Stevenson's carriage' (the 's' added to please milady), and as all the gentlemen of the embassies were to go on horseback, I had three seats to offer my friends, no small favor when the greatest duchess in England could not get in. I invited, for Angelica's sake, Mr. Preston, and a Mr. Gibbs from Baltimore, who tells me he is acquainted with all Julia's family, and married the daughter of the rich Mr. Oliver,—she will know whom I mean by this,—and Miss Benett, who came in to pass the evening with me. I should have given the preference to my own countrywomen, but as I could only take one, I did not know how to make a distinction. We went early, at nine o'clock, and got a most excellent situation not far from the place the Queen was to occupy. At eleven the firing of a royal salute from the artillery announced her arrival. As soon as she entered the lines, accompanied by the Duchesses of Kent and

Sutherland, the royal standard was hoisted, and the whole of the troops presented arms. After the staff and noble foreigners had paid their respects, she proceeded in her open landau, followed by another carriage containing her ladies-in-waiting, with the whole of the splendid cortège, down the lines, each body of troops presenting arms as she passed, and the immense multitude cheering her with an enthusiasm, as though they would (in the language of the 'Journal') have thrown their hearts instead of their hats into the air. It was a most picturesque and animating scene. Imagine 150,000 spectators, who stood outside the lines, and who crowded the balconies and tops of houses and trees, around the park; and inside the lines, a body of 6000 troops from the various military departments, in their splendid dresses and accoutrements; the officers, and foreigners in their different uniforms curveting on their graceful and richly caparisoned chargers; the tasteful dresses of the ladies, with their waving plumes. The presence of the great by rank and deed, and the animated question of 'Who's that?' and the exclamation of pleasure and admiration, altogether created a sensation of enjoyment and exhilaration I have rarely felt. The gentlemen and Miss Benett were perpetually exclaiming, 'How shall I thank you for bringing me here!' Oh, dear Bett, I thought of thee all the time, and if I had had a wishing-cap, or Prince Houssein's tapestry, you would soon have been alongside of me. But to go back to the review. We had a mock battle, which made the earth tremble under the roar of the cannon, and the multitude were so terrified that they began tumbling over each other to get out of the way, breaking scaffolding, and screaming as though they were veritably wounded. The firing along the lines lasted 20 minutes, and was really stunning. The different evolutions were beautiful, and gave an admirable idea of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of war,' without any of its appalling results. We got home about 2 o'clock, tired and hungry."

(To be continued)

BRUNSWICK—THE TOWN OF TYLL EULENSPIEGEL

ROMANTIC GERMANY—IV

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY GERTRUDE WURMB

IN a tiny square called the Bäckerklint, surrounded by glamorous, half-timbered houses as bright with color as they were in the Middle Ages, there plays a unique fountain. An apprentice youth sits above the bowl, balancing a slipper on his toes and smiling whimsically down at a semicircle of spouting monkeys and owls. To the observant stranger it seems a curious coincidence that the window of the crooked old bake-shop hard by should be occupied by gingerbread owls and monkeys with currant eyes. But presently he discovers the inscription on the back of the fountain:

Dem lustigen Gesellen
Till Eulenspiegel
dort errichtet wo er die
Eulen und Meerkatzen buk
Erdacht und gemacht von
Arnold Kramer
aus Wolfenbüttel

(To the jolly chap
Tyll Eulenspiegel
erected in the place where he
baked the owls and the long-tailed monkeys
Thought out and wrought out by
Arnold Kramer
of Wolfenbüttel)

Americans know of this medieval hero chiefly through the great tone-poem by Richard Strauss, and by his lesser descendants, such as Max und Moritz, and Peck's Bad Boy. But his name is a mighty one in Germany, and may almost

take rank with graver heroes such as Tannhäuser and the Wandering Jew. For he was the first Teutonic humorist, a sort of Socrates turned practical joker, who always affected naïveté and always turned the laugh upon the other fellow. "To few mortals," wrote Carlyle, "has it been granted to earn such a place in universal history."

Tyll was born at the beginning of the fourteenth century in the province of Brunswick, and played many of his most famous pranks near the spot where he now sits, more brazen than ever, laughing at the droll little creatures he once baked, to the scandal of the good baker, his master, in the old shop close at hand. Those happiest of German children, the young Brunswickers, are never tired of poking their fingers into the monkeys' mouths and squirting the water at one another. Tyll is the last to say them nay, and always seems vengeful whenever the policeman comes to spoil sport. The monkeys are noticeably more popular than the owls, and there is something almost pathetic in their bright little skulls, from which the patina has already been rubbed by the caressing hands of countless children.

Perhaps the chief reason why the Brunswickers are the only Germans who have thus honored Tyll is that they feel an affinity for him. At any rate, they impressed me as having a greater love of practical fun and a more genuine Low-Saxon humor than any other Germans of my acquaintance. Nowhere else have I

been so often accosted on the streets, and by such a variety of people. They seem to be fairly bubbling with mischief. They have not the malicious, cutting satire of Berlin, nor the polished wit of Dresden; not the uncouth pleasantry of Silesia, nor the mellow, hearty, kindly humor of Bavaria. Brunswick is like a mild but continuous hazing party. The people are amazingly quick with their tongues. You turn a corner in a long mackintosh, and are instantly hailed by a group of burghers with, "Well, my Mantle-Mister!" You pass a group of middle-class girls on a bridge.

"Too tall for me!" cries one.

"Down at the heel, oh, shockingly!" remarks another.

"Think he understands?"

"*Jawohl*. See how fast he runs away!"

In these free-and-easy manners it is not difficult to trace the Brunswicker's inherent democracy.

His humor, like Tyll's, inclines toward terseness and point. He is fond of such epigrams as the following:

"Every beginning is hard," said the young thief. Then he stole an anvil.

"I punish my wife only with good words," said Lehmann. Then he threw the hymn-book at her head.

They are fond of making so-called "neighbor-rhymes," in which the peculiarities of each householder in a given street are tersely hit off with a winning combination of sharpness and shrewd geniality which neatly characterizes the people of Brunswick.

Naturally these affinities of the mediæval Tyll are deeply romantic and superstitious folk. And they come honestly by the quality; for the oldest Teutonic myths, like that of Walpurgis Night, had their origin in the region north of the Harz. And it is a welcome thought that our Anglo-Saxon appetite for the romantic and the picturesque may be due in part to inherited remnants of exactly such ancient beliefs as are still alive in the province and the city of Brunswick.

The people believe to-day in vampires. They shut the door after the outgoing coffin so that the dead may not return

and work mischief. Still they place a coin in the dead hand to pay for the outward journey,—that coin of Charon which seems to run through all history,—and intone this formula:

Ik gewe dik dat dinige,
Blif mik von den minigen.

(I give thee what is thine,
Oh, spare thou what is mine.)

There are countless tales current in Brunswick, of wailing women with eyes of fire, the harbingers of death; of the World Dog, who appears in clanking chains every seven years; of will-o'-the-wisps, who hover over burning gold. It is a matter of common knowledge that he who moves a boundary-stone must wander about headless after death. Was it not recently that a Brunswicker met his former pastor at midnight in a forest? The reverend gentleman carried his head under one arm, but with the other he gave his late parishioner such a box on the ear that he never ventured out again after dark.

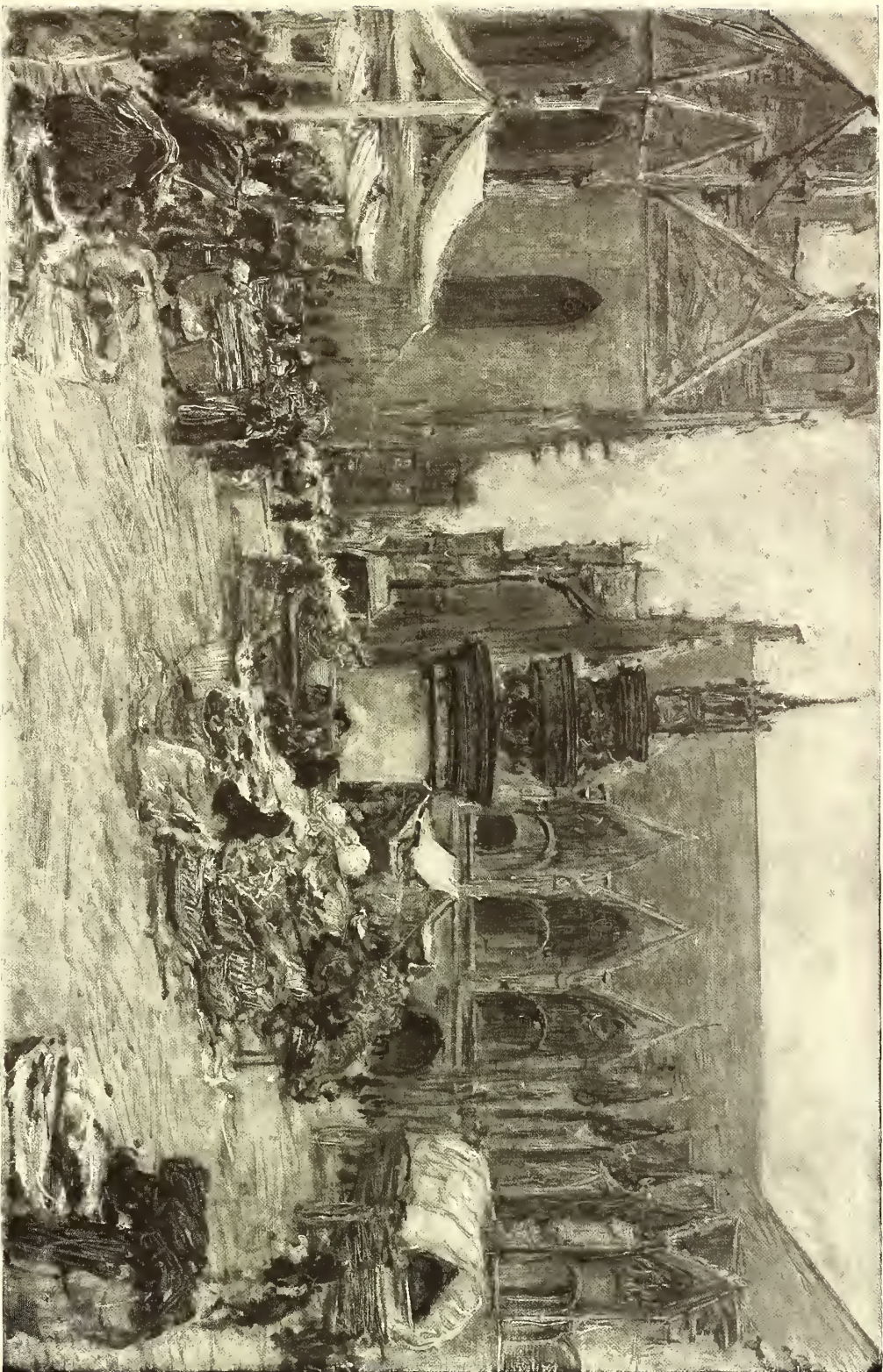
Until the middle of the nineteenth century there were "Fire-riders" in Brunswick, whose function it was to mount a horse at the outbreak of fire, and with a saucer of salt in hand gallop thrice around the flames, chanting this magic formula:

Feuer, du heisse Flamm'
Dir gebeut Jesus Christ, der wahre Mann,
Das du sollst stille steh'n
Und nicht weiter geh'n.
Im Namen des Vaters, etc.

(Fire, you fervid flame,
Christ Jesus, that true Man, demands this
same:

That you stand still yonder
And no further wander.
In the Name of the Father, etc.)

The folk believe that people whose eyebrows meet become Marten at night and oppress the breasts of sleepers. They believe in the Werwolf, in the Wild Hunter, in gnomes and giants; and in the witches who ride on pitchforks, broomsticks, goats, and swine to their unhallowed tryst on the Brocken every



Drawn by Gertrude Wurm. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE OLD TOWN MARKET

On the right is the Altstadt Rathaus (old City Hall) and on the left St. Martin's. The Gewandhaus, which is not shown in the picture, is situated to the left of the foreground.



Drawn by Gertrude Wurm. Half-tone plate engraved by W. G. Watt

AN OLD COURTYARD IN BRUNSWICK

Walpurgis Night. Just before her head was cut off a local witch once confessed that she had "shut up a thief in a gimlet-hole in the foul fiend's name, so that the fellow peeped like a swarm of mice"; and to this day the witches of Brunswick are keeping up their grand old traditions.

The devil is a familiar character, and one often hears:

Wenn't rant und de sunne schint, dann
hat de duwel hochtit.

(When it rains and the sun shines, the
devil is getting married.)

And there is a charmingly circumstantial legend how the devil married his grandmother at midnight in a hall in Brunswick, leaving behind him a costly carpet and a ring worth two thousand ducats. People believe that he flies away with atheists, and that on February 15, 1781, his victim was no less a person than the great Lessing. For they always thought of their local poet and philosopher as an atheist, harder than steel, who was condemned to glow in the eternal fires. Indeed, there is a rhyme about this painful episode, which the children sing at play:

De duwel kam emal up eren
Un wull he gern en blanksmit weren.
Doch harr he weder tinn noch messing
Drum nam he den professor Lessing.

The translation must be free:

Once on a time the devil came
And wished to try the blacksmith game.
But lack of metal kept him guessing
Until he took Professor Lessing.

Finally, lest it should be imagined that such beliefs and customs are no longer representative of modern Brunswick, let us take an instance from the police records of 1897. At two o'clock on the morning of January 19, Gottlieb Kitzke, a servant, and Fritz Krödel, a coachman, were arrested in the Wolfenbüttler-Strasse because they answered the night-watch evasively. It came out in the examination that they had been trying to conjure up his satanic majesty. They had carried to a field outside the city a sack of firewood, a number of wax candles, a spirit-lamp, and a cornucopia of salt. They had lighted the fire, the candles and the lamp, had offered up the salt on the lamp, and had prayed fervidly for an hour; but no devil! The wood burned up, the can-

dles down; but still no devil. Loud recriminations on the way home led to their arrest. In Krödel's pocket was found a "Book of Spirits." There was a book-mark at the chapter on How to Conjure up Lucifer.

There are still other points of resemblance between the city and Tyll Eulenspiegel. Brunswick liked Tyll because he was no respecter of persons. Tyll liked Brunswick for the same reason. Indeed, it is not strange that the place should be so democratic, for it lies in that cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race between the Harz Mountains, the Elbe, and the Rhine and has obstinately preserved the old breed and the old speech. It has always been plebeian in spirit, and was one of the first northern communities to fight for democracy—a fight prolonged in vain for four centuries. Because it is such an excellent type of a Low-German city, it is a shame that the late invasion of the High-German tongue should have "restored" its mellow, Saxon name of "Brunswyk" into "Braunschweig."

But its medieval democratic spirit has never been "restored" away from those incomparable streets, and to this day fills many of the public buildings with its

poetry. The Rathaus of the Old Town was designed with a true feeling for municipal proportion so that it might not overpower its private neighbors; while the Gewandhaus was influenced even further by them, for it shows traces of the compactness and conservatism of timber construction.

Each of these is a type of the municipal architecture of its period. The richness and interest of the Rathaus come wholly from a two-storied Gothic colonnade, filled with tracery and gargoyles and Saxon princes under delicate baldachins. It is a happy instance of that self-restraint, unusual in Germany, which has made poems of Brunswick's winding streets. There the builders would allow no house to lord it over the others, and here in the Rathaus the entire effect comes from a tenfold repetition of one theme.

The Gewandhaus, as it looks down the sweep of the Post-Strasse, seems to fuse in itself all the elements of the German Renaissance—the Italian's fondness for a classical play of proportion, his conservative adherence to certain medieval effects, and the reckless passion of the Low Countries for picturesque, unstructural orna-



Drawn by Gertrude Wurm. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

OLD HOUSES IN THE REICHENSTRASSE



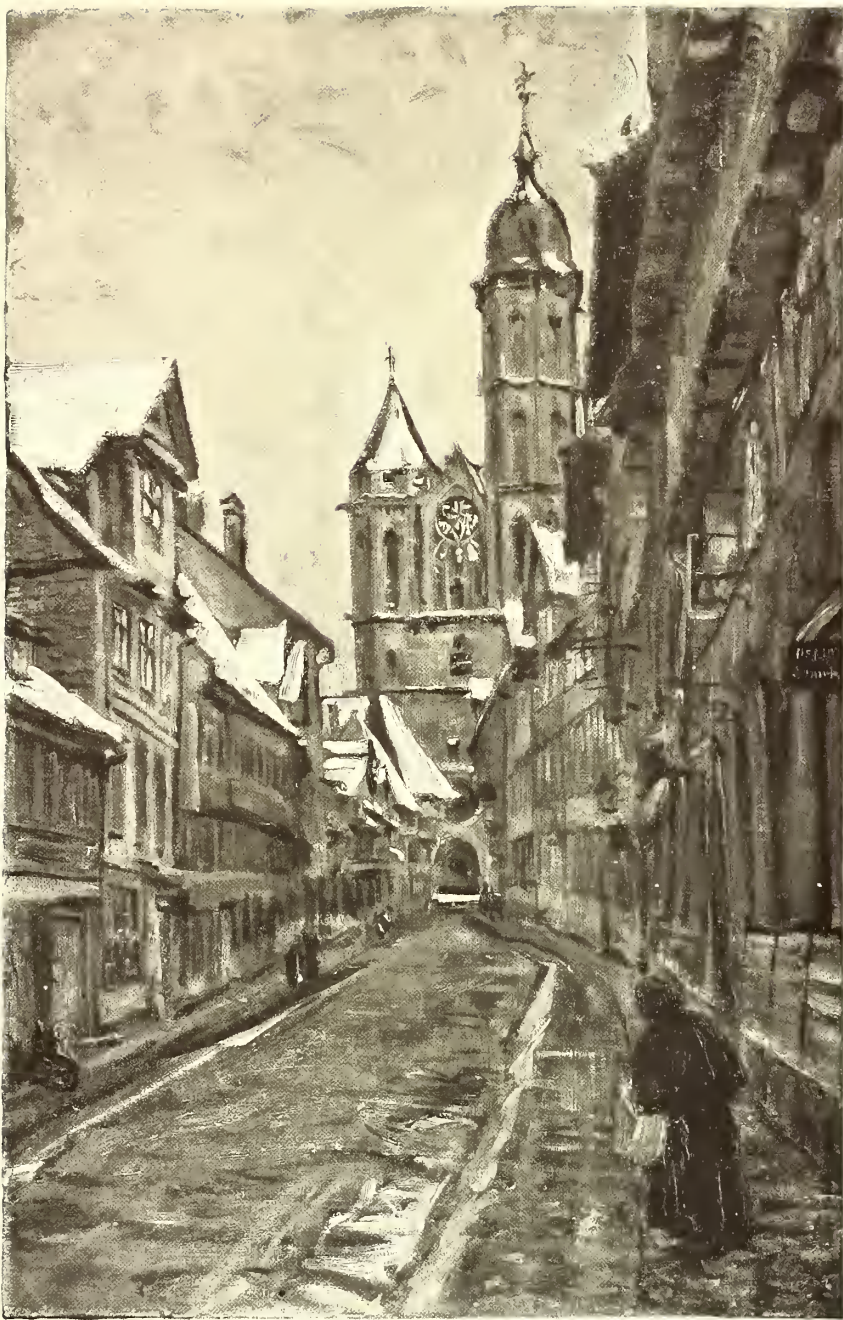
Drawn by Gertrude Wurm. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE AND HENRY
THE LION'S FOUNTAIN IN THE
HAGEN MARKT

ment. But the building has a lightness and a hint of gaiety which remind one that Brunswick, lying just beyond the Westphalian border, is touched by the happy spirit of the Harz and of Thuringia. And one has the impulse to climb that lofty gable among the caryatides and allegorical statues, the volutes and obelisks and inscriptions, to search the horizon for the blunt profile of the Brocken.

These two splendid structures stand as

monuments of the city's wealth in the flourishing Hanseatic days when she controlled the main highway to the ports of Bremen and Hamburg and Lübeck. They symbolize as well the democratic ideal that preferred poverty to oppression. In 1293 the people, led by the guilds, began their fight against a tyrannous government. In consequence they were declared "aufrührerisch," or riotous, by the Hanseatic League, and were repeatedly



Drawn by Gertrude Wurm, Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FRONT OF ST. ANDREW'S, AS SEEN FROM
THE WEBERSTRASSE

placed under the commercial ban, which almost ruined the city's prosperity. But it took four centuries to break their spirit, and though the cause was finally lost, democracy is still plainly written upon many of their streets.

Brunswick's most striking quality is the delightfully homelike atmosphere that

seems to pervade it. No doubt the conservatism of a folk as rich as they in superstition made for loyalty to the family and the ancestral dwelling, and likewise the democratic spirit led each citizen to make his house his palace. These humble builders stamped their work with their own personality as completely as



Drawn by Gertrude Wurm. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE ALTE WAAGE, LOOKING TOWARD ST. ANDREW'S

though they were sculptors and each house a model in moist clay. And they are the personalities of family men. Many of the streets, like the Weberstrasse, the Hagenbrücke and Meinhardshof have been virtually unchanged since the sixteenth century, and they seem fairly to exude domesticity.

On coming out suddenly into one of

the many squares, if you have already caught the spirit of the place, your eyes seek first, not the great church or public building, but the row of old dwellings opposite, glowing with color, redolent of romance. In that nucleus of Brunswick, the Burg-Platz, for example, one is aware of something more significant than the castle and the cathedral. For these

sumptuous chords are a little sharp to the city's real key-note, as one finds on catching a glimpse of the dwellings opposite and the crooked street into which they lead. This is the authentic key-note—a crooked street filled with half-timbered houses rich with carvings, their stories pushing out eagerly beyond one another as if anxious to mingle their gargoyles and saints above the happy life of the pavement; and, closing the enchanted vista, some noble building of the people, or some real native church, its traceried bell-house riding high between twin towers.

A deal of Brunswick's charm is due to its street plan. Many of the old cities, founded by pure Teutonic stock, in the south and west of Germany developed from a group of houses huddled together without rhyme or reason—an arrangement called "Haufendorf," or "Heap-village." On the other hand, the Slavic cities of the east were laid out on a deadly rectilinear plan, as monotonous as Manhattan's sorry scheme of things.

In Brunswick these two influences complemented each other and produced a plan both of irregular, curving streets and of far vistas—a plan that surpasses the others as a design by Dürer surpasses a design by a cliff-dweller or by Euclid. And Brunswick has known better than most cities how to keep her scheme pure of modern improvements.

No other German city has preserved so many of its Gothic houses. The earlier ones often bear friezes in which a characteristic step-like design frames low reliefs. The later Gothic retaliates on the church bell-houses, which are, in a sense, only transfigured dwellings, by borrowing their ecclesiastical tracery. But the most fascinating friezes are the allegorical, religious, and grotesque reliefs supported by carven beam-ends and consoles that seem to run the gamut of piety and humor. A scene at Stecherstrasse 10 hastens naïvely from Isaac to the Resurrection with a smile and a touch of real religious feeling. But the Brunswicker seems most at home in carvings that express his whimsical, mischief-loving nature, as in the frieze of Neustrasse 9, a mélange of monkeys, clowns, storks, mermen, and aggressive dwarfs.

Animal symbolism lies close to his heart

and is often inimitable, as at Gördelingerstrasse 38, where a fox is making away with a goose and an ass is performing solemnly on the bagpipes. There is a favorite kind of grotesque called *Luderziehen*, or "Bummers' Tug of War," depicting an old game in which two men wrestle back to back with a rope passed over their shoulders. As for the gargoyle who pulls wide the corners of his mouth like a bad boy, he is found everywhere, even interrupting the decent progression of a row of wooden saints. This is the sort of carven fun that is often seen on old town-halls, but nowhere else is it found in such profusion on German homes.

In the transition style, the old "step" ornament developed into the fan-shaped rosette, which often radiates from some grotesque head.

"She has the form of the rising sun," exclaims a sentimental German writer. "She is the rising sun of the Renaissance."

This design evolved into the egg-like ornament called Ship's Keel, and at length, reluctantly, into the Renaissance. But such is the conservatism of private timber architecture that the reawakening was delayed by half a century, and even then the good burghers held fast to many Gothic motifs.

The Hofbräuhaus is a good type of this period. But it has few rivals, for Renaissance energy seems to have been focused here largely on portals.

Brunswick has little noteworthy private architecture built later than the Renaissance except the amusingly exaggerated portal of Bank-Platz 1 and the consummate baroque portal and oriel at the head of that jewel among streets, the Reichenstrasse.

Many of the older dwellings have an architectural feature as unique as are Dantzie's Beischläge,—one that adds its element of mystery and romance. The *Kemnat*en are stone rooms built massively into the center of the half-timbered houses. No one knows their function. Were they fireproof vaults in the inflammable times of thatched roofs? Or were they the private strongholds of the days when every man's hand was against his neighbor and his house was literally his castle?

Among the chief fascinations of Brunswick are the old *Höfe*, or courts. They are not so narrow or so teeming with life as in Hamburg, nor so opulent in color and effects of vista as in Lübeck; but they are richer architecturally, and in their inimitable inscriptions that show at once the dry wit and the piety of the north German, as in the following:

Allen die mich kennen
den gebe Gott wass sie mir gönnen

(God make my friends all free
Of what they wish for me.)

Court-hunting offers all the excitement of searching for hidden treasure; for the most medieval court may be masked by the most modern façade. The only way is to enter boldly at every open portal, and presently you find yourself plunging through a door of the twentieth century straight into the fifteenth.

There the low-class artisan—the “Little Citizen” as he is called—sits before his house cobbling as in the days of Hans Sachs, or blows at a quaint forge the flare of which picks out Rembrandtish high lights amid the dusk of the overhanging stories—stories quite unrestored and full of dim carvings and inscriptions. There was a long inscription running along an entire side of one court. So time-worn and cobwebby was it that I had to clamber upon a rickety wain to decipher its Low-German characters; and with the tail of my eye I could see a group of eager young Brunswickers trying to muster courage enough to upset me. At length I made it out:

Dorch Gottes Segen
und sine Macht
Habe ich das Gebew
Darhen gebracht.

(Through God's own might
And benison
This building as
You see I've done.)

It has the genuine smack of the soil, this Low-German language, so much older and so much more akin to the English than the High German. In Brunswick the lower classes speak “Platt,” and, in picking it up, English is almost as potent a help as German.

There is no discordant note in these Brunswick courts. Everything seems there by right divine. At number 2 in the Wendenstrasse (the ancient Via Slavorum) a heap of poles leans by a fine, late-Gothic, church-like window as naturally as though it were a necessary buttress. The court of Reichenstrasse 32 has even its dovecote embellished with Empire medallions. And in the long garden-court of number 21 where numerous “Little Citizens” are packed in together—not without friction—this motto is conspicuous:

Wenn Hass und Neid brändte wie Feuer
So were das Holtz lange nicht so teuer.

freely rendered:

If hate and envy burned like fuel
The cost of wood would be less cruel.

Some of the squares are hardly less perfect in their way than the best of the courts. The little Platz, “Am Nickelnkulk,” for instance, where one of Brunswick's numerous iron serpents pokes his head out of the under-world and looks about in surprise at the picturesque cottages by the tiny stream. This is the home of legend. For “Nickelnkulk” is corrupted from “Nickerkulk,” meaning a waterhole inhabited by a divinity called “Nicker,” a sort of nix or water-sprite. This personage lived for centuries in his hole by the stream, and fifty years ago was still celebrated in a children's game. One child lurked in a ditch and tried to catch the others, who jumped over it singing:

Nickelkerl keitschenbom,
Ik sitt in dinen locke:
Fange mik doch.

(Nix of the elder-bush,
I squat in your den:
Catch me, then.)

There is the little Ruhfäutchen-Platz in the heart of the town, dreaming over its water-filled fragment of the old castle-moat; the Kohl Markt, with its fine fountain, its view of the Gewandhaus, and its three Renaissance houses, Sun, Moon, and Star. (Although “Star” recently suffered total eclipse, its memory still twinkles on.)

Then there is the Altstadt Markt, es-

pecially "when a great illumination surprises a festal night," and the Gothic fountain, transformed into rainbow mist, sends a gentle glow playing over the old houses on the southern side, and the band makes soft music behind the tongues of flame outlining the arches of the Rathaus colonnade. Then the square is filled with gaily dressed, fun-loving folk who seem held within bounds only by the austere spires of St. Martin's above them.

Because Brunswick has preserved inviolate so many of its intimate, old streets and the old stock in them, and because every stranger feels at once that this is a city of families, it is peculiarly fitting that it should possess the one work of art that expresses completely the poetry of family life. In revisiting the picture gallery it is natural for the lover of Brunswick to hasten past even the pure spirituality and mysticism of Rembrandt's "Noli Me Tangere," the royal coloring of his armed warrior, and the shimmering Vermeer interior, until he comes to the hall which contains the goal of his pilgrimage. If he is wise, he will look first at the remarkable Lievensz and at Steen's uproarious wedding-scene, because everything else pales after one glance at *the* Rembrandt.

To me it is one of the grandest of all exhibitions of sheer creative power. For there is nothing unusual in the subject, no dramatic or pathetic situation, no scene of inherent poetic inspiration, no religious afflatus. It is a mere family of every-day people, caught amid their prosaic surroundings, and irradiated, transfigured by the fire of the master's genius. I know of no one else who has ever made more of such unpromising material. The Germans call the picture a *Farben-Rausch*, and we can only call it an ecstasy in color. The figures, in a delicious trance, seem in possession of the ultimate secret, and the eldest child brings toward the mother a basket of flowers as though moving through some precious spiritual rite. One returns repeatedly to worship before this painting as before a shrine and to realize why its spell could not be as potent elsewhere as in this city of real homes.

Just as the Rathaus and the Gewandhaus are subsidiary to the dwellings of Brunswick, so are the other noteworthy buildings: all but two; for the aristocratic

castle and cathedral are exceptions. But it must be remembered that these are both memorials of the maker of Brunswick's fortunes and her greatest ruler, Henry the Lion, whose death ended the days when the Brunswickers were content to be governed by any one man.

In the ninth century, Burg Dankwarderode was built by the brother of that Bruno who founded Brunswick, calling it Brunonis Vicus. Three hundred years later it was sumptuously rebuilt by Henry the Lion; but during the centuries of democratic agitation that followed it was ruined, over-cruised, and forgotten. Finally, in recent days, some of Henry's noble arches and capitals were discovered and made the basis of the present restoration, which is a masterpiece of its kind, a worthy mate of the Marienburg in East Prussia. Henry's famous bronze lion, which has guarded his fame outside in the little Burg-Platz for the last seven hundred years, snarls ferociously at you when you dare to wonder why the cathedral exterior is so unassuming. Indeed, the great burgher churches were all built on this general scheme, with a plain, massive western front, a lofty bell-house riding high between two towers, and a long, low nave, like a giant dachshund at the heels of his master.

On entering you see that the magnificence was all saved for the interior as a setting for Henry's famous Gothic tomb before the altar. The architecture runs a brilliant scale from early Romanesque to the fantastic, spiral-ribbed piers of the late-English Gothic.

The place is filled with treasures. On the walls is a fascinating cycle of Romanesque frescoes, the principal works of their kind on the plain of North Germany. There is a trinity of sculptures, in the apse, worthy of the lion in the square outside: a twelfth-century altar of bronze and marble, an old brazen replica of the Seven Golden Candlesticks at Jerusalem, and, above all, a wooden crucifix of the tenth century, to which one returns again and again with ever new joy and reverence. It is a light out of the grossly Dark Ages. The face, hands, and feet are long and slim, the body is robed, and the folds are channeled as formally as Assyrian hair. Yet the figure has about it something benignant and royal, at once

fraternal and paternal. A German authority named Döring has made the curious suggestion that this is not a statue of Our Lord, but of St. Era, the patroness of the crypt, who, as a foil to unpleasant attentions, was given a beard in answer to prayer. But I prefer not to associate this Christian Ariadne with my favorite Brunswick statue.

There is no such splendor inside the other churches. They breathe, on the contrary, the spirit of men whose tastes were, first of all, democratic and domestic. They are eloquent of the solidarity that should exist between the religious life and the secular.

In this town the street is no mere frame for an important building at its end, as in so many picturesque German cities; it is the major part of the picture, with the great tower or chiseled stone façade as a background. St. Catherine's and St. Andrew's are splendid foils for the ways that surround them. St. Martin's, indeed, is almost too subservient, for it faces directly down none of the fascinating streets of the quarter. The best it can do is to enliven the Altstadt Markt, with its chain of traceried gables and its rich choir, where a statue of Luther usurps the place of a Romish predecessor.

The other churches, however, atone for St. Martin's unfortunate position. It is a joy to prowl through the narrow Stecherstrasse and come out suddenly on the broad expanse of the Hagen Markt, where, beyond the misty waters of Henry the Lion's fountain, rises the façade of St. Catherine's, tall and slim and queenly, like some fair daughter of the people. It expresses more nearly than any other local building the proud independence of the Brunswickers, their joy and pride in the beauty they were creating, and their feeling for the composition of the city.

St. Catherine's is a typical Brunswick church. You encircle it to enjoy the gable-fields and to see, from many angles, how gracefully the western front detaches itself from the nave. The best view comes last. Inevitably you retire to the Hagenbrücke, backing up the crowded little street. And the people courteously make way for any one who is appreciating how the high, corbeled stories of the houses close in on each side of the distant façade, the opulent red of

the gable-tiles gradually moving in to bring out the green patina of the lesser tower and the creamy delicacy of the window tracery. You zigzag from curb to curb, comparing the scores of rival effects, and the climax comes on the corner of the Reichenstrasse. These Gothic houses, teeming with twentieth century humanity, are brought out by that Gothic house of the God of all centuries, beyond. They seem enriched and spiritualized by its very presence, much as the ideal church enriches and spiritualizes the lives of its children. That the relation of the infinite to the finite could be so embodied in a double row of worm-eaten houses leading crookedly from a church, I had never realized until the hour when I first stood in the Hagenbrücke.

St. Andrew's has less of the gracious sweetness of St. Catherine's and more of the monumentality of the cathedral. But it heightens the beauty and nobility of the surrounding streets as potently as its sister church, if in a more virile way. And it has a wider range of effects.

The view down the Weberstrasse is a worthy companion to that down the Hagenbrücke, only the houses are plainer, and the church more obscured by them. But St. Andrew's has in its repertory other pieces almost as inspired as this.

You give yourself up to the curvetings of the capricious little Meinhardshof, where the overhanging façades, leaning on their saint and sinner corbels, let only a narrow ribbon of sunshine slip between them; where the tiles run up suddenly into incorrectly made dunce-caps or break out into dormers or little eye-like windows bulging with surprise—tiles that cast a ruddy reflection upon the grotesque carvings of the opposite house-front, from which the glow rebounds across the cobbles and plays about a portal of blackness leading into some indescribable court full of the mysterious and the medieval.

At length, if you can tear yourself away at all, you round another bend and see, beyond a Gothic house more crooked if possible than the street itself, the southern tower of St. Andrew's, the tallest and most impressive of Brunswick's many, shooting up from the picturesque Alte Waage that nestles at its base, looking more like a home than a public building.

Amid such intimate enjoyment of the humbler houses of the people, to come suddenly upon this stately tower harmonizing so completely with them was to find a new point of view. Brunswick came to mean the city of homes above all, and this tower, seen from here or down the steps from the Promenade to the Woll-Markt, never failed to sound this charming note of domesticity.

The gables of St. Andrew's are the most interesting in Brunswick, and its gargoyles the most enthusiastic. The huge Gothic groups on the southern gable-fields representing the "Flight into Egypt" and the "Slaughter of the Innocents" are so delicious in their naïveté and yet so touching that one chuckles as one looks at them through moist eyes.

The bell-house of St. Andrew's, though simpler than that of St. Catherine's or that of the cathedral, is almost as effective. There is a threefold beauty in the conception of these lofty gables of stone lace-work. Tenderly they sound the city's dominant domestic theme, and embody the thought that the German art of music should have a separate architectonic expression. For the burghers conceived that the music of their chimes should be no mere adjunct to the steeple, the function of which is not to contain bells, but to direct the eye of the soul toward heaven. These bell-houses also sound a note distinctly human, for they break the too abrupt idealism of the tower's leap from cobbles to sky by interjecting, half-way up, something that means to the Teuton the most spiritual joy short of religious ecstasy, and yet a joy that he may feel as keenly in a seance with his violin, beneath the homely red tiles yonder, as when the organ reverberates through the nave on Sunday morning.

Those medieval bell-houses were prophetic as well; for Brunswick was to have a musical history peculiarly honorable, as is shown to-day by the monuments to its two citizens, Abt and Spohr.

Sometimes it is pleasant to punctuate this Old World romance with a walk around the charming promenades or among the new villas beyond, or to go farther, to the Park of Richmond, the estate of the Duke of Cumberland, rightful heir to the province. But one always re-

turns with new zest to the narrow, winding streets, full of the color and spirit of the Middle Ages, where the houses lean together across the ways as if to embrace one another.

The other day an enthusiast was asked which German city he loved best. It proved a difficult problem. None of the large ones, certainly. They were too huge and many-sided. It would be like adoring a score of wives at the same time. Besides, unlike wives, great cities are too impersonal. On the other hand, little Rothenburg was for him almost too full of the romantic elements to be real. The people seemed like actors on a stage. He found himself constantly watching for the spot-light, straining his ears for the prompter, and fearing lest the curtain be abruptly rung down. Nuremberg's alloy of modern buildings and the modern spirit put it out of the question. Neither were the dwellings of Dantzic friendly enough, nor its half-Slavic atmosphere. Strassburg he cherished for its cathedral, but disliked for its people. In spite of all their romance and beauty, Regensburg and Bautzen were too somber, Augsburg too formal. Cologne he would almost have chosen but for its discordant foreign note, its dirt, and its beggars. The houses of Lübeck were hardly beautiful enough; those of Hildesheim, on the other hand, were almost too self-conscious and brilliant and precious. One cannot hold a treasure-casket in warm, human affection.

And so, although he prefers the *gemüthlich* southern temperament to the northern, yet, all in all, he felt he must choose Brunswick. For the town of Tyll Eulenspiegel is almost unspoiled by the modern note; its architecture is the spontaneous expression of natures uniting Thuringian gaiety, sweetness, and taste with Northern depth and sincerity. It is a hearty, wholesome, true kind of romance that Brunswick exhales. And perhaps the democracy of the people, perhaps their humor, is what tipped the beam, and made him love more than any other in Germany the town that is summed up by the view of St. Catherine's down the Hagenbrücke and by the little old Bäckerklint where sits Tyll Eulenspiegel, his monkeys' heads rubbed bright by the loving hands of children.

MR. OPP

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

VIII

BY all the laws of physics, Mr. Opp during the months that ensued, should have stood perfectly still. For if ever two forces pulled with equal strength in opposite directions, love and ambition did in the heart of our friend the editor. But Mr. Opp did not stand still; on the contrary, he seemed to be moving in every direction at once.

In due time "The Opp Eagle" made its initial flight, and received the approbation of the community. The first page was formal, containing the editorial, a list of the subscribers, a notice to taxpayers, and three advertisements, one of which requested "the lady public to please note that the hats put out by Miss Duck Brown do not show the wire composing the frame."

But the first page of the "Eagle" was like the front door of a house: when once you got on the other side of it, you were in the family, as it were, formality was dropped, and an easy atmosphere of familiarity prevailed. You read that Uncle Enoch Siller had Sundayed over at the Ridge, or that Aunt Gussy Williams was on the puny list, and frequently there were friendly references to "Ye Editor" or "Ye Quill Driver," for after soaring to dizzy heights in his editorials, Mr. Opp condescended to come down on the second page and move in and out of the columns, as a host among his guests.

It is painful to reflect what would have been the fate of the infatuated Mr. Opp in these days had it not been for the faithful Nick. Nick's thirst for work was insatiable; he yearned for responsibility, and was never so happy as when gathering news. He chased an item as a dog

might chase a rat, first scenting it, then hunting it down, and after mutilating it a bit, proudly returning it to his master.

Mr. Opp was enabled, by this competent assistance, to spare many a half-hour in consultation with Miss Guinevere Gusty concerning the reportorial work she was going to do on the paper. The fact that nobody died or got married delayed all actual performance, but in order to be ready for the emergency, frequent calls were deemed expedient.

It became part of the day's program to read her his editorial, or consult her about some social item, or to report a new subscriber, his self-esteem meanwhile putting forth all manner of new shoots and bursting into exotic bloom under the warmth of her approval.

Miss Gusty, on her part, was acquiring a new interest in her surroundings. In addition to the subtle flattery of being consulted, she was the recipient of daily offerings of books, and music, and drug-store candy, and sometimes a handful of flowers, carefully concealed in a newspaper to escape the vigilant eye of Jimmy Fallows.

On several occasions she returned Mr. Opp's calls, picking her way daintily across the road, and peeping in at the window to make sure he was there.

It was at such times that the staff of "The Opp Eagle" misconducted itself. It objected to a young woman in the press-room; it disapproved of the said person sitting at the deal table in confidential conversation with the editor; it saw no humor in her dipping the pencils into the ink-well, and scrawling names on the new office stationery; and when the point was reached that she moved about the office, asking absurd questions and

handling the type, the staff could no longer endure it, but hastened forth to forget its annoyance in the pursuit of business.

Moreover, the conduct of the chief, as Nick was pleased to call Mr. Opp, was becoming more and more peculiar. He would arrive in the morning, his pockets bristling with papers, and his mind with projects. He would attack the work of the day with ferocious intensity, then in the midst of it, without warning, he would lapse into an apparent trance, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the ceiling, and such a smile on his face as one usually reserves for a camera.

Nick did not know that it was the song of the siren that was calling Mr. Opp, who, instead of lashing himself to the mast and steering for the open sea, was letting his little craft drift perilously near the rocky coast.

No feature of the proceedings was lost upon Mrs. Gusty. She applied the same method to her daughter that she did to her vines, tying her firmly to the wall of her own ability, and prescribing the direction and length to which she should grow. The situation would need pruning later, but for the present she studied conditions and bided her time.

Meanwhile the "Eagle" was circling more widely in its flight. Mr. Opp's persistent and eloquent articles pertaining to the great oil wealth of the region had been reinforced by a favorable report from the laboratory in the city to which he had sent a specimen from the spring on Turtle Creek. Thus equipped with wings of hope, and a small ballast of fact, the "Eagle" went soaring on its way, and in time attracted the attention of a party of capitalists who were traveling through the State, investigating oil and mineral possibilities.

One epoch-making day, the editor was called up over the long-distance telephone, and, after answering numerous inquiries, was told that the party expected to spend the following night in the Cove.

This important event took place the last of November, and threw the town into great excitement. Mr. Opp received the message early in the morning, and immediately set to work to call a meeting of the Turtle Creek Land Company.

"This here is one of the most critical moments in the history of Cove City," he

announced excitedly to Nick. "It 's a most fortunate thing that they 've got me here to make the preliminary arrangements, and to sort of get the thing solidified, as you might say. I 'll call a meeting for eleven o'clock at Your Hotel. You call up old man Hager and the preacher, and I will undertake to notify Jimmy Fal-lows and Mr. Tucker."

"The preacher ain't in town; he 's out at Smither's Ridge, marrying a couple. I got the whole notice written out beforehand."

"Well, tear it up," said Mr. Opp. "I 've engaged a special hand to do all weddings and funerals."

Nick looked hurt; this was the first time his kingdom had been invaded. He kicked the door sullenly.

"I can't get the preacher if he 's out at Smither's Ridge."

"Nick," said Mr. Opp, equally hurt, "is that the way for a subordinate reporter to talk to a' editor? You don't seem to realize that this here is a very serious and large transaction. There may be hundreds of dollars involved. It 's a awful weight of responsibility for one man. I 'm willing to finance it and conduct the main issues, but I 've got to have the backing of all the other parties. Now it 's with you whether the preacher gets there or not."

"Shall I hunt up Mat Lucas, too?" asked Nick as he started forth.

"No; that 's my branch of the work: but—say—Nick, your sister will have to be there; she owns some shares."

"All right," said Nick; "her buggy is hitched up in front of Tucker's. I 'll tell her to wait till you come."

Mr. Opp was not long in following. He walked down the road with an important stride, his bosom scarcely able to accommodate the feeling of pride and responsibility that swelled it. He was in a position of trust; his fellow-citizens would look to him, a man of larger experience and business ability, to deal with these moneyed strangers. He would be fair, but shrewd. He knew the clever wiles of the capitalists; he would meet them with calm but unyielding dignity.

It was in this mood that he came upon Miss Jim, who was in the act of disentangling a long lace scarf from her buggy whip. Her flushed face and flashing eyes

gave such unmistakable signs of wrath that Mr. Opp glanced apprehensively at the whip in her hand, and then at Jimmy Fallows, who was hitching her horse.

"Howdy, Mr. Opp," she said. "It's a pleasure to meet a gentleman, after what I've seen."

"I hope," said Mr. Opp, "that our friend here ain't been indulging in his customary—"

"It ain't Mr. Fallows," she broke in sharply; "it's Mr. Tucker. He ain't got the feeling of a broomstick."

"Now, Miss Jim," began Jimmy Fallows in a teasing tone; but the lady turned her back upon him and addressed Mr. Opp.

"You see this portrait," she said angrily, pulling it out from under the seat. "It took me four weeks, including two Sunday afternoons, to make it. I begun it the second week after Mrs. Tucker died, when I seen him takin' on so hard at church. He was cryin' so when they took up the collection that he never even seen the plate pass him. I went right home and set to work on this here portrait, thinking he'd be glad and willing to buy it from me. Would n't you, if you was a widower?"

Mr. Opp gazed doubtfully at the picture, which represented Mr. Tucker sitting disconsolately beside a grave, with a black-bordered handkerchief held lightly between his fingers. A weeping-willow drooped above him, and on the tombstone at his side were two angels supporting the initials of the late Mrs. Tucker.

"Why, Miss Jim," insisted Fallows, "you're askin' too much of old man Tucker to expect him to keep on seein' a tombstone when he's got one eye on you and one eye on the Widow Gusty. He ain't got any hair on top of his head to part, but he's took to partin' it down the back, and I seen him Sunday trying to read the hymns without his spectacles. He started up on 'Let a Little Sunshine In' when they was singing 'Come, ye Disconsolate.' You rub out the face and the initials on that there picture and keep it for the nex' widower. Ketch him when he's still droopin'. You'll get your money back. Your mistake was in waiting too long."

"Speaking of waiting," said Mr. Opp, impatiently, "there's a call meeting of

the Turtle Creek Land Co. for this morning at eleven at Your Hotel. Hope it's convenient, Jimmy."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy; "we got more empty chairs at Your Hotel than anything else. What's the meeting for? Struck gold?"

Mr. Opp imparted the great news.

"Oh, my land!" exclaimed Miss Jim, "will they be here to-day?"

"Not until to-morrow night," explained Mr. Opp. "This here meeting this morning is for the stock-holders only. We got to kinder outline our policy and arrange a sort of basis of operation."

"Well," said Miss Jim, "I'll take the portrait up to Mrs. Gusty's and ask her to take care of it for me. I don't know as I can do the face over into somebody else's, but I can't afford to lose it."

It was afternoon before the stock-holders could all be brought together. They assembled in the office of Your Hotel in varying states of mind ranging from frank skepticism to intense enthusiasm.

Mr. Tucker represented the conservative element. He was the rich man of the town, with whom economy, at first a necessity, had become a luxury. No greater proof could have been desired of Mr. Opp's persuasive powers than that Mr. Tucker had invested in a hundred shares of the new stock. He sat on the edge of his chair, wizen, anxious, fidgety, loaded with objections, and ready to go off half-cocked. Old man Hager sat in his shadow, objecting when he objected, voting as he voted, and prepared to loosen or tighten his purse-strings as Mr. Tucker suggested.

Mat Lucas and Miss Jim were independents. They had both had sufficient experience in business to know their own minds. If there was any money to be made in the Cove or about it, they intended to have a part in it.

Mr. Opp and the preacher constituted the Liberal party. They furnished the enthusiasm that floated the scheme. They were able to project themselves into the future and prophesy dazzling probabilities.

Jimmy Fallows, alone of the group, maintained an artistic attitude toward the situation. He was absolutely detached. He sat with his chair tilted against the

door and his thumbs in his armholes, and treated the whole affair as a huge joke.

"The matter up for immediate consideration," Mr. Opp was saying impressively, "is whether these here gentlemen should want to buy us out, we would sell, or whether we would remain firm in possession, and let them lease our ground and share the profits on the oil."

"Well, I 'm kinder in favor of selling out if we get the chance," urged Mr. Tucker in a high, querulous voice. "To sell on a rising market is always a pretty good plan."

"After we run up ag'in' them city fellows," said Mat Lucas, "I 'll be surprised if we git as much out as we put in."

"Gentlemen," protested Mr. Opp, "this here ain't the attitude to assume to the affair. To my profoundest belief there is a fortune in these here lands. The establishment of 'The Opp Eagle' has, as you know, been a considerable tax on my finances, but everything else I 've got has gone into this company. It 's a great and glorious opportunity, one that I been predicting and prophesying for these many years. Are we going to sell out to this party, and let them reap the prize? No; I trust and hope that such is not the case. In order to have more capital to open up the mines, I advocate the taking of them in."

"I bet they been advocating the taking of us in," chuckled Jimmy.

"Well, my dear friends, suppose we vote on it," suggested the preacher.

"Reach yer hand back there in the press, Mr. Opp, and git the lead-pencil," said Jimmy, without moving.

"The motion before the house," said Mr. Opp, "is whether we will sell out or take 'em in. All in favor say 'Aye.'"

There was a unanimous vote in the affirmative, although each member interpreted the motion in his own way.

"Very well," said Mr. Opp, briskly; "the motion is carried. Now we got to arrange about entertaining the party."

Mr. Tucker, whose brain was an accommodation stopping at each station, was still struggling with the recent motion when this new thought about entertainment whizzed past. The instinct of the landlord awoke at the call, and he promptly switched off the main line and went down the side track.

"Gallop was here while ago," Jimmy was saying, with a satisfied glance at Mr. Tucker; "said they wanted me to take keer of 'em. I 'll 'commodate all but the preachers. If there are any preachers, Mr. Tucker kin have 'em. I have to draw the line somewheres. I can't stand 'em 'Brother-Fallowsing' me. Last time the old woman corralled one and brought him home, he was as glad to find me to work on as she 'd 'a' be'n to git some fruit to preserve. 'Brother,' he says, reaching out for my hand, 'do you ever think about the awful place you are going to when you die?' 'You bet,' says I; 'I got more friends there than anywhere.'" And Jimmy's laugh shook the stovepipe.

"How many gentlemen are coming tomorrow?" asked Miss Jim, who was sitting in a corner as far as possible from Mr. Tucker.

"Ten," said Jimmy. "Now, you would n't think it, but this here hotel has got six bedrooms. I 've taken care of as many as twenty at a time, easy, but I 'll be hanged if I ever heard of such foolishness as every one of these fellers wantin' a room to hisself."

"I 've got three rooms empty," said Mr. Tucker.

"Well, that leaves one over," said Mat Lucas. "I 'd take him out home, but we 've got company, and are sleeping three in a bed now."

Mr. Opp hesitated; then his hospitality overcame his discretion.

"Just consider him my guest," he said. "I 'll be very pleased to provide entertainment for the gentleman in question."

Not until the business of the day was over, and Mr. Opp was starting home, did he realize how tired he was. It was not his duties as an editor, or even as a promoter, that were telling on him; it was his domestic affairs that preyed upon his mind. For Mr. Opp not only led a strenuous life by day, but by night as well. Miss Kippy's day began with his coming home, and ended in the morning when he went away; the rest of the time she waited.

Just now the problem that confronted him was the entertainment of the expected guest. Never, since he could remember, had a stranger invaded that little world where Miss Kippy lived her unreal life of dreams. What effect would it have

upon her? Would it be kinder to hide her away as something he was ashamed of, or to let her appear and run the risk of exposing her deficiency to uncaring eyes? During the months that he had watched her, a fierce tenderness had sprung up in his heart. He had become possessed of the hope that she might be rescued from her condition. Night after night he patiently tried to teach her to read and to write, stopping again and again to humor her whims and indulge her foolish fancies. More than once he had surprised a new look in her eyes, a sudden gleam of sanity, of frightened understanding; and at such times she would cling to him for protection against that strange thing that was herself.

As he trudged along, deep in thought, a white chrysanthemum fell at his feet. Looking up, he discovered Miss Guinevere Gusty, in a red cloak and hat, sitting on the bank with a band-box in her lap.

His troubles were promptly swallowed up in the heart-quake which ensued; but his speech was likewise, and he stood foolishly opening and shutting his mouth, unable to effect a sound.

"I am waiting for the packet to go down to Coreville," announced Miss Gusty, straightening her plumed hat, and smiling. "Mr. Gallop says it's an hour late; but I don't care, it's such a grand day."

Mr. Opp removed his eyes long enough *to direct an inquiring glance at the heavens and the earth. "Is it?" he asked, finding his voice. "I been so occupied with business that I have n't scarcely taken occasion to note the weather."

"Why, it's all soft and warm, just like spring," she continued, holding out her arms and looking up at the sky. "I've been wishing I had time to walk along the river a piece."

"I'll take you," said Mr. Opp, eagerly. "We can hear the whistle of the boat in amply sufficient time to get back. Besides, it is a hour late."

She hesitated. "You're real sure you can get me back?"

"Perfectly," he announced. "I might say in all my experience I never have yet got a lady left on a boat."

Miss Guinevere, used to being guided, handed him her band-box, and followed him up the steep bank.

The path wound in and out among the trees, now losing itself in the woods, now coming out upon the open river. The whole world was a riot of crimson and gold, and it was warm with that soft echo of summer that brings some of its sweetness, and all of its sadness, but none of its mirth.

Mr. Opp walked beside his divinity oblivious to all else. The sunlight fell unnoticed except when it lay upon her face; the only breeze that blew from heaven was the one that sent a stray curl floating across her cheek. As Mr. Opp walked, he talked, putting forth every effort to please. His burning desire to be worthy of her led him into all manner of verbal extravagances, and the mere fact that she was taller than he caused him to indulge in more lofty and figurative language. He captured fugitive quotations, evolved strange metaphors, coined words, and poured all in a glittering heap of eloquence before her shrine.

As he talked, his companion moved heedlessly along beside him, stopping now and then to gather a spray of goldenrod, or to gaze absently at the river through some open space in the trees. For Miss Guinevere Gusty lived in a world of her own—a world of vague possibilities, of half-defined longings, and intangible dreams. Love was still an abstract sentiment, something radiant and breathless that might envelop her at any moment and bear her away to Elysium.

As she stooped to free her skirt from a detaining thorn, she pointed down the bank.

"There's some pretty sweet-gum leaves; I wish they were n't so far down."

"Where?" demanded Mr. Opp, rashly eager to prove his gallantry.

"Way down over the edge; but you must n't go, it's too steep."

"Not for me," said Mr. Opp, plunging boldly through the underbrush.

The tree grew at a sharp angle over the water, and the branches were so far up that it was necessary to climb out a short distance in order to reach them. Mr. Opp's soul was undoubtedly that of a knight-errant, but his body, alas! was not. When he found himself astride the slender, swaying trunk, with the bank dropping sharply to the river flowing dizzily beneath him, he went suddenly and

unexpectedly blind. Between admiration for himself for ever having gotten there, and despair of ever getting back, lay the present necessity of loosening his hold long enough to break off a branch of the crimson leaves. He tried opening one eye, but the effect was so terrifying that he promptly closed it. He pictured himself, a few moments before, strolling gracefully along the road conversing brilliantly upon divers subjects; then he bitterly considered the present moment and the effect he must be producing upon the young lady in the red cloak on the path above. He saw himself clinging abjectly to the swaying tree-trunk, only waiting for his strength or the tree to give away, before he should be plunged into the waters below.

"That 's a pretty spray," called the soft voice from above; "that one above, to the left."

Mr. Opp, rallying all his courage, reached blindly out in the direction indicated, and as he did so, he realized that annihilation was imminent. Demonstrating a swift geometrical figure in the air, he felt himself hurling through space, coming to an abrupt and awful pause when he struck the earth. Perceiving with a thrill of surprise that he was still alive, he cautiously opened his eyes. To his further amazement he found that he had landed on his feet, unhurt, and that in his left hand he held a long branch of sweet-gum leaves.

"Why, you skinned the cat, did n't you?" called an admiring voice from above. "I was just wondering how you was ever going to get down."

Mr. Opp crawled up the slippery bank, his knees trembling so that he could scarcely stand.

"Yes," he said, as he handed her the leaves; "those kind of athletic acts seem to just come natural to some people."

"You must be awful strong," continued Guinevere, looking at him with approval.

Mr. Opp sank beside her on the bank and gave himself up to the full enjoyment of the moment. Both hands were badly bruised, and he had a dim misgiving that his coat was ripped up the back; but he was happy, with the wild, reckless happiness of one to whom Fate has been unexpectedly kind. Moreover, the goal toward which all his thought had been

rushing for the past hour was in sight. He could already catch glimpses of the vision beautiful. He could hear himself storming the citadel with magic words of eloquence. Meanwhile he nursed the band-box and smiled dumbly into space.

From far below, the pungent odor of burning leaves floated up, and the air was full of a blue haze that became luminous as the sun transfused it. It enveloped the world in mystery, and threw a glamour over the dying day.

"It 's so pretty it hurts," said the girl, clasping her hands about her knees. "I love to watch it all, but it makes the shivers go over me—makes me feel sort of lonesome. Don't it you?"

Mr. Opp shook his head emphatically. It was the one time in years that down in the depths of his soul he had not felt lonesome. For as Indian summer had come back to earth, so youth had come back to Mr. Opp. The flower of his being was waking to bloom, and the spring tides were at flood.

A belated robin overhead, unable longer to contain his rapture, burst into song; but Mr. Opp, equally full of his subject, was unable to utter a syllable. The sparkling eloquence and the fine phrases had evaporated, and only the bare truth was left.

Guinevere, having become aware of the very ardent looks that were being cast upon her, said she thought the boat must be about due.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Opp; "that is, I was about to say—why—er—say, Miss Guin-ever, do you think you could ever come tō keer about me?"

Guinevere, thus brought to bay, took refuge in subterfuge. "Why—Mr. Opp—I 'm not old enough for you."

"Yes, you are," he burst forth fervently. "You are everything for me: old enough, and beautiful enough, and smart enough, and sweet enough. I never beheld a human creature that could even begin to think about comparing with you."

Guinevere, in the agitation of the moment, nervously plucked all the leaves from the branch that had been acquired with such effort. It was with difficulty that she finally managed to lift her eyes.

"You 've been mighty good to me," she faltered, "and—and made me lots

happier; but I—I don't care in the way you mean."

"Is there anybody else?" demanded Mr. Opp, ready to hurl himself to destruction if she answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, no," she answered him; "there never has been anybody."

"Then I'll take my chance," said Mr. Opp, expanding his narrow chest. "Whatever I've got out of the world I've had to fight for. I don't mind saying to you that I was sorter started out with a handicap. You know my sister—she's a—well, a' invalid, you might say, and while her pa was living, my fortunes was n't what you might call as favorable as they are at present. I never thought there would be any use in my considering getting married till I met you, then I did n't seem able somehow to consider nothing else. If you'll just let me, I'll wait. I'll learn you to care. I won't bother you, but just wait patient as long as you say." And this from Mr. Opp, whose sands of life were already half-run! "All I ask for," he went on wistfully, "is a little sign now and then. You might give me a little look or something just to keep the time from seeming too long."

It was almost a question, and as he leaned toward her, with the sunlight in his eyes, something of the beauty of the day touched him, too, just as it touched the weed at his feet, making them both for one transcendent moment part of the glory of the world.

Guinevere Gusty, already in love with love, and reaching blindly out for something deeper and finer in her own life, was suddenly engulfed in a wave of sympathy. She involuntarily put out her hand and touched his fingers.

The sun went down behind the distant shore, and the light faded on the river. Mr. Opp was almost afraid to breathe; he sat with his eyes on the far horizon, and that small, slender hand in his, and for the moment the world was fixed in its orbit, and Time itself stood still.

Suddenly out of the silence came the long, low whistle of the boat. They scrambled to their feet and hurried down the path, Mr. Opp having some trouble in keeping up with the nimbler pace of the girl.

"I'll be calculatin' every minute until

the arrival of the boat to-morrow night," he was gasping as they came within sight of the wharf. "I'll be envyin' every—"

"Where 's my band-box?" demanded Guinevere. "Why, Mr. Opp, if you have n't gone and left it up in the woods!"

Five minutes later, just as the bell was tapping for the boat to start, a flying figure appeared on the wharf. He was hatless and breathless, his coat was ripped from collar to hem, and a large band-box flapped madly against his legs as he ran. He came down the home-stretch at a record-breaking pace, stepped on board as the gang-plank was lifted, deposited his band-box on the deck, then with a running jump cleared the rapidly widening space between the boat and the shore, and dropped upon the wharf.

He continued waving his handkerchief even after the boat had rounded the curve, then, having edited a paper, promoted a large enterprise, effected a proposal, and performed two remarkable athletic stunts all in the course of a day, Mr. Opp turned his footsteps toward home.

IX

THE next day dawned wet and chilly. A fine mist hung in the trees, and the leaves and grasses sagged under their burden of moisture. All the crimson and gold had changed to brown and gray, and the birds and crickets had evidently packed away their chirps and retired for the season.

By the light of a flickering candle, Mr. D. Webster Opp partook of a frugal breakfast. The luxurious habits of the Moore household had made breakfast a movable feast depending upon the time of Aunt Tish's arrival, and in establishing the new régime Mr. Opp had found it necessary to prepare his own breakfast in order to make sure of getting to the office before noon.

As he sipped his warmed-over coffee, with his elbows on the red table-cloth, and his heels hooked on the rung of the chair, he recited to himself in an undertone from a very large and imposing book which was propped in front of him, the leaves held back on one side by a candlestick and on the other by a salt-cellar. It was a book which Mr. Opp was buying on subscription, and it was called "An Encyclopedia of Wonder, Beauty, and Wisdom." It

contained pellets of information on all subjects, and Mr. Opp made it a practice to take several before breakfast, and to repeat the dose at each meal as circumstances permitted. "An editor," he told Nick, "has got to keep himself instructed on all subjects. He has got to read wide and continuous."

As a rule he followed no special line in his pursuit of knowledge, but with true catholicity of taste, took the items as they came, turning from a strenuous round with "Abbeys and Abbots," to enter with fervor into the wilds of "Abyssinia." The straw which served as bookmark pointed to-day to "Ants," and ordinarily Mr. Opp would have attacked the subject with all the enthusiasm of an entomologist. But even the best regulated minds will at times play truant, and Mr. Opp's had taken a flying leap and skipped six hundred and thirty-two pages, landing recklessly in the middle of "Young Lochinvar." For the encyclopedia, in its laudable endeavor not only to cover all intellectual requirements, but also to add the crowning grace of culture, had appended a collection of poems under the title "Favorites, Old and New."

Mr. Opp, thus a-wing on the winds of poesy, had sipped his tepid coffee and nibbled his burnt toast in fine abstraction until he came upon a selection which his soul recognized. He had found words to the music that was ringing in his heart. It was then that he propped the book open before him, and determined not to close it until he had made the lines his own.

Later, as he trudged along the road to town, he repeated the verses to himself, patiently referring again and again to the note-book in which he had copied the first words of each line.

At the office door he regretfully dismounted from Pegasus, and resolutely turned his attention to the business of the day. His desire was to complete the week's work by noon, spend the afternoon at home in necessary preparation for the coming guest, and have the following day, which was Saturday, free to devote to the interest of the oil company.

In order to accomplish this, expedition was necessary, and Mr. Opp, being more bountifully endowed by nature with energy than with any other quality, fell to work with a will. His zeal, however, in-

terfered with his progress, and he found himself in the embarrassing condition of a machine which is geared too high.

He was, moreover, a bit bruised and stiff from the unusual performances of the previous day, and any sudden motion caused him to wince. But the pain brought recollection, and recollection was instant balm.

It was hardly to be expected that things would deviate from their usual custom of becoming involved at a critical time, so Mr. Opp was not surprised when Nick was late and had to be spoken to, a task which the editor always achieved with great difficulty. Then the printing-press had an acute attack of indigestion, and no sooner was that relieved than the appalling discovery was made that there were no more good "S's" in the type drawer.

"Use dollar-marks for the next issue," directed Mr. Opp, "and I'll wire immediate to the city."

"We're kinder short on 'I's' too," said Nick. "You take so many in your articles."

Mr. Opp looked injured. "I very seldom or never begin on a 'I,'" he said indignantly.

"You get 'em in somehow," said Nick. "Why, the editor over at Coreyville even said 'Our Wife.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Opp, "I will, too,—that is—er—"

The telephone-bell covered his retreat. "Hello!" he answered in a deep, incisive voice to counteract the effect of his recent embarrassment, "Office of 'The Opp Eagle.' Mr. Todlinger? Yes, sir. You say you want your subscription stopped? Well, now, wait a minute—see here, I can explain that—" but the other party had evidently rung off.

Mr. Opp turned with exasperation upon Nick:

"Do you know what you went and did last week?" He rose and, going to the file, consulted the top paper. "There it is," he said, "just identical with what he asserted."

Nick followed the accusing finger and read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Todlinger moved this week into their new horse and lot."

Before explanations could be entered into, there was a knock at the door. When it was answered, a very small black boy

was discovered standing on the step. He wore a red shirt and a pair of ragged trousers, between which strained relations existed, and on his head was the brim of a hat from which the crown had long since departed. Hanging on a twine string about his neck was a large onion.

He opened negotiations at once.

"Old Miss says fer you-all to stop dat frowin' papers an' sech like trash outen de winder; dey blows over in our-all's yard."

He delivered the message in the same belligerent spirit with which it had evidently been conveyed to him, and rolled his eyes at Mr. Opp as if the offense had been personal.

Mr. Opp drew him in, and closed the door. "Did—er—did Mrs. Gusty send you over to say that?" he asked anxiously.

"Yas, sir; she done havin' a mad spell. What 's dat dere machine fer?"

"It 's a printing-press. Do you think Mrs. Gusty is mad at me?"

"Yas, sir," emphatically; "she 's mad at ever'body. She 'lows she gwine lick me ef I don't tek keer. She done got de kitchen so full o' switches hit looks jes lak outdoors."

"I don't think she would really whip you," said Mr. Opp, already feeling the family responsibility.

"Naw, sir; she jes 'low she gwine to. What 's in dem dere little drawers?"

"Type," said Mr. Opp. "You go back and tell Mrs. Gusty that Mr. Opp says he 's very sorry to have caused her any inconvenience, and he 'll send over immediate and pick up them papers."

"You 's kinder skeered of her, too, ain't you?" grinned the ambassador, holding up one bare, black foot to the stove. "My mammy she sasses back, but I runs."

"Well, you 'd better run now," said Mr. Opp, who resented such insight; "but, see here, what 's that onion for?"

"To 'sorb disease," said the youth, with the air of one who is promulgating some advanced theory in therapeutics; "hit ketches it 'stid of you. My pappy weared a' onion fer put-near a whole year, an' hit 'sorbed all de diseases whut was hangin' round, an' nary a one never teched him. An' one day my pappy he got hongry, an' he et dat dere onion, an' whut you reckon? He up an' died!"

"Well, you go 'long now," said Mr.

Opp, "and tell Mrs. Gusty just exactly verbatim what I told you. What did you say was your name?"

"Val," said the boy.

Mr. Opp managed to slip a nickel into the dirty little hand without Nick's seeing him. Nick was rather firm about these things, and disapproved heartily of Mr. Opp's indiscriminate charities.

"Gimme nudder one an' I 'll tell you de rest ob it," whispered Val on the doorstep.

Mr. Opp complied.

"Valentine Day Johnson," he announced with pride; then pocketing his prize, he vanished around the corner of the house, forgetting his office of plenipotentiary in his sudden accession of wealth.

Once more peace settled on the office, and Mr. Opp was engrossed in an article on "The Greatest Petroleum Proposition South of the Mason and Dixon's Line," when an ominous, wheezing cough announced the arrival of Mr. Tucker. This was an unexpected catastrophe, for Mr. Tucker's day for spending the morning at the office was Saturday, when he came in to pay for his paper. It seemed rather an unkind trick of Fate's that he should have been permitted to arrive a day too soon.

The old gentleman drew up a chair to the stove, then deliberately removed his overcoat and gloves.

It was when he took off his overshoes, however, that Mr. Opp and Nick exchanged looks of despair. They had a signal code which they habitually employed when storms swept the office, but in a calm like this they were powerless.

"Mighty sorry to hear about that up-risin' in Guatemala," said Mr. Tucker, who took a vivid interest in foreign affairs, but remained quite neutral about questions at home.

Mr. Opp moved about the office restlessly, knowing from experience that to sit down in the presence of Mr. Tucker was fatal. The only chance of escape lay in motion. He sharpened his pencils, straightened his desk, and tied up two bundles of papers while Mr. Tucker's address on the probable future of the Central American republics continued. Then Mr. Opp was driven to extreme measures. He sent himself a telegram. This ruse

was occasionally resorted to, to free the office from unwelcome visitors without offending them, and served incidentally to produce an effect which was not unpleasant to the editor.

Scribbling a message on a telegraph-blank procured for the purpose from Mr. Gallop, Mr. Opp handed it secretly to Nick, who in turn vanished out of the back door only to reappear at the front. Then the editor, with much ostentation, opened the envelop, and, after reading the contents, declared that he had business that would require immediate action. Would Mr. Tucker excuse him? If so, Nick would hold his coat.

"But," protested Mr. Tucker, resisting the effort to force him into his overcoat, "I want to talk over this oil business. We don't want to take any risks with those fellows. As I was a-saying to Mr. Hager—"

"Yes," said Mr. Opp, taking his own hat from a nail, and apparently in great haste, "I know, of course. You are exactly right about it. We'll just talk it over as we go up-street," and linking his arm through Mr. Tucker's, he steered him up the muddy channel of Main Street, and safely into the harbor of Our Hotel, where he anchored him breathless, but satisfied.

Having thus disposed, to the best of his ability, of his business for the week, Mr. Opp turned his attention to his yet more arduous domestic affairs. The menu for the guests' dinner had weighed rather heavily upon him all day, for he had never before entertained in his own home. His heart had been set on turkey; but as that was out of the question, he compromised on a goose, adhering tenaciously, to the cranberry sauce.

It was easier to decide on the goose than it was to procure it, and some time was consumed in the search. Mr. Opp brought all his mental powers to bear on the subject, and attacked the problem with a zeal that merited success.

When he reached home at noon with his arm full of bundles, Aunt Tish met him with lamentations.

"Dey ain't but one clean table-cloth, an' hit 's got a hole in hit, an' I can't find no sheets to put on de company baid, an' dere ain't three cups an' saucers in de house what belongs to theyselves. I

shorely doan know what you thinkin' 'bout, Mr. D., to go an' ast company fer. We-all never does hab company. An' Miss Kippy she be'n habin' a sort er spell, too, cryin' to herself, an' won't tell me whut 's de matter."

Mr. Opp shook the raindrops from his hat-brim, and laid the goose tenderly on the table; then he stepped inside the dining-room door, and stood watching the childish figure that sat on the floor before the fire. She was putting artificial flowers on her head, and every time they fell off, she dropped her head on her knees and sobbed softly to herself. Again and again she made the experiment, and again and again the faded roses came tumbling into her lap.

"I 'll fix 'em," said Mr. Opp, coming up behind her; "don't you cry about it, Kippy; I can make them stay, easy." He searched around in the clothes-press until he found a paper box, which he tied securely upon Miss Kippy's head.

"Now try it," he cried; "put the flowers on your head; they 'll stay."

Timidly, as if afraid of another disappointment, she tried, and when the flowers were caught in the box, she gave a sigh of satisfaction and delight.

"Well, sence I j'ined de church!" exclaimed Aunt Tish, who had been watching proceedings from the doorway; then she added, as Mr. Opp came into the hall: "Hit beats my time de way you handles dat pore chile. Sometimes she got jes good sense as you an' me has. She ast me t' other day if she was n't crazy. I 'lowed no indeedy, dat crazy folks was lock up in a lunatic asylum. An' she says 'Where?' 'Up at Coreville,' I say. She went on playin' jes as nice and happy. De chile 's all right ef she don't git a fool notion; den dey ain't nobody kin make out what she wants inceptin' you. She been cryin' over dem flowers ever sence breakfast."

"Why did n't you come after me?" demanded Mr. Opp.

"Jes to tie a box on her haid?" asked Aunt Tish. "Lor', I thought you was busy makin' dem newspapers."

"So I am," said Mr. Opp, "but whenever Miss Kippy gets to crying, I want you to come direct after me, do you hear? There ain't anything more important than in keeping her from getting worried.

Now, let 's have a look at that there table-cloth."

All afternoon Mr. Opp encountered difficulties that would have disheartened a less courageous host. With the limited means at hand it seemed impossible to entertain in a manner befitting the dignity of the editor of "The Opp Eagle." But Mr. Opp, though sorely perplexed, was not depressed, for beneath the disturbed surface of his thoughts there ran an undercurrent of pure joy. It caused him to make strange, unnatural sounds in his throat which he meant for song; it made him stop every now and then in his work to glance tenderly and reminiscently at the palm of his right hand, once even going so far as to touch it softly with his lips. For since the last sun had set there had been no waking moment but had held for him the image of a golden world inhabited solely by a pair of luminous eyes, one small hand, and, it must be added, a band-box.

Through the busy afternoon Mr. Opp referred constantly to his watch, and in spite of the manifold duties to be performed, longed impatiently for evening to arrive. At five o'clock he had moved the furniture from one bedroom to another, demonstrated beyond a possibility of doubt that a fire could not be made in the parlor grate without the chimney smoking, mended two chairs, hung a pair of curtains, and made three errands to town. So much accomplished, he turned his attention to the most difficult task of all.

"Kippy," he said, going to the window where she was gleefully tracing the course of the raindrops as they chased down the pane. "Stop a minute, Kippy. Listen; I want to talk to you."

Miss Kippy turned obediently, but her lips continued the dumb conversation she was having with the rain.

"How would you like," said Mr. Opp, approaching the subject cautiously, "to play like you was a grown-up lady—just for to-night, you know?"

Miss Kippy looked at him suspiciously, and her lips stopped moving. Heretofore she had resisted all efforts to change her manner of dress.

"There 's a gentleman a-coming," continued Mr. Opp, persuasively; "he 's going to remain over till to-morrow, and Aunt Tish is cooking that large goose for

him, and I 've been fixing up the spare room. We are all endeavoring to give him a nice time. Don't you want to dress up for him?"

"Will it make him glad?" asked Miss Kippy.

Mr. Opp expatiated on the enjoyment it would give the unknown guest to see Kippy in the blue merino dress which Aunt Tish had gotten out of Mrs. Opp's old trunk up-stairs.

"And you 'll let Aunt Tish arrange your hair up like a lady?" went on Mr. Opp, pushing the point.

"Yes," said Miss Kippy, after a moment, "Oxety will. She will make him glad."

"Good!" said Mr. Opp. "And if you will sit nice and quiet and never say a word all through supper, I 'll get you a book with pictures in it, representing flowers and things."

"Roses?" asked Miss Kippy, drawing a quick breath of delight; and when Mr. Opp nodded, she closed her eyes and smiled as if heaven were within sight. For Miss Kippy was like a harp across which some rough hand had swept, snapping all the strings but two, the high one of ecstasy and the low one of despair.

At six o'clock Mr. Opp went up to make his toilet. The rain, which had been merely rehearsing all day, was now giving a regular performance, and it played upon the windows, and went trilling through the gutters on the roof, while the old cedar-tree scraped an accompaniment on the corner of the porch below. But, nothing daunted, Mr. Opp donned his bravest attire. Cyclones and tornadoes could not have deterred him from making the most elaborate toilet at his command. To be sure, he turned up the hem of his trousers and tied a piece of oil-cloth securely about each leg, and he also spread a handkerchief tenderly over his pink necktie; but these could be easily removed after he heard the boat whistle.

He dressed by the light of a sputtering candle before a small mirror the veracity of which was more than questionable. It presented him to himself as a person with a broad, flat face, the nose of which appeared directly between his eyes, and the mouth on a line with the top of his ears. But he made allowances for these idiosyncrasies on the part of the mirror; in



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

“‘WHY—MR. OPP—I ’M NOT OLD ENOUGH FOR YOU’”

fact, he made such liberal allowances that he was quite satisfied with the reflection.

"I 'll procure the hack to bring the company back in," he said to Aunt Tish rather nervously as he passed through the kitchen. "You assist Miss Kippy to get arranged, and I 'll carry up the coal and set the table after I return back home. I can do it while the company is up in his room."

All the way into town, as he splashed along the muddy road, he was alternately dreading the arrival of one passenger, and anticipating joyfully, the arrival of another. For as the time approached the impending presence of the company began to take ominous form, and Mr. Opp grew apprehensive.

At the landing he found everything dark and quiet. Evidently the packet was unusually late, and the committee appointed to meet it and conduct the guests to their various destinations was waiting somewhere uptown, probably at Your Hotel. Mr. Opp paused irresolute: his soul yearned for solitude, but the rain-soaked dock offered no shelter except the slight protection afforded by a pile of

empty boxes. Selecting the driest and largest of these, he turned it on end, and by an adroit adjustment of his legs, succeeded in getting inside.

Below, the river rolled heavily past in the twilight, sending up tiny juts of water to meet the pelting rain. A cold, penetrating mist clung to the ground, and the wind carried complaining tales from earth to heaven. Everything breathed discomfort, but Mr. Opp knew it not.

His soul was sailing sunlit seas of bliss, fully embarked at last upon the most magic and immortal of all allusions. Sitting cramped and numb in his narrow quarters, he peered eagerly into the darkness, watching for the first lights of the *Sunny South* to twinkle through the gloom. And as he watched he chanted in a sing-song ecstasy:

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

(To be continued)



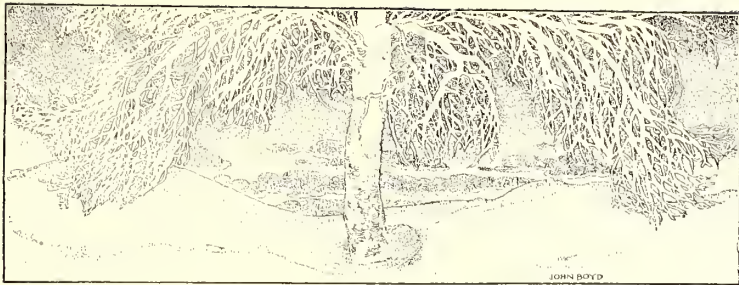
A HERO

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HE sang of joy; whate'er he knew of sadness
He kept for his own heart's peculiar share:
So well he sang, the world imagined gladness
To be sole tenant there.

For dreams were his, and in the dawn's fair shining,
His spirit soared beyond the mounting lark;
But from his lips no accent of repining
Fell when the days grew dark.

And though contending long dread Fate to master,
He failed at last her enmity to cheat:
He turned with such a smile to face disaster
That he sublimed defeat.



DOMINO REYNARD OF GOLDUR TOWN

THE HISTORY OF A SILVER FOX

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Author of "The Biography of a Grizzly," "Wild Animals I have Known," etc

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

XVI

THE WILD GEESSE

EACH year the spring, and again the fall, brought to the Goldur Hills a few flocks of the long-necked trumpeters that fly in the sky—the honker-geese. They did not stay long, but there were always gunners out when a goose-flock came. Domino knew instinctively that they were good game, but one day he got better evidence: he found a goose newly killed. It had escaped the gunner to die in the swamp, so he and Snowyruff feasted.

These geese fed as much on the fields as in the marsh, and more than once the Domino tried to stalk them, but their watchfulness and alertness are measureless. As well might he have tried to stalk them while they sailed the broad lake. Yet there is a kind of open stalking that will bring one within reach of the sitting bird and the crouching hare, and which led Domino through a stage of mental development to a new scheme, an improvement on the drive and ambush so well known in pursuing the white rabbit. And when the

autumn came this year with the usual train of honkers, it brought also a train of unusual experiences. A small company of the long-necks were foraging on a stubble-field by the Shawban. Domino and Snowyruff were together that day. They sneaked along the river-bank, through the bushes, all around the field, but found that on every side the game was guarded by open level spaces, and at all times at least one tall neck was aloft, a conning-tower for the squad.

Then these two foxes played a game that has been played unnumbered times, yet no man knows how arranged.

On a point of brush that extended into the field the Domino hid unseen, while Snowyruff went to the other side and, walking into view, began a set of curious antics, rolling on the ground, throwing somersaults, lying down flat, with only her tail wriggling. The geese turned all beaks that way, wondering what in the world the strange performance might mean.

Still Snowyruff went on tumbling and wriggling. The geese saw nothing to fear, the fox being so far away. Their



Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE WEIRD CEREMONY

curiosity was aroused; they stood to gaze, and Snowyruff, at the next tumble, rolled a little nearer. This she did again and again, till the old gander, always suspicious, realized that this was a ruse of approach. He said nothing, he gave no alarm, as there was yet nothing alarming, but he moved a few steps farther away. The other geese—his family, really—moved with him, and still that silly fox kept rolling in the stubble like a wind-blown bundle of dry grass, or some animated tumble-weed. Yes, it was very amusing, but old long-neck did not propose to be hoodwinked. He moved again and again, and at each insidious approach of the tumbling fox he went still farther off. The game kept on for many minutes; the geese had been worked across the field nearly to the edge of the stubble and were beginning to think of flight, but drew a few steps nearer to the brush, when out leaped Domino, swifter than a hawk, and before the geese could spring and make away, he had old long-neck by the throat.

So the hunter's crowning joy was theirs, the long, hard quest, the match of wits, the noble prey, the joy of combat when you win, the feast, the sweet content of primal instincts gratified.

This was the best hunt together that they had made; it helped to bring them closer; more and more they fought the battle side by side. Fox unions are on a high plane, but theirs was on the highest of their kind.

XVII

A WEIRD CEREMONY

THE mad-moon of the woods comes after the falling-leaf moon. The time of erratic movement, of meaningless depressions, of hankerings that have no aim, and of passing madness. Few are the creatures that escape the weird impulses of the mad (the November) moon. Domino was restless as it waxed. He would sit on the top of some hill, lift his muzzle high, and utter a little sharp "*Yap-yap-yap-yurr-yurr!*" Next Snowyruff felt the same indefinable promptings; but at such times they avoided each other. At the full quarter of the moon, as Domino yapped, he heard a far-off answer. He sneaked away from Snowyruff and, trot-

ting on, was led to the highest, baldest hill of the Goldur range. There was an open space brightly lighted by the moon, but he stayed a while in the shade to watch. Then he was aware of other shapes at the edge of the cover. A fox sneaked past him twenty jumps away; it was Snowyruff. Others came cautiously forward. They sat down facing one another for a time in silence, then Domino uttered a low *churring* in his throat, raised his tail, and marched around. Another did the same; then several joined in, and ran about *churring* till the ebullition of feeling was worked off. More than once they did this, but Domino and Snowyruff passed each other like strangers. As the moon went down, the feeling died, and all scattered to their homes. It was little they did, but they had met together, and their master-thought was neither love, food, nor war. They found in some sort a joy in *being together*. We have record of such things much further pushed among beings that are higher.

XVIII

THE SHEEP-MURDERER

THE winter wore on with much less hardship than is usual among wild hunters, for the storage habit saved the Domino and his partner from famine straits, though long-cached fruit or fish is not the choicest food. The love-time passed, the spring was near, when one day, coming homeward over the hills, the Domino was witness of a shocking crime. He was becoming a very wise fox, and no wise fox ever crosses a ridge without first peeping over. He slowly raised his head above the line to reconnoiter, and saw in a fenced-in, sheltered glade a flock of sheep racing about like mad, and after them was a huge dark hound, the one that he hated most. Two or three of the sheep were lying weltering and dead, and as the Domino watched the brute laid another low. The plan was to seize one by the throat, throw it, and tear as long as the hot blood gushed, then seize another and another. Not horror, but curiosity and amazement, fixed the Domino to the spot. Hekla was in the midst of another fierce attack when a rifle-shot was heard, and the ball struck a flat rock above the



Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE DEATH RIDE

murderer's head. Who says that a dog has no conscience? Who dares tell that he does not know when caught in crime? The bloody coward knew well what it meant; he leaped down a sheltered gully and fled for his life, unseen, and his master never heard him charged with crime. The Domino also ran away across the field, but he was seen. The shepherd came, and saw a dozen murdered sheep, but no dog-tracks, for the scurrying flock had trampled them out. The circumstantial evidence was complete. Many sheep had suffered before this time, and vowing deadly vengeance on all foxes, the shepherd set about a plan.

At first he found few to join him, but more sheep were killed in March, including a number of early lambs, and though some pretended that they saw large dog-tracks about the scene of the murder, there were many who believed the fox had done it, and were specially ready to join in the chase when assured that the malefactor was none but the silver fox.

XIX

THE PRESERVER OF SNOWYRUFF

THE folk of the upper Shawban were all astir. A great fox-hunt had been organized. The men who had lost lambs were going because they wanted that fox killed; the boys were there for sport, and all were there because this was a prime silver fox. "I think I know just what to do with the coin if he comes my way," said one. "I'd be glad to lift the mortgage off our farm with a day's sport," said another. "That black fox robe means a new team to me," said a third; and so they talked.

The Jukes were not there. They had not lost any lambs, and there was bad feeling between them and the Bentons, who organized the hunt. Abner Jukes was elsewhere engaged,—was on another hunt indeed,—and his Hekla of course was not with the enemy.

A Yankee farmer fox-hunt is a barbarous affair. Every man carries a gun of some kind. The object is to kill the fox with least damage to the fur. There may be twenty boys and only three or four hounds. Such, indeed, was the company that went forth that March morn-
ing on the upper Shawban.

Foxes may make a new den every year, but sometimes return to the old one if it has proved a place of quiet and of pleasant memories. Thanks to their eternal vigilance, no foe had found them yet in the aspen dale. So again the month of March found Snowyruff and Domino clearing out the old den and preparing for the new event.

Because this was their home, they were careful to invite no hostile notice. They came and went with care. They hunted only in far places. Snowyruff was prowling among the dales of the upper river when the hounds came on her trail, and giving good tongue, they led away. The farm-boys do not attempt to follow. They scatter to points of view. Their plan is to keep in touch with the hounds by the baying, then race across country to commanding places, or narrow passes, that the fox is headed for, and shoot him as he runs by. For the fox usually goes in a circle around his home region.

The far-reaching hunting-cry of the hounds was the signal for the boys to scramble to the highest lookout, there to form their opinion of the line of hunt, and each post himself at what he thinks the likeliest place for a shot.

The nearing bay left Snowyruff no doubt of what was doing, and she loped down the sheltered valley of Benton's Creek. Crossing and recrossing by the many log bridges, a plan which would surely delay the hounds, at first she sped away so fast that the trail had time to cool somewhat. On a dry day it would have been lost, but this, unfortunately, was a day of deep snow, warm winds, and heavy thaw. The creek was a whizzing torrent, the snow was slush, and the fox went floundering at every bound. The hounds had a red-hot scent, and their longer legs gave them the advantage.

The speed of her opening run was slackening, and the start she had added to at first was dwindling now. So far she had eluded the gunners, but it was clear that she could not hold out much longer; the snow got softer as the sun came blazing down, and by degrees her tail sank low. This truly is the fox's danger, and the measure of his strength. A strong, brave fox bears his tail aloft in the chase. If his courage fails, the brush droops: in wet snow-time it gets wet and heavy, then



Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE EPILOGUE

droops still more. It drags at last, soaks up wet and slush, and becomes a load that helps to hasten the end. Thus the strong heart lives the longest; the faint heart falls by the way. Snowyruuff had never lacked courage, but the snow was very wet and deep, and, in only a few days more, a new brood of little foxes was expected. What wonder that, as her strength was spent, her heart should fail? She was again crossing the freshet creek by a slender tree when her foot slipped, and she plunged into the flood. She swam out quickly, of course, but now, weighted with water, her case was indeed a hard one. There seemed no hope; it was little more than a despairing cry she gave as she topped the next ridge, but it brought an answer,—the short, sharp bark of the dog-fox,—and the Domino, strong and brave, came like a black hawk skimming across the snow. She had no means of telling him her plight, but she had no need. He sensed it, and did what only the rarest, noblest partners do—took up her burden, followed her trail, and went back to meet the hounds. This did not mean that he meant to sacrifice himself, but that he felt confidence in his powers that he could cut off the hounds and lead them far away, while she might go quietly home.

XX

THE STRONG HEART TRIED

BACK for half a mile he went and the pack was coming very near—only three hundred yards away and running fast—only two hundred now, and he lingered, then he began to trot away from them on the trail of his mate. But he lingered still, for what?—to make sure, by a view! and whether he wished them to see him, or he merely wished to see them is not clear, but the effect was the same. At one hundred and fifty yards they viewed each other. The pack burst into the clamor that spreads the news, they quit the trail and dashed after the fox in sight, and he as quickly disappeared. But at the place they got his scent and here to their credit be it told—they knew that now they were leaving the trail of a tender mother, to take up the trail of a strong dog-fox; yet there is in their nature an instinctive feeling that this is the right thing to do. The Domino went slowly

for he wished to make certain of them, he showed himself again, and now that the chase was surely his, he led them far from the way his mate had taken. He crossed the open snow; there were glasses among the hunters and they were wildly excited when the news went forth that they had started the silver fox. The boys knew the country; they were posted at every pass. But there is a something that cherishes the wild things,—a something that for lack of a better name we call their *Angel*, and this silent one with the far-reaching voice was there to keep him. Only once was he in peril—watching the dogs too closely he did not heed the warning of the wind, and a moment later came a loud report and a burning sting of shot. One pellet reached his flank and left a wound, not deep but galling. He had seen no hunters, but now the dark fox knew just what to reckon with.

Now were all his powers alert—now every message read, and the Keeper surely warms to those who hear.

There was every reason that the Domino should go through one or another of the passes, and yet for once in his life his only desire was to keep the hilltops. After three miles, he turned abruptly across the open and followed the railway for twice as far. A mile past the switch he went, and was far ahead; then he walked on the rails back to the switch and took the track that forked. After a long trail there he fearlessly turned toward his home, tired, sore with the shot-wound, but bearing his tail aloft, as becomes the victor of a hard fight.

He cut across the country of the upper Shawban and, hungry now, was making for a cache in the woods, when he heard sounds that made his heart jump, and, rounding a hill, caught sight of a pack of hounds, another, a fresh pack, at least thirty in number, with a dozen mounted men; and the wild clamor they made was unmistakable proof that they had found his trail and were after him. There was a time when he might have welcomed such a chase, but, oh, how unfair it was now!

He was wearied and hungry, he was footsore with a chase of hours, he was galled with a stinging wound, he needed rest. But this, at least, was a real hunt; there were no guns, and a "chase," not a

"robe," was what they sought. Yet who can blame the silver fox if he made way with his speed indeed, but without the joy of the swift runner that knows that the race is his.

He did not know these hills well; they were far from his usual beat. The hills that he knew were miles away, and among them were the gunners ready at every point, and only too glad to profit by the new relay of hounds. This proved the poorest race he had ever made as a test of cunning, but the hardest he ever entered as a test of strength and speed. It was round and round the hills for hours, loping steadily on; but the blazing sun had reduced all the snow in the woods to slush. Every ditch was full of ice-cold water: every brook was a freshet. There were pools on all the solid ice, and that great full tail, the strong-heart flag, which on another day might still have been flaunted high, was splashed with wet and mud, and drooped from its very weight. He knew he could wear them down, as he had before, yet he longed for the night, the kindly night. Did he know why? Maybe not to give it clear expression, but the night meant frost, and the frost meant crust, and this would bear the fox for hours before the hounds could run on it. The night indeed meant peace.

Now he was plunging around these hills; his wonderful speed was down to half, but the hounds were wearing, too. The snow and freshets were too much for the hunters. There were only two remaining, the master of the hounds, and a tall stripling, Abner Jukes, the only one who knew that the hunted one was the Goldur silver fox.

But every advantage was now with the pack; they were closing in. The Domino had no chance to double back. It was straight away; it was wisest to go straight away; so he loped, and loped, and loped, always slower and slower, with heaving flanks and shortening bounds and breath, but on and on. Past one farmhouse he went, and another, then at the doorway of a third he saw the young human thing with the basket. What is it that prompts the wild thing in despair to seek the help of higher power? Whence comes the deep-laid impulse in extremity? The Goldur fox obeyed the sudden thought,

rushed feebly to the garden girl and groveled at her feet. She seized and dragged him unresisting into the house, then slammed the door in the face of the pack of yelling demons. Around the house they surged and bayed. The huntsmen came; the farmer came.

"He 's ours; he belongs to our hounds. They have a right to him; they ran him in here," declared the huntsman.

"He is in my house, and he 's mine now," said the farmer, not in the least realizing the quality of the clay-reddened, bedraggled fugitive.

But the farmer had been losing his hens, and he had another weakness; this was easily satisfied, for the robe seemed worn and worthless now, and the hunter was told to "go get his fox."

"You sha'n't! you sha'n't! He 's mine!" cried the girl. "He 's my friend. I 've known him for ever so long. You sha'n't kill him!"

The farmer weakened. "We 'll give him fair play," said the huntsman. "We 'll give him a better start than he had when he came." And the farmer hurried away that he might see no more. He could forget the hunted beast that sought sanctuary in his house, but he could not drown that ringing in his ears: "You sha'n't! you sha'n't! he 's my friend! Oh, Daddy, they are going to kill him! Oh, Daddy! Daddy!" And the father's was not the only heart in which that childish wail was a scorpion lash that rankled for long.

XXI

THE RIVER AND THE NIGHT

BUT they bore him off, and a quarter of a mile of "law" they gave him. "Fair play," they called it—thirty strong hounds against one worn-out fox, and the valley rang with baying. Again he bounded over the deep, wet snow, and for a time he won, forging far ahead. Down the long vale of Benton's Creek and across the hillside, over the ridge and back by the Goldur foot-hills and by a farmhouse, whence out there rushed to join the pack a long-belated hound. The tall hunter welcomed him with a friendly call. What chance had Domino now, with this third fresh relay against him? One chance alone was left: the night was near; if

only it would come with frost. But the evening breeze grew milder. All day the river had been running, with the warming winds. Now the Shawban was a mighty, growing flood of racing, broken ice, filling the broad valley from brim to brim; heaving and jarring, it went toward the west. The sun was setting on the water-gap away out there. Its splendor was on a noble scene; this surely was the splendid ending of a noble life. But neither hounds nor hunters stayed to look; it was on and on. The hounds were panting and lunging; their tongues hung long; their eyes were red. Far in the lead was the fresh hound,—unbidden, hateful brute,—and farther still, the silver fox. That famous robe was dragged in mud; that splendid brush was weighted and sagged with slush; his foot-pads, worn to the quick, left bloody tracks. He was wearied as never before. He might have reached the pathway ledge, but that way was his home, that way for long a noble instinct said, "Go not." But now in direst straits he headed for it, the one way left. He rallied his remaining power, racing by the mighty Shawban. His former speed for a little space was resumed, and he would have won but that there forged ahead of all the big, belated hound, and as he neared the quarry, belled forth an awful, unmistakable cry—the horrid, brassy note of Hekla. Who can measure the speed and start it took away from the hunted one? Only this was known: he was turned, cut off, forced back along the river-bank, down along the rushing water, now blazing in the low sun-glow. His hope was gone, but on he went, his dark form feebly rocking, knowing he must die, but fighting for his life. The tall young huntsman,—the only one in sight,—now coming on, took in the scene, knew he was at the death, and gazed at the moving blots on the brightness.

O river flashing the red and gold of the red and golden sky, and dappled with blocks of sailing ice! O river of the long chase that ten times before had saved him and dashed red death aside! This is the time of times! Now thirty deaths are on his track, and the track is of feebling bounds. O river of the aspen dale, will you turn traitor in his dire extremity, thus pen him in, deliver him to his foes?

But the great river went on, mighty, inexorable. Oh, so cruel! And the night came not, but lingered. And even as the victim ran, the fierce, triumphant cry of all the hunt became a hellish clamor in his ears. He was worn out. The brush—the prize and flag—was no longer borne aloft, but dragged, wet and heavy, a menace to his speed; yet still he loped along the glowing strand. The hounds, inspired by victory in sight, came on bellowing, bounding, blood-mad. To them the draggled, wounded creature, loping feebly on the shore, was not a hunted beast far overmatched, but a glorious triumph to be reached.

On he went, following, alas! a point into the stream—a trap, no less. His river had betrayed him, and the pack was closing in. Hekla, howling his deep-voiced hate, was first to block retreat, to corner him at last. It was an open view for all—the broad strand there, with the hunted one; the broad field, with the scattered, yelling pack, the wide river, with its blocks of ice, all rushing on, with death on every side. Here had a faint heart failed and lost; here the strong heart kept on. The surging, roaring pack in Hekla's wake had reached the neck of land, and now came nearer. The surging, roaring river sang as it flowed by the aspen bank. The white hounds dappled the shore as the white ice dappled the flood; and white they moved together, like mighty teeth to crush the prey. Closer the ice blocks came, so that now they mass for a moment, and touch the shore with jar and grating. The hunted turns as though at a sudden thought: better to choose the river death, to die in the river that long had been his friend, and feebly leaping on the ice, from cake to cake, he halted at the last before the plunge. But as he stood, the floe was broken up, was rushed away, with the dark water broadened between; and on that farthest block the dark fox crouched, riding the white saddle of the black flood. The pack on the shore yelled out their fury, and Hekla, rushing, reached the point of the ice-jam, sprang to the edge, to see the victim sail away. On the ice he blared his disappointment and his hate, not heeding, not knowing; and the river, irresistible, inexorable, drew swiftly out and whirled away the ice-block

whereon he stood. And so they rode together to their doom, the hunted fox and the hunting hound. Down they went in that sunset blaze, and on the bank went the pack and the stripling hunter, riding.

A countryman of the other hunt leveled his gun at the fox; the hunter dashed the gun aside, and cursed the fool. Then there rose on his lips a long halloo, that died, and left the pack in doubt.

At the bend of the river the race was reached, as they call it—the long reach before the river takes the plunge of Harney's Fall; and there at gaze they stood, the lad and the hounds, staring into the purple and red sunset and the red and purple river, with blocks of shining ice that bore two living forms away into the blaze. The mists increased with the river's turmoil, the sun-shafts danced more dazzlingly, the golden light turned the ice and the stream and the silver fox to gold, as the racing flood and the blazing sky enveloped them from view. The strong heart on the floe gave forth no cry, but the night wind brought the cowering howl of a hound on whom was the fear of death.

"Good-by, old fellow," said the hunter,—"the staunchest hound that ever lived!" His voice grew rough. "Good-by, silver fox! You have died victorious, as you lived. I wish I could save you both; but what a death you die! Good-by!" Abner saw no more, and the pack on the shore stood shivering and whining.

The shadows fell, the hunter's view was done, but other eyes there were to watch the scene. The current charged fiercely on the last point above the race, and here by reason of the swirl the near blocks took mid-stream, and the middle blocks the farther shore. So the white courser of the hunted one went for a moment grating on the rocks, and Domino saw his chance. He leaped with all his gathered strength; he cleared the dark and dangerous flood; he landed safe. The river of his youth was the river of his prime.

¹ It chanced that at the time I was writing this story Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts also was writing a fox story ("Red Fox"), his being a general story of fox life, mine a particular phase of fox life. Neither mentioned "fox" to the other when we met; indeed, to this day we avoid the subject, and, as a matter of fact, neither has read the other's story. Yet, I am told that one or two incidents in

And away out on the middle floe there came the long-drawn wail of a hound that knows he is lost. Even as the mists had shut off the view, so now the voice of many waters hushed the cry, and the river keeps its secret to this day.

XXII

THE ROSE-MOON

THREE years rolled by on the Shawban. The blessed month of June, the rose-moon of the woods, was on the land. There are no fairer dales than those of Olabee, over the river. Very beautiful at all times is the dale road, and in this fairest month it seemed the road of Beulah land.

Two lovers were walking hand in hand, along its pleasant calm. Puritan blood was seen in that tall, square-chinned youth and in the blue-eyed, rosy maid. Goldur memory might have called them up as Hekla's master and the garden girl. They came to the sunset ridge, and there sat long to watch the sun go down; and silently they yielded up their hearts to the calm of the day's best hour. It was a time of gentleness and joy, yet was there a shadow between them.

A mother fox appeared on a flowery bank beside them, and from a hidden home called forth her brood. She fluffed out her snow-white ruff, and as she proudly watched their gambols, another form approached, for a moment mere motion in the leaves, and then her mate. He dropped his latest kill and stood erect, a magnificent silver fox.

The young man stared intently. He squeezed the hand in his, gave the girl a quick, significant glance, and whispered: "That 's he! He won, he won, but I never knew it till now." Then the only shadow between them faded away.

A last, an unexpected beam of light shone from the water-gap. It blazed and went, a triumph, then a calm. The hidden light glowed so that the dale seemed glad and the Shawban sang, with the aspen tree, the dear old song of peace.¹

the Domino's life were in "Red Fox," published in 1905, and that on the other hand certain incidents which appear in my story of "Springfield Fox" (1898) were used in Mr. Roberts's tale. This means simply that we have independently learned of traits and adventures that were common to the foxes of New Brunswick, New England, and farther west.—E.T.S.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN READING LAW IN THE GROCERY STORE AT NEW
SALEM, ILLINOIS, OF WHICH HE WAS PART OWNER

COLOR DRAWING BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

THE EVER-CONSTANT TIDE

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO

IN the late afternoon Mrs. Penrose came in from the garden with her arms full of brilliant peonies, and stood in the doorway of her cottage, momentarily held on that neutral ground by the conflicting appeals of the summer afternoon without and her duty in the dining-room within. The little pause was very characteristic of her: she had often been obliged to stand for a while on some neutral ground because of an inward conflict between duty and the thing she would like to do; in the end the sense of duty invariably conquered.

On this particular June afternoon there was much to draw her back to the easy, pretty luxury of the piazza. On the opposite side of the road that ran before the cottage was a narrow strip of woods wherein the chestnut-trees, big sisters to the Indian corn of later summer, reared proudly crested heads and tasseled arms; beyond the little woods a wheat-field swayed heavily toward harvest, gleaming through the great boles of oaks and chestnuts like the gold of a sunset sky or the yellow sands of a sea-beach; on the strip of road and over the nearer garden brilliant sunlight was intensifying all the colors and ripening the growing things; and beside the little gate at the farther end of the path, tall, white spires of yucca swung their bells. Despite the rich manifestation of summer's purpose, the earth seemed very still, as if waiting in silent ecstasy for harvest-time; not for that colder harvest of autumn, but for that more joyful harvest of early midsummer, for the garnering of rich grain and most fragrant grass sprung from the abundance of the earth's young life.

Mrs. Penrose was keenly aware of the beauty before her, and an inward impulse was strongly urging her again to pass

down the steps to the garden, and even to wander farther afield to meet the golden wealth of the afternoon; but something else reminded her that Max was coming home that day, that Mr. Hughlett was coming to tea, that Hildegarde was most particular about the looks of the table, that the new maid was incompetent. Her finding so many things to weigh down the balance of duty, and only the one appeal in that of self-indulgence, was also characteristic of her. She turned, gave a wavering backward glance, and went into the dining-room.

The new maid had put on the centerpiece wrong side up, and had forgotten the salt-cellars. Mrs. Penrose could find nothing else awry, so she arranged her bowl of flowers very carefully, readjusting one or two, knowing that Hildegarde would be sure to say something about them. During her pleasant task she could hear her daughter's voice floating down from up-stairs. It was a pretty voice, with the light freshness of youth, and very like Hildegarde herself. The girl was seventeen, and had put up her hair for the first time the week before, when her mother had taken her to Cambridge for Class Day. It was Max's first June at college, and the mother, remembering the change that the year had made in the boy and girl, smiled. She enjoyed the growing-up of her children; something of her own earlier power of enjoyment had returned as theirs developed.

The voice came nearer, and Mrs. Penrose turned to look smilingly at the young girl. There was no hesitation about Hildegarde; she came into the room with the air of determination and easy assurance of the girl who has played with her brother all her life; she was tall, with the straight back and long limbs of her generation, and

she wore her hair in a very becoming fluffy mass about her face, a little down on her forehead.

"It 's lovely, Pet," she said to her mother. "I hope you did n't get overheated in the garden." She put her strong young arm around her mother's shoulders, and stooped to kiss a curly wisp of hair on her neck. "Oo-oo-ooh! sweet curl! little curl!" she cooed.

Her mother laughed up at her, and the two passed out toward the piazza.

Hildegard's manner was that of protectress, older sister, sometimes even grandmother, toward her mother; in their attitudes their ages might have been reversed.

"You are afraid of Hildegard," Hughlett often accused Mrs. Penrose; and while she did, indeed, always smile at the accusation, it was quite true: she *was* afraid of Hildegard, but not as Hughlett meant it. It amused her to accept the child's little maternal attentions and to allow her to direct the smaller details of the household; yet it was not of her masterfulness that the mother was afraid, but of Hildegard's keen and inquisitive intelligence.

"When do you expect Mr. Hughlett?" the girl asked, raising a pillow for her mother's shoulders as Mrs. Penrose made herself comfortable in a swinging-chair.

"When do *you* expect him?" the mother returned, with teasing emphasis. It was Hildegard who had suggested that Mr. Hughlett be invited for Max's first evening at home, and Mrs. Penrose obediently gave the invitation, though it had not occurred to her before that Hughlett would expect it; she knew perfectly well that he would have come without it. Lately Hildegard had been full of attentions to their old friend, and as Mrs. Penrose remembered the child's small coquetties and Hughlett's manner of meeting them, she laughed aloud, biting her prettily curved lip in one of the little ways that had survived her girlhood. Hildegard flushed.

"What makes you say that, Mama?" she asked, and leaned upon the piazza railing, looking across the garden to the next house, only the roof of which could be seen.

"He 's your guest this evening, is n't he?" her mother teased.

Hildegard waited an appreciable moment before replying; then she made an apparent change of subject.

"I promised to go over to the Mavericks to watch the boys at tennis this afternoon." She gathered up her ruffled skirts—she was not yet quite accustomed to their length—and started toward the garden steps.

"What, are n't you going to be here to receive Mr. Hughlett?" Her mother was still smiling provokingly, but the girl seemed not to see. She went slowly down the steps without answering; but when she was about to pass through the little gate she looked back at her mother's teasing face.

"No, I am *not* going to wait here to receive Mr. Hughlett—*goose!*" she said, and trailed away with chin tip-tilted.

Mrs. Penrose followed the girl's graceful figure with fond eyes. Yes, the young life was untouched, felt no taint of its inherited shame. And Max, her boy, who was presently coming home to her after their first long separation, he, too, held his head proudly, knew no necessity of feeling any disgrace in bearing his father's name. So far her effort had been justified—the effort that every one had said would be unavailing. In those early days when she had been determined somehow to shield her children from all knowledge of it, even Hughlett had believed that the fact of the father's disgrace would follow them all. Now even Hughlett admitted that she had been successful; and what did not that success imply to her!

Her thoughts went further afield, traveling back over the years of her life to her girlhood, her marriage, the terrible time when the world seemed to shut her within walls of shame, the determination born of her fond motherhood to break through their black restraint for the sake of her children, and to shield them from all knowledge of what had been. How little had she dreamed when she married handsome Ned Penrose that within a few years he would cause such a blight to fall upon her! People had warned her, to be sure, had dared to warn her: he was fast and a spendthrift; but he was the fairy prince of her girlhood's imagination; he wooed her passionately, and she responded with all the intensity of youth's ardor.

She would marry him in the face of any number of warnings, declaring that love must come first, and could work any miracle; but in their marriage love's only miracle was to transform her quickly reached loathing of the man into a maternal pity for him after he had brought disgrace upon her and the children. She was not twenty years older than their boy, but when she was told of Ned's conviction, and felt the burden of the baby girl upon her breast and little Max's arms about her neck, she knew a splendid pity for their father, and found within herself the strength to take the children away, determined to keep from their lives the shadow of their father's shame.

Now Hildegarde, the tiny baby of that dreadful time, was seventeen, and the passing years had so changed them all that the children might, from their attitude toward their mother, have been her elders and protectors. Mrs. Penrose smiled, as she always did when she thought of that: if the dear children only knew! But they did n't know: that was her reward; they were care-free, and no hint of shame had reached them.

The passing of time had recorded its change in her own self no less than in her children. The spring of her life had been stormy. To marry; to pass from passionate love to loathing; to bring two children into the world; to bear disgrace that was harder than birth-throes; to make, for the sake of the little ones, a new life in new environment; and to bear all the responsibility of their training—yes, it had been hard. But after that season of her life had come another, a gradual ripening of her character, a mellowing of her emotions; and for whatever of joy she might have lost she was more than recompensed by the poise and control which had succeeded it. There was more than that, however; something else, something deeper, something richer, was moving her nature, touching her heart—a something that to-day she felt to be in exquisite accord with the June afternoon. A wave of color came into her face; she was suddenly restless, and felt as if she had been still too long. The long shadows that were falling across her little strip of garden from the opposite woods looked invitingly cool, and she started down the steps; then she saw Hughlett coming up

the road, and, after an instant's hesitation, went to meet him.

He was carrying his hat in his hand, walking briskly along in the shade, and when he came within hailing distance and waved to her, she was aware that the afternoon felt suddenly warmer, and flushed again. When Hughlett reached her side, he said:

"Good afternoon. You look very fetching to-day—and very rosy."

She laughed, and turned her head a little away. "It 's the heat," she said, and pressed the back of her hand to one burning cheek.

"Oh, it is n't warm here," he declared, as they went through the garden gate toward the house. "The city is torrid."

"And yet Max lingers there," she said, with a little shrug.

Hughlett looked sidewise at her, and after he had thrown himself into one of the deep porch chairs with an air of making himself at home, he said:

"So Max has not come yet. I don't suppose you know what is keeping him."

Max's mother laughed. "You mean you suppose I *do* know what 's keeping him," she said, and pouted a little.

Mr. Hughlett laughed at her. "Oh, well," he said, "the boy is growing up."

"He is not twenty-one yet. It is altogether too soon for such things."

"Oh, not a bit of it," said Hughlett. "Max is normal, perfectly normal, and he ought to have fallen in love a year ago. Nineteen is the proper age. I should be greatly disappointed in Max if he had put it off any longer."

Mrs. Penrose laughed. "I know," she said wistfully; "but—"

Hughlett leaned forward in his chair, resting his arms on his knees, and looked up into her face.

"Oh, come, now," he said, "Max is none the less in love with his mother, for all that. How could he be?"

Mrs. Penrose refused to pursue that question. She was looking over the tops of the trees at the roof of the next house. "And Hildegarde," she said—"Hildegarde is so—so *strange* since she put her hair up!"

Hughlett's mouth twitched, but he repressed the smile as Mrs. Penrose turned quickly toward him. "You 've noticed it

yourself, John; you know you have!" she accused him.

"Well, Hildegarde has been very—very *kind* to me of late," he admitted; then they both laughed.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Penrose, "I think—I think that Hildegarde is beginning to see you in a new light, as it were. I think—I *think* she is trying to—to flirt with you!"

Hughlett leaned back in his chair and roared. "Oh, you need n't be afraid of Hildegarde!" He misquoted his usual phrase, and Mrs. Penrose blushed again, and tried to look scandalized.

"Oh, the idea," she protested.

Again Hughlett leaned forward, and this time he spoke with all earnestness. "Catherine," he said, "you know as well as I do what's happened to the children: they have grown up, beyond their old need of you. But my need of you has n't changed."

"Oh, please don't talk about that, John!" she cried.

"I must," he said. "I must talk about it, because I think this is my time to talk."

"But the children do need me; they will always need me. How could I desert them now?"

"Desert them? Who's talking about desertion? You know I love them as if they were my own; but they do not fill my life any more than they fill yours."

"But they ought to fill mine," she said.

"No," he replied—"no." He arose, and walked the length of the piazza and back, coming at last to stand in front of her. "Dear Catherine," he said, "you have done everything—everything for your children. Do something for me now!"

She paled a little, but continued to look off toward the trees; he could not compel her look, but he was aware of having touched her. It seemed best to add nothing to his plea. His opportunity seemed to lie in calling from her something of the protecting, sheltering love which had given her such strength for the children, and which they were now beginning to bestow in kind upon her. Catherine pondered for a while, and Hughlett let her work over the problem unaided. Finally she said:

"I have tried to do everything for them; so far I *have* done it. You know what my first care has been—to keep

from them the knowledge of what poor Ned did. Well, I knew just how much I could do, and just what I could not do. I could bring them up in ignorance of their father's having died in the penitentiary; but I could not talk to them about him. In that much I have failed. At first I could n't talk about him because my own hurt was too keen, and because I would not share the children with him even in that way. Oh, I was resentful at first, however sorry for him I was later. Then, after he died, I felt that it would be a sort of hypocrisy to talk to the children about him, even if I could have found some good things to say. The only way I have been able to give them a feeling for their father, you see, has been in keeping myself true to what he ought to have been. I do not need to tell them that I loved him or did not love him, that he was good or bad; I do not need to speak of him at all, you know, so long as they can see that I am true to his memory. That is what I meant by deserting them; of course I did not mean that literally. But if I am to provide an ideal of a father for them, I have to be true to the ideal I wish to create."

Hughlett had known her subtleties for many years, and although they seldom failed to exasperate him, he knew how to meet them.

"Do you expect the children to see all that?" he asked.

"No, not to *see* it," she admitted; "but they are bound to *feel* it. If I were to fail in holding myself true to the idea of their father that I've tried to create in their minds, they would begin to wonder about him, to suspect, and they would end by finding out what he was. Then the effort of my life would be wasted."

"Catherine," he exclaimed, "that is nonsense. The effort of your life has been to bring up those children to be the first-rate pair of youngsters that they are, and you have the reward of your effort. What difference could it really make to them now if they were to know about their father?"

She arose, deeply moved, and put her hands across her eyes. "Difference?" she cried. "Difference? Do you think my children, my poor children, could be the gay, light-hearted creatures they are if they *knew*?"



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE TURNED HER WHITE FACE UP TO HIS OWN. 'YOU SEE!' HE SAID"

"Yes, I do," Hughlett declared. "I don't think it would touch them any more than the knowledge that my grandfather died on the wrong side in the Revolution affects me. Upon my word, I don't see why it should. Neither of them remembers him. He's just the same to their consciousness as if he were five generations back."

"Their father!"

Hughlett flushed. "You remember how you were made to suffer," he said, "and you allow yourself to think that the children would feel it as keenly. That is impossible."

"Do you suppose I don't know my own children?" She turned upon him half-angrily, touched in her pride in the mother's omniscience.

There was no answer to make to that, and Hughlett walked the length of the piazza and back before he spoke of another phase of the subject.

"Well, even if they would be overcome by the knowledge you have tried to keep from them, how—*how* would your marrying me tell them anything about it?"

She looked at him somewhat waveringly, and then out toward the sunset. "It would set them to thinking," she said rather weakly. "Hildegard is so—so—" She paused, and then they both laughed.

"Hildegard is inquisitive, and Hildegard is knowing, and Hildegard is very up-and-coming," he laughed; "but *I* am not afraid of her."

Mrs. Penrose made instant use of the change of subject. "She is up to something lately," she said, "and I have no idea what it is. I am sure she has you on her mind; but *why*?"

Hughlett, however, would not follow the lead. She was leaning back with her hands against the railing, and he came and stood beside her, closing his hand over one of hers.

"I need you more now than they do," he said quietly.

It was evident that she was becoming more and more moved, that his persistence was telling. She put her hands to her cheeks, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, John," she said, "you do not want the sort of love I have for the children, and I am incapable of any other sort." There was silence for a moment;

then she moved, and spoke with intensity: "Ah, he hurt me in so many ways! I can never, never forget the daily agony of those years, and I have borne the burden of his disgrace alone—alone, for the children's sake; but he killed what might have been more to me than his good name, even. He killed the very springs of feeling in me."

She was weeping, but Hughlett made no answer. Presently she turned from him and looked over the lawn toward the darkening woods; the wheat-field beyond was scarcely discernible now in the dusk, and the sunset glow was fading so rapidly that the moon, which had been only a pale disk in the sky an hour before, was beginning to gleam yellow. The flowers in the garden were sending out their evening scents, stored from the day's beneficence of light and warmth; the voice of the season was no less sweet than it had been earlier in the afternoon, though now it was calling in a softer key.

"He killed my youth." Still Hughlett did not reply; she looked into his face somewhat questioningly. "And you want something that belongs to youth," she whispered.

His heart leaped when he saw the dewy traces of tears in her eyes; he summoned all his self-control, and spoke quietly.

"I want what did not belong to your youth, nor to mine," he said. The day and the season and the beauty around them seemed to have given him inspiration. "I do not want spring flowers in late June, Catherine. I do not want the green of young wheat when I see the grain ready for harvest; I do not want the coolness of April when it is time for the warmth of midsummer. I remember you as you were when you were married; but I do not love the delicate prettiness that was yours then, my dear, as I love the beauty of your face now. I do not love the girl you were; I love the woman you are."

She was by no means past the age where his praise of her beauty would cause her to blush. A still-girlish impulse of flying from the compliment made her heart beat quickly. She was accustomed to his admiration, but no woman receives its like unmoved. She put her hand upon his arm, but kept her face turned away from him.

"I know you do, I know you do," she

said. "It has made everything easier for me, your loving me; I am more grateful for it than for anything else in the world. But—to love you in return? Oh, if I could!"

He felt that the moment had come for his strongest plea, and that nothing might be wanting he put his arms firmly about her. "Catherine," he said, with his face close to hers, "there is a tide in human emotions as constant in its ebb and flow as the tide of the sea. There are seasons of life as recurrent and as faithful to the ages as the seasons of spring and summer, autumn and winter. I had no place in the springtime of your life, but I mean to have its summer; I have watched the ebb of your love and of your need of love, and now I mean to take it on its return, and go with it to its flood. For I tell you there is a return of the tide as surely as the harvest follows the sowing of the grain."

He could feel the beating of her heart, and his own leaped to meet it. She stirred in his arms, turned toward him—and with a startled cry repulsed him. They had forgotten the existence of her children; but the two were coming up the walk, and were nearly at the steps of the piazza, before their mother saw them.

At her exclamation, Hughlett wheeled quickly, and laughed. His eyes met Hildegard's and he realized again that she was indeed, what he had called earlier in the afternoon, knowing. There was no mistaking her pleasure in the situation; her pretty face was twinkling with delighted merriment. In an instant Max had his mother in his arms; she was sobbing, and the boy was laughing and patting her, kissing her hair, and talking excitedly.

"By Jove, I'm glad! It's just the right thing, you know! You ought to have done it long ago, Pet! You've been an angel; you deserve all the happiness there is."

"Well, don't pull the darling's hair down just because you are glad, Max!" cried Hildegard, and rescued her mother. She patted the pretty hair into some semblance of order, kissed her mother's cheeks and eyes, and cooed over her as a girl does over a pretty baby, while Max turned to Hughlett, gripped his hand, and vigorously pumped it up and down,

pounding him unmercifully with his other fist until Hughlett cried:

"Here, let go, you ruffian! D' you take me for a punching-bag?"

"We really began to think we should never get you two to do it," said Hildegard, turning toward him beamingly, with her arm still around her mother's shoulders.

"What!" cried Hughlett. He looked at Mrs. Penrose. Wonder, disbelief, understanding passed quickly between them, and both began to laugh, Mrs. Penrose almost hysterically, and Hughlett with a mighty roar. The boy and girl looked in mild astonishment from one to the other, as the very youthful do when they have amused their elders and do not quite see how, but yet are pleased at having done so.

"And you were afraid of Hildegard!" Hughlett said to Mrs. Penrose, with mock reproach.

"Afraid of me?" the young lady exclaimed. "Afraid! I think you ought to thank me, both of you. Max would never have thought of it if I had n't suggested it; we've been doing all we could to throw you together for months."

"Hildegard!" The mother tried to appear shocked.

"Well, we have, Mama," Hildegard declared. "It was the least Max and I could do for you, and it's a shame we did n't think of it before. You've stayed unmarried so long—and father was n't worthy of you, anyway."

Mrs. Penrose gasped, and Hughlett looked quickly at her.

"That's true, Pet," said Max. "Hildegard ought n't to have said anything about it, for we know how it hurts you; but you had to stand so much from our father that we want you to be just as happy as you can now." The young man's face was very serious. "We'll all *three* try to make you so," he said, and turned away.

Hughlett walked past the two and stood in front of Mrs. Penrose. He turned her white face up to his own. "You see!" he said. "It is as I said—the tide of time—it goes and comes, it wipes out all that was written on the sands. It has its ebb, but it has its flood, too!"

She smiled up at him, tremulously, and he kissed her on the lips. When they turned, the children had gone in.



Drawn by Charles S. Chapman. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HER THUNDER BLENDED WITH THE ROAR FROM BELOW"

ORIENTED

BY W. ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "Overproof"

THIS is a poor story, for it has no plot, and all stories written in America are supposed to have a plot. Nothing else matters. This story has a girl and a man and a chief event. Of these the chief event happened only in the ordinary course of things, and if the girl had not had one straight, white streak in her internal construction, probably it would not have affected her in the proper way, and there would have been no excuse for writing this at all. It may still be a question whether the girl was worthy of the event and so worth our valuable consideration. But whether she was worth it at the time or not,—and it seems improbable,—she doubtless became so in the end. Under the drilling of love and life many of this sort do when you never would have suspected it. The chief event itself was an artistic performance, and every artistic performance, however mean may be its little type, deserves worth in its appreciators; but, as has been said, if she had no worth, without doubt she acquired it, and, also without doubt, in the acquiring process the chief event helped her. So far this seems a bit abstruse.

Her name was Helen McNab. Her father was a Montreal broker. In 1869 he had walked in from a creek seventeen miles up the Ottawa River to take a position as an office boy—this story was written in 1907, which makes a profound difference—

I remember imperfectly a description given me by Winslow Whitman, late of Boston and India.

"Never been in the McNabs' drawing-room!" he said, with a face full of pity. "Your life is yet to be lived. They got stuffed birds in it, and a stuffed bear, an' a stuffed Injun, an' a full-sized Eskimo

kayak. Then they got all sorts of chairs—chairs that belonged to Louis Quatorze, an' Louis Quinze, an' Louis Seize, an' I guess most of the other Louis. Some of their legs turn in, an' some of 'em turn out, an' the tops of 'em are all different; some like squash-pies, with a rim round 'em, an' some like meat-pies, with a lump on 'em; but you can't sit on any of 'em. In one corner it 's Patagonia, in another it 's the Petit Trianon, an' in another it 's Hudson's Bay. Oh, your life is yet to be lived."

Miss McNab was the only daughter and she was pretty; but if you stripped her of the aura that surrounds every pretty girl, she was not attractive. In the ordinary course of things she went away to a boarding-school to develop her individuality, and when she came back she had it fully developed. She wore a suit covered with large black and white checks and a very flat sailor hat, and she walked in all respects like an ostrich. Later she had a bored expression, and there was something about her that led you to suspect she had never done enough to deserve it. She had a nasal voice, which she used for producing an unfounded libel on an English accent and an unsorted collection of English sporting phrases. She had one slash scar on her left cheek from having collided with a tree one night on the Mountain on skees, and of this she was reservedly proud—she had followed fifteen others down the slope, and had come out blind-stunned at the bottom. She was always well groomed and manicured,—her nails were cut to a rounded point,—she was usually marceled (this is a way of doing a woman's hair that makes it take on a beautiful regularity of contour that you see in the ripples of the sand of the sea-shore, or

the clouds of a mackerel sky), and she was gifted with the taste (which is the proper term for money when applied in this connection) to dress effectively, which she did. Any time she had left over from the operations involved in these peculiarities she used in maintaining her position, and this position was a complicated thing.

In North America there is a small but delicately perfumed army of young ladies who have made it their business to start an aristocracy. For certain obscure reasons, including the lack of aristocrats to fill it with, they have failed; but, instead, they have what is called a plutocracy, which is the same thing from the inside, though from the outside it is quite different. Montreal, like many other cities to the East and West and South, has an ornate nascent plutocracy, and Miss McNab's position at the time of this tale was on the extreme outer edge. The position of these plutocracies is uncertain, as they are maintained entirely by keeping just such young ladies from looking behind the Veil (where, by the way, there is nothing whatever—though that is a secret), and so the plutocracy is usually busy, and the young ladies are busy as well.

Miss McNab was so busy that she had never had time to see a man. She believed she had danced with them. She unquestionably had decorated boxes at His Majesty's with them when they could afford it, and stalls when they could not. She had received violets from them, and large American Beauty roses. (The former she had worn, and they had wilted: the latter a maid had put in water, and they had wilted—at eighteen dollars a dozen.) She had dined at the Hunt Club with them, and at the Forest and Stream, for there is something about that brusque, sporting manner over the warmth of transparent chiffon that is irresistibly attractive to the uninitiated. But she had no idea in the world what a man was really like inside. She had her own imperious method of dealing with them, and that was to be all-sufficient for all time. It was her perfect, patent, impervious system, filled with raw oil and finished with three coats of best spar varnish. It was applied to all men alike that moved within her orbit, with variations to fit their prestige. Beyond her orbit there was a vague and unimpor-

tant region filled with college professors, navvies, photographers, and mechanical engineers, such as drive the *Lusitania*, and such like. Any one of these she would refer to as a man, but with a different tone, and that was the end of him. This was her whole philosophy: quite inconceivable, but approximately so. And yet, still more inconceivable, under all this there was doubtless the stuff to make a woman that could sing songs to her own children, and the Magnificat to herself, and repeat the Apostles' Creed. This is a wonderful world.

Now, the man had recently come to Montreal from England. His father had been a great consulting engineer in Victoria Street, and, like all good consulting engineers, had died at his appointed time. He had been great even above riches, which is very great indeed, so he had been able to leave his son only a little under £6000, a strong engineering tendency, and two or three of the recognized varieties of common sense. Among these was not the one relating to the value of worldly possessions, and in five calendar months Mr. George Porteous Vaughan Morgan—for that was the son's name—had expended £5384-12-9; and of such beautiful quality was one sort of common sense he did have—the one that teaches how to deal gracefully with men and women—that with this comparatively small sum of money he made a notable disturbance in the great city of London, and his existence was admitted from the Circus to the foot of the throne. In fact, so great was this disturbance that its echoes have not altogether died away to this day. Afterward, having learned his lesson cheerfully and silently, and without a touch of melodrama, he came out to Canada with £600, and, following his engineering trend, joined himself to a company in Montreal whose business was to sell English automobiles to the Canadian public under the blessed advantages of the Canadian Preferential Tariff. Then of a sudden it seemed that all his reserve common sense came into action at once, and immediately he began to prosper: for he was one of those rare specimens, an utterly adaptable Englishman. He even arose before eight o'clock in the morning.

Early in his Canadian career he collided with Miss Helen McNab at the St. An-

drew's Ball. It so happened that no fewer than two of Miss McNab's bondmen had failed. One had been found by a two-years' widow of twenty-six, and the other had found a very charming young lady who belonged to one of the oldest French Canadian families and who had just returned from eighteen months in Paris; so there was no prospect of either of them coming back at all. So, partly by accident, which is our crude way of describing the methods of Providence, and partly through his own cheerful initiative, Mr. Vaughan Morgan received three dances. This, for Miss McNab of Montreal, was quite unheard of, and an excellent start.

Being an adaptable Englishman, Mr. Vaughan Morgan did not conceive that a two-step was made out of a mighty, automatic walk, or that a waltz consisted in turning in one direction over a limited area of floor at thirty-six revolutions per minute. On the contrary, he studied his surroundings, took thought, carefully put Miss McNab on her mettle by asking if she was very tired, and finished smiling and warm, with the lady in a more disheveled condition than she had ever been in public in her life. In the midst of her disapproval, she noticed a new, uncatalogued, pleasant, tingling sensation that apparently came out of an uncertain pink haze. But in the face of a life-time of habit, this effect was ephemeral, and in the intervals between the dances she reverted to her normal condition, and languidly told Mr. Vaughan Morgan reserved tales of the doings of the frightfully smart set to which she belonged.

Now, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, having laid out with great intelligence £5384-12-9 in finding out what he could about London, was amazed at so much innocence so wickedly put, and, at the end of the third of those dances and interviews, went out into another room and served himself with bad claret lemonade a number of times, chuckling insanely all the while. Still, having come from a land where there are a million and a half surplus women, he was taken with the novelty of the imperious treatment,—with apparently so little to warrant it,—so two days later, being Sunday, he called. He found Miss McNab in her especial element, surrounded by a salon, and haughty

beyond his most amazed conception; for he also came from the only democratic country in the world, and had seen no other.

Miss McNab's mother held a lorgnette under a transformation, and said that the St. Andrew's Ball was becoming frightfully mixed,—which is true of all balls,—and Miss McNab's brother, though apparently in his own house, conversed with a friend on the opposite end of the same divan, and regarded Mr. Vaughan Morgan as a stranger. This was all he got out of that visit, and when he arose, Mr. McNab, junior, and the friend smiled, and he departed in some wonder, but with unabated interest. But Miss McNab imagined she saw a smile in the back of his eyes, and said a good-by that lacked poise—her first since she was six years old.

Working under the illogical rules that govern these things, Mr. Vaughan Morgan's interest continued to grow, and within three months, in spite of occasional contact, he had formed a most wonderful idea of Miss McNab. Now, the description of this young lady already submitted was dispassionate and, as far as it went, unquestionably correct from a mechanical point of view, which makes Mr. Vaughan Morgan's later idea all the more wonderful: but, put into English words, what he came to see was this:

Her height was the perfect height. (In this case it happened to be 5 feet, $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches, less $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches for sole leather and brass nails.) She was erect, beautifully balanced, and full-figured. She had glorious, indescribable golden-brown hair, with a shimmer that traveled like the shimmer of raw silk; walnut-brown eyes that shone and sparkled and had a way of looking up suddenly under lids that flickered for a second and shut down, leaving the effect of distant, silent summer lighting. (So far these were his precise words.) Her skin was clear and fair, but with an uncertain flush beneath that carried warmth from her finger-tips to her forehead, and at the least provocation blazed in her cheeks till you had to draw a slow breath to stand still. This was the overwhelming impression—tides and surges of growing color; those eyes; and then such hands! They were not particularly small, but altogether wonderful; well-balanced, soft, deft, and strong, the essence

of all capability, adaptable, responding to every foreshadowed need, and accomplishing with all adequacy and finish, and with a touch that was perfectly sure, so that anything they had done could never conceivably come undone at all. When she played they flowed,—and she neglected Chaminade for Chopin,—and when she stopped they glided on their own irresponsible way, and were a source of danger to all mankind. But wonderful above everything else was her mouth: sensitive and mobile until it was heartbreaking to watch it. Every little thought that slipped through her mind, every little trend of a half-formed idea in fun or in earnest, in devilment or in pure play, was heralded there, and the corners slid up or down or quivered for one small second under the flutter of those eyelids until the alluring color came, stormed up, and you could only stand and groan. And then her voice was clear as crystal (*bis*) and she had a way of turning her words that was frightfully attractive. . . .

So Mr. Vaughan Morgan's conception went, in part; and, besides, into this creation he breathed the breath of life, making her into the flattering likeness of a real woman, with all the attributes,—prospective, useful motherhood, and the rest,—probably not one of which she then actively possessed.

And Miss McNab remained imperious and unscathed to the point of irritation.

Now for the sacrifice. In every artistic performance there must be a sacrifice. If you paint a picture that attains to the line at the R. A., it is the canvas, the pigments, and a little boiled linseed oil. If you write a success of the season, it is several blocks of rag paper, half a pint of ink, and a suffering iridosmine pen-point. If you play the Second Rhapsody, it is an expensive grade of felt wearing on steel wires. In this case it was an English car called the Brunel, sold in Canada by the company to which Mr. Vaughan Morgan had joined himself. Her makers called her "The Engineer's Car," to distinguish her from the mass of cars that seemed to be dedicated to the public—or the devil. A glimpse into her gear-box, or at the mighty teeth of her driving pinion (which is as important a part of a car as a hairpin is of a woman), or at the mightier hub and gun-carriage spokes of her

hind wheels, told you why, and why she was peculiarly fitted to be the sacrifice. And, besides, under her bonnet was an engine-room like the engine-room of an ice-breaker, with a centrifugal pump that might have come from Tangyes, with any spare space filled with a giant magneto; and all notably protected from the wet and gritty world outside. Her builders had laboriously come to the conclusion that an automobile was a dignified private carriage, and had gone forever from red bodies to the darkest of Nile-green; so, aside from a certain massiveness, she was altogether deceptive, and no man would believe that she could rage furiously, for they called her but twenty horse-power. But of horses there are many sorts, and doubtless the horses in England are bigger than the horses in America.

Here begins the introduction to the chief event. One April day, when the ice out of Lake St. Louis was moving down in rafts over the Lachine Rapids, and a Donaldson liner and the *Bellona*, with fruit, were waiting at Quebec for the breaking of the bridge at Cap Rouge, Mr. Vaughan Morgan took out the twenty Brunel to demonstrate to a man who was preparing a summer home beyond Como.

And here it is necessary to digress for a geographical explanation.

Montreal city is on the island of Montreal, and Montreal island is in the mouth of the Ottawa, where that woodland river empties itself into the great St. Lawrence; for the Ottawa has a delta like the Nile and the Amazon. If you wish to get off the island of Montreal, you can go in two ways: by something that floats on the water or by a bridge. At this particular time in April there is nothing afloat except ice and driftwood, so you must go by a bridge, and of the bridges there are two kinds, railway and highway. The railway bridges are owned chiefly by corporations, and so lead everywhere it is desirable to go; and the highway bridges are owned chiefly by the Government, and so would lead nowhere except by what is called the express will of the people, and the people of North America, unlike the people of England, never express their will, but are governed directly, in as far as it may be necessary, by an overruling Providence, who does not build bridges.

It is twenty-three miles by road from

the city of Montreal to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, which is at the extreme end of the island of Montreal. Beyond is the flood of the Ottawa, with Isle Perrot, over two miles wide, breasting the current in midstream, and with Vaudreuil three miles away on the opposite shore. And Como, where Mr. Vaughan Morgan wished to be, is six miles beyond Vaudreuil.

The main lines of those two great corporations, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway, run out to Ste. Anne, and, by high bridges resting on ponderous, ice-cutting piers, cross over to Isle Perrot. Across that elm-clad island, side by side, they strike a broad, straight, stately roadway, until, by other bridges with ponderous piers, they cross over from Isle Perrot to Vaudreuil, and go on their way into the West.

On the other hand, the highway, which is the property of the Government, comes out speciously by Lachine and through lakeside villages to Ste. Anne; and then, instead of proclaiming its inadequacy by turning down into the river and ceasing, swings nobly round the end of the island and returns to Montreal—as is proper—through the woods.

That is to say if you have attained to Ste. Anne by road, and wish to reach Vaudreuil—which-is-beyond-the-Ottawa, three miles away, you may go by little bridges over little rivers and so round by the city of Ottawa, two hundred and fifty miles; or you may go back twenty-three miles to Montreal, cross the River St. Lawrence by the Victoria Bridge, travel many leagues upstream, cross the River St. Lawrence again at Valleyfield, P. Q., and travel eastward again many leagues to Vaudreuil, which is shorter. Or, to put it in all its nakedness, from Montreal, the greatest city in Canada, you cannot directly by road reach the mainland of western Quebec and Ontario, the most populous section of Canada, at all. This of course is an outrage, and if the island of Montreal were inhabited by the English as such, would be expressed as an outrage day and night without ceasing until the governments involved, helpless against importunity, like all governments, and for the sake of blessed peace, which is the ultimate aim and object of all governments, would signal their weariness, and

immediately there would arise the sound of hammering on metal and the voice of the pneumatic riveter on girders at Ste. Anne.

All these great and seemingly irrelevant matters bear directly on Mr. Vaughan Morgan, for they show why, to reach Como, which is beyond Vaudreuil, he had to load the twenty Brunel on a flat-car, from which she was precariously navigated down three-inch planks at Como Station.

And here, to justify Mr. Vaughan Morgan's intelligence, it may be said that he had no conception what an Ottawa Valley road might be in the spring, but having alighted in four inches of snow water, he went forward in faith and demonstrated. He demonstrated through wasted, sooty snow-banks that melted without ceasing under a summer-blue sky. He demonstrated on a water-swept tundra where runnels poured over an ice-edge into a lake that in summer was a hay meadow. He demonstrated over a half-frozen plowed field, preferring it to a four-horse-power stream which the owner assured him at other seasons was the drive, and he finished by taking his victim for what he called a spin on the main road. The spin consisted in leaping from mud-holes to muddy snow-banks, and swooping from snow-banks into mud-holes, and resembled nothing so much as navigating the Bay of Fundy in a high sea in an open boat.

"It is a bit sloppy-you-know—is n't it!" he said, with one eye overlaid with mud, and he went on talking reassuringly between gulps as the patient springs jolted their livers. In the end he careered away joyfully toward the station by himself, with one bent mud-guard and an order for one \$3500 car in his inmost pocket.

For that night the twenty Brunel was to have stayed in a shed, and he was to have gone into town on the 6:13. But the demonstration had been long, and the 6:13 was on time, and passed down, unflagged, toward Vaudreuil when he was still a quarter of a mile across the plain.

"Marooned!" Mr. Vaughan Morgan commented, and plowed ahead to interview the agent. The agent was already being interviewed. There were two young ladies and one young gentleman, and they appeared to have reached the

station platform only the moment before. In any case, they paid no attention to the arrival of anything so trivial as a motor. One young lady was addressing the agent personally.

"You stupid fool, did n't you know we were coming, whether you could see us or not? Did you think we wished to stay out here all night—alone?" with a side-swept glance at the young gentleman. It was the voice of Miss Helen McNab, in heat. The agent was French Canadian, brief in temper, and not fully trained in deference. His reply was full of words. On the first count he tried to make plain that he was not a mind-reader. On the second, he pointed out that he had no method of judging.

"I don' know, me!" he said, waving his arms in the air. "Bot eef you don' came en time for y'r train—I s'pose so." And he departed into the station, leaving Miss McNab white with wrath. (The McNabs had a house at Como, and the gods-that-desire-excitement had arranged that Miss McNab should choose this day in April to visit it for the purpose of suggesting improvements. She had brought with her, as a suite, Miss Yvonne Dacoste, because she was one step nearer the Veil, and very haughty, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, who had a thin and fair mustache, and was what she called a "nice boy.") Then, the mud storm having subsided, she saw the twenty Brunel and Mr. Vaughan Morgan. For one inexplicable second she was abashed: after which she had an inspiration. She consulted with the other two. "Watch me work this Englishman!" was the substance of it, though it was more beautifully put.

"How do you do!" she opened, and advanced toward the edge of the platform. Mr. Vaughan Morgan shuddered, and bowed through his crust.

"Beastly walking, is n't it?" he said.

"Frightful," said Miss McNab, and properly introduced Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover. "We've lost our last train, and I *must* be in town at a quarter to eight. Won't *you* go and ask that man if there's no other train—anywhere?—He's been horribly rude." There was somewhat implied, but to that phase Mr. Vaughan Morgan seemed deaf and blind.

"Must?" he said, with the painful lit-

eralness of a man, and took on a serious expression. She did not explain that it was bridge at Lady Sanderson's,—her first,—and, after all, that was very important. Her impervious system drove her ahead, full into the bosom of the unguessed future.

"Yes, must!" This tone was her final. Mr. Vaughan Morgan said, "Oh!" with a face full of consideration and a mind full of thoughts, and in a moment dropped over the unopened door into the mud and was in the station-house. In half a minute he returned, visibly anxious. There was a Grand Trunk train from Vaudreuil at 7:10.

"Arrives?"

"Bonaventure at five minutes to eight."

"That is much too late," she said regally, smoothing the wrinkles out of long, tan gloves, while Mr. Glover pulled his mustache.

"—Or we might get a special at Vaudreuil. I can take you down in the car—if you don't mind the roads and the mud." Miss McNab held rigidly to her part. She did not mind anything. Mr. Vaughan Morgan absently eyed Mr. Glover's expanse of vicuna and satin and Miss Dacoste's hard-crowned, over-feathered hat (we shall remember the spring of 1907), and his smile almost broke out. But his face remained the face of one who realizes that something must be done immediately.

"I'm quite sure we shall manage it in some way, if we go at once," he said cheerily, leaning toward the sacrifice. Would Miss McNab like to ride in front?

She would.

He advanced on the crank, preoccupied, as a man thinking out things far ahead, while Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover daintily climbed into the tonneau, with the manner of people who have certain misgivings, and seated themselves on luxurious cushions spattered with half-dry mud. Mr. Vaughan Morgan heaved, and a deep-seated tremor ran through the twenty Brunel. He moved to one side, and half the Nile-green roof over the forward mysteries rose up and balanced itself in the air. For a dozen seconds Miss McNab watched his hand wandering amid complications—scarlet cylinders, glaring brass piping, and a whizzing

aluminium fan, which she gazed at incuriously, not being a mechanic, after which the bonnet closed with a clang. The lady did notice that it was unlike the tinny snap of certain bonnets she had seen, but this was her only impression of unusual strength. This impression immediately gave place to another more interesting. She painted a beautiful picture of Mr. Vaughan Morgan hiring a special at Vaudreuil, and taking her in state; and she would see that he did it.

This last impression was not accurate. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also a plan: which did not coincide in the least. How he thought it might forward his interests, or why he thought of it at all, I am sure I could never guess. Probably it was one of those first-flush impulses that have created that Outer-Empire title, Mad Englishman. Miss McNab's "must" had made it possible. He knew part of Miss McNab, and he knew how to foster that "must" until it became a fetish. If she ever gave in, his excuse would be gone. But, then, with a little urging, she would never give in till the trumpet blew and the earth dissolved away from beneath her feet.

In the meantime he slid into the driver's seat, pressed his foot on a pedal, and moved two levers that clicked. A hum rose up from somewhere, and Miss McNab felt herself being pushed back deep into the cushions. Then the hum ceased, and there was no sound but the hiss of snow water driven out in two clean sheets under the bows. The twenty Brunel, in a hundred-foot lake, was silently under way.

"Top speed," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan irrelevantly, with the appreciation of an enthusiast.

"It does n't seem very fast," Miss McNab commented, with a voice like an echo from a glacier.

"I should have said, 'Direct drive.'"

Miss McNab said, "Ah!" not knowing in the least what he meant.

"Don't believe you have to be home by a quarter to eight at all," he continued, in great absence of mind, still dealing thoughtfully with levers. "What is it for?"

"That is my own particular business; but it is really important."

"Really!" said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, and this time a little child could see that

he was impressed. He was a beautiful actor, and that expression of great anxiety came back. Miss McNab was satisfied. The first result took place at once. They had climbed from the lake into pure mud that played in two smooth fountains alongside, and they had arrived at the turn to the main road. On every car there is a little innocent-looking pedal that is called the accelerator. It has an unseen connection with the throttle, and is more potent than all the pedals of a cathedral organ put together. Turning into the main road, Mr. Vaughan Morgan rested his foot on this pedal ever so lightly, and smiled a grim smile in the back of his eyes. (This sort of smile does not show outside.) The twenty Brunel accelerated, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, in the tonneau, sat in Miss Yvonne Dacoste's lap. Miss McNab grasped Mr. Vaughan Morgan's left arm with a grip like the grip of a drowning man, and then let go as if it were red-hot iron. Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unnoting, ostentatiously fought with the steering-wheel, and, when the trouble had subsided, busied himself in apologizing lavishly to the tonneau. Mr. Glover was forcing the crown of his hat into shape, and Miss Dacoste looked ruffled.

"So sorry," he said; "but we skidded a little. This mud is awfully treacherous, you know." Mr. Glover had been laying himself out not to say the unclean things that were in his mind, so his reply was at random and barely polite. Miss Dacoste vented a few crisp sentences of high-strung words and ferociously repinned her hat, and Miss McNab sat as rigid as Cleopatra's Needle. With her crew in this order, because, in his apology, Mr. Vaughan Morgan had disregarded the road ahead, the twenty Brunel rose up on the edge of an unwarned hollow with sides like a pit, pitched forward, heaving the suffering tonneau skyward, coasted on heated brakes over water-washed gravel into troubled water, rode for a second, dory-like, in foam, trod down a half-floating pole bridge, where her axles came up and smote her frame with blows like the blows of a sledge, and plowed out and upward on naked rock, with Mr. Vaughan Morgan transformed in the flash of an eye, laughing the joyful laugh of the English, that, in the midst of a great event, counts

not the cost of anything, though life itself may depart in the next breath. It was all part of the Vaudreuil road, though in bad condition.

"*There's one more river,*" he sang softly, wiping the water from his eyes, and leaning forward to his work, "*An' that's the river of Jordan.*" This quotation had a deep and hidden significance, but he went on at once. "I say, did n't she take that beautifully?"

"She really did," said Miss McNab. It sounded more normal than anything he had ever heard her say, and he managed to look once without being seen. She was holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, and the color was blazing in her cheeks. From the tonneau arose a heated silence. They had seen water drifting back there in great clouds, and they forebore to look.

Then the twenty Brunel settled down to perform marvels, for the best of modern motor-cars is a miracle on wheels. No other piece of complicated machinery—saving only, perhaps, the human mind—has to live through such outrageous shocks.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan was a good driver,—they also are born,—and that day he drove with all his judgment, or as much judgment as he could use and get the Brunel's best speed under these terrible conditions. There was only one thing that might happen: the Brunel might burst—collapse—disintegrate—and settle back softly into a scrap-heap—or an impalpable powder—but if she did, in his opinion it was worth her cost. If she did not, he would end one day with satisfaction.

Sometimes her starboard tires traveled on an uneven ridge of sandy snow, and her port tires plowed in the worn sleigh-track and removed the water therefrom into the next field; and sometimes it occurred to her to change sides, and then, immediately afterward, to change back, and she alternated with great rapidity, so that she rolled like a torpedo-boat in a beam sea and terribly disarranged the passengers in her tonneau. Again, on a side hill, where the down-hill side of the road had melted first, her lower wheels ran in mud and her upper on ice, and she circled the hill with a list so heavy that you could hear the tonneau gasp, clinging desperately to the windward rail. Sometimes, on the level, she

struck into the remnants of the winter's pitches, with every ridge still frozen and as even as waves of the sea, and she rocked and bucked like an unhandled broncho until the floor of the tonneau, under its carpet, rose up and dropped back at every pitch with a clack like a slap-stick, and the passengers and their cushions were lifted five clear inches above the seat, and came down all braced for the next jump. There is nothing in the world more disconcerting to real dignity than just this sort of thing without any time allowed for rearranging yourself between jumps. It recalls a baby with a pain being danced on an inconsiderate knee. The effect is cumulative, and Miss Dacoste's New York hat, which was not fitted for motoring, pulled apart her brilliantine-clotted hair and hung itself over her left ear. Mr. Glover bounced like a muddy ping-pong ball, and Miss McNab, still holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, braced both feet against the sloping foot-board and labored with her expression.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan appeared to see none of these things, but stared at the ominous pathway ahead. At times it was glare ice, at other times it was gruel-thick mud, and in one hollow it was a duck-pond, with ducks and everything complete. There is a theory that neither the Cochin duck nor the domestic Mallard can fly. They flew that day—all but one. Whether he could fly, if he really cared to, will now never be known.

The twenty Brunel dazzled her occupants and became a dream. Between endless snake-fences, dancing astern through tears, she climbed slopes that opened up on the left the flood-brown Ottawa in the afternoon sun, ever widening down into the Lake of Two Mountains; and on the farther side of these slopes she descended recklessly, dizzily chattering her lamps, and joyously pounding her tool-box up and down in its locker, until it sounded as if her vitals would certainly fly out on the road. She advanced on small farmhouses close by the roadside, and froze large French Canadian families into uncouth groups of statuary, until the horse collected himself and tried to back up the front of the barn, and then all was activity in her settling wake. In pure faith she rounded

abruptly into unseen stretches of road, and once was cursed wonderfully by an agent for sewing-machines with a matched team of bays, which were stopped only by having to fight a five-barred gate. Sometimes she traveled straight, and sometimes she sidled like a shying horse under the saddle, but always in a rain of flying water or mud or worn-out snow. At all times she rocked and slued frightfully, and in certain brief moments she proceeded on two wheels. She dodged up-country chickens and she raced up-country dogs, one of which miscalculated and flew for a space like the Cochin ducks—but with the aid of the mud-guard. Twice her driver mistrusted the whole appearance of things ahead, and led her aside over squashy spring turf, through which she sucked her way until at last she rolled, mud-bathed, into Vaudreuil, where she was the wonder of the inhabitants, and up to the station. Her passengers had passed from fear and disgust into amazement, and finally into apathy. The populace could see that it was something desperate, and exhibited no levity, though Mr. Glover's features were lost to the eye. Miss Dacoste was transfigured, and Miss McNab sat with tight lips. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had the situation by the throat.

"Sit still for one moment," he begged, and fled in the direction of the station-agent, to whom he talked aggressively for a few seconds. No one knows what he said. He came back running, but was stopped and drawn aside by a bystander from Isle Cadieux.

"De lady 's seek?" he inquired, indicating Miss Dacoste, who had partly swathed herself in a gritty rug.

"Yes," whispered Mr. Vaughan Morgan, confidentially; "very," and mounted the step.

"Just as I thought," he said politely—"no special possible." And before he was fully settled in his seat, the twenty Brunel had gathered way. He swung her round the corner of the station, humored her softly over eighty-pound rails, and turned her down the main line, inbound, of the Grand Trunk Railway! A yell arose from far behind. He paid no attention. Three times he slowed to climb over switch-points, then opened up, and the twenty Brunel fled down the line, thut-

tering over sleepers toward the great bridges and the mighty Ottawa itself. Steering lightly with one hand, he found his watch and looked.

"Now we sha'n't be long," he said, addressing Miss McNab's iron-bound countenance. All his anxiety had passed, and he was visibly appreciating the last of the red-gold sunshine and the soft, spring evening air. What Miss McNab might have replied is not known, for Mr. Glover burst through his mud-caked silence.

"What are you going to do? Where are you going?"

"Home," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, looking at Miss McNab.

Miss McNab flushed. Into the heart of Miss Dacoste came a great fear, which she strove to conceal in a lady-like manner.

"Surely-the-man-is-not-going-to-take-us-across-the-railway-bridges!" she exploded.

"Miss McNab must be home at a quarter to eight," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, softly. A good driver does not turn his head. Miss McNab sat as undrawn as the London "Times," and ahead there rose up a subdued and suggestive roar. It was the terrible sound of a six-hundred-mile river in flood. Miss Dacoste, in the trembling tonneau, covered her face with her hands, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan drove—like an engineer.

On the edge of the thunder stood a gang of incapacitated section men and a red shanty containing a gasoline engine and a three-bucket pump that filched a little of the Ottawa's water for the passing locomotives. Long afterward Miss McNab admitted that she would have been willing to live in that shanty for a very long time if she had been allowed to stay ashore. But she gave no sign, and in the next breath the twenty Brunel was running in mid-air over open ties.

Ahead the way stretched clear enough, but that was a little thing. To the left, a few yards up-stream, hung the great mainline bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, breaking the oncoming flood, with every sharpened pier carrying a bow wave like a battleship, and singing its own song in overwhelming roar. Between came down the waters, golden-brown and overlaid with foam, to break again in thunder on the piers that held up the

twenty Brunel. Between the ties they could see the torrent pouring through far beneath, bearing an occasional log from some lost brough on the Gatineau. On each side was the raw edge—bare tie-ends; no guard-rail; nothing. Miss McNab thought of the car's steering-gear, which might be mutable, like all things human. She stared down at the water, which was unwise. For one little instant she went dizzy and sick. The Ottawa stood still. The Grand Trunk bridge and the twenty Brunel, moving corner-wise, started up-stream, furiously chasing the tails of the stone piers of the Canadian Pacific bridge, that swirled on ahead like the sterns of battleships abreast, until she closed her eyes. (Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unseeing, saw this also.) When she opened them again, it was to keep them up, as one who would successfully waltz on skates. Ahead ranged the bare, wind-swept elms on Isle Perrot. To the right were more bare elms and swamp ashes, doubtless attached to summer islands, but now bending like twigs in the midst of the brown flood. Later she remembered to the left, three hundred yards above, one small island, with a bare, white house, sheltered by nine pines and flanked by water-whipped scrub, and remembered praying she were there; until of a sudden she found herself on Isle Perrot, with the twenty Brunel heading down that four-tracked avenue through the woods, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan talking freely about the beauties of the country in spring, while the Canadian Pacific embankment rose ever higher on the left.

Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, feeling the exigencies of the situation, sat up to say that the trip across the bridge was "magnificent," with which everybody undertook to agree, until the Ottawa's other branch hove in sight through the trees, with bridges still higher and boiling white rapids below, and a great silence settled down once more. On this passage, high in the air, over the precise center of the rapids, they met an astonished way freight, and her thunder blended with the roar from below, and the wind of her passing brought tears to their eyes till they bowed down their heads for relief. So with bowed heads they whirled into the still more astonished station at Ste. Anne,

and without so much as glancing aside, Mr. Vaughan Morgan jerked the twenty Brunel out into the carriage drive, and so into the king's highway, along which she lurched at high speed once more, spattering mud anew.

The details of that flight eastward down the island of Montreal, in the golden light after sunset, through lake-side villages and past disregarded and incensed toll-gates, are all most ordinary details. There was no such navigation as on the Vaudreuil-Como road. The only marvelous thing was Miss McNab's conversation; and for her it was marvelous beyond all marvels. It was jerky and telegraphic and without great poise, and sometimes it was bitten in two because of an excess of enthusiasm on the part of the twenty Brunel over some bump. But through the agency of Mr. Vaughan Morgan and the twenty Brunel, in some way I do not understand, the golden light that overcast the melting snow, and the great spring floods, from road runnels to boiling rivers, had reached in to her soul, and she talked; and Mr. Vaughan Morgan was electrified. She paid no attention to the people in the tonneau. In any case they could not hear. It was all very ordinary, because it had all been said so many times before,—though anything that was ordinary was most extraordinary coming from Miss McNab,—so none of it is worth repeating. It was all about ideals, and what a man lives for, and what a woman is hunting for all the time. And the girl's color was so gorgeous, and it was all so wonderful that at Lachine Mr. Vaughan Morgan took the lower road for no other reason than to buck that suffering car through those disgraceful streets of lower St. Henri, and to dodge among the Amherst trams and the traffic of Notre Dame. The twenty Brunel lifted them as lightly as a gust of summer wind up into Sherbrooke Street with time to spare, and she left Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover at their doors, through which they disappeared, running. Their clothes were ruined and, for the time being, they were not friends with anybody; but the trip had been awfully good for their appetites.

Now here is where the blessed illogical part of the whole business comes in. As was said at first, this is a poor story, for it

has no plot. The gentleman simply took the lady for a ride in a motor-car. But in front of her own house Miss McNab said, "You dear, dear boy!" for Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also been talking. "And, however you accomplish it, don't ever let father find out we crossed those bridges. Go down to every newspaper now and stop it however you like, but stop it; and then change and come back

and talk to me. I 'm not going to Lady Sanderson's to-night."

Forty minutes later, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, pale with hunger, handed the twenty Brunel in at the garage.

"I say, Beckley," he said, "you might wash her down a bit, will you?" In thirty-five minutes more, freshly clothed and newly fed, he was climbing upper Peel Street on foot.



THE STUDENT SAINT-GAUDENS

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY HIS SON HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

ARRIVAL IN PARIS—THE SCHOOL IN THE RUE DE L'ECOLE DE MÉDICAL—MOVING FROM PLACE TO PLACE—ENTRANCE INTO THE BEAUX ARTS—JOUFFROY—MEETING WITH GARNIER—TRIPS IN THE COUNTRY—A WALK THROUGH SWITZERLAND—THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—THE TRIP TO ROME—THE FASCINATION OF ROME—A STUDIO WITH SOARES DOS REIS

"FATHER paid for my passage abroad and gave me one hundred dollars which he had saved out of my wages. I got from Liverpool to Paris somehow or other; I can recall nothing but the cursed misery of crossing the channel from Folkestone to Dieppe. The arrival in Paris, however, was extraordinarily impressive. I walked with my heavy carpet-bag from the Gare du Havre down to the Place de la Concorde, where I stood bewildered with the lights of that square and of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées bursting upon me. Then between the glory of it all and the terrible weight of the bag, which increased as I made my way up the interminable Avenue des Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, I arrived in a mixed state of collapse and enthusiasm where my uncle François Saint-Gaudens lived on the Avenue de la Grande-Armée. There I was welcomed with thoroughgoing French emotion for the strange 'Cousin d'Amerique' by my uncle, a nervous man

who had been a great gymnast in his youth, and by his two daughters Pauline and Clorinda. François was what the French call an 'entrepreneur de démolition,' with his affairs in an ugly condition, as they had never recovered from some bad contracts for the demolition of public buildings."

My father must have been confused. Another brother, Bertrand Saint-Gaudens, was the contractor. He had one daughter, Fanny, and three sons, Julius, Isidore, and Leopold. François Saint-Gaudens, a member of the Bonapartist faction, entered the army. It was he who was the father of Pauline and Clorinda, both of whom married into the Maritz family. Apparently my father first went to the house of François and later stayed with Bertrand.

The reminiscences continue:

"During a greater part of the time thereafter I saw my relatives only occasionally, as I left my poor uncle, who was in bad straits, when my hundred dollars

had gone through his fingers. Also, I became thoroughly engrossed in my work, and they were far off. Now and then, however, I visited one of these cousins, who had married a wealthy iron-master and lived at a place called Lieusaint, a short distance from the scene of the robbery of the Lyons Mail, which has been dramatized with tremendous success in French, and translated and acted, as we all know, in a wonderful way by Sir Henry Irving. These trips to the country, however, bored me beyond measure, and in consequence were few, although with this cousin I had perhaps more in common than with any other member of the family. Her husband, M. Maritz, came from Strasburg, being a nephew of a general in the engineer corps in the French army who married the other sister.

"In a day or two I went about in search of employment at cameo-cutting and of admission to the School of Fine Arts. The cameo-cutting I obtained at once from an Italian, Lupi, who lived in the Rue des Trois Frères in the picturesque quarter near the top of Montmartre. But my entrance into the Beaux Arts I found a more formidable business. After much running around, I saw at last M. Gillaume, the director of the School of Fine Arts, who, to my thinking, received me with unusual affability for so wonderful a man. I recall his smile as I told him that I expected to learn sculpture during the nine months I purposed to remain in Paris, the limit to which I had expected my fortune of one hundred dollars would extend. From him I gathered that I could enter only through the formal application of the American minister. I thereupon called on Mr. Washburne, then occupying that post. He also seemed kind, smiled as I related my little story, and said that I would be informed when the application had been accepted. This notification I received exactly nine months after handing it in. Fortunately, in the meantime I earned a good living by cutting cameos; and I entered a smaller school, but an excellent one, in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, and began my Parisian studies, probably in March or April, 1867. Here I made my first figures from the nude and laid an excellent foundation for the future.

"The work in the little 'Ecole de

Médecine,' as they called it, was enlivened by many amusing incidents, the result of the radical difference in the characters of the two professors who came to teach, one on Wednesdays and the other on Saturdays. We studied in a little, stuffy, overcrowded, absolutely unventilated theater, with two rows of students, perhaps twenty-five in each row, seated in a semicircle around the model against the wall. Behind those who drew were about fifteen sculptors; and I look back with admiration upon the powers of youth to live, work, and be joyful in an atmosphere that must have been almost asphyxiating.

"Jacquot, a short, loud-spoken, good-natured professor, came on Wednesdays. He was entirely democratic, saying the most amusing things to the pupils; and in his exuberant conversation he let drops of saliva fly from his mouth into his listener's face. Although merry and good-hearted, he was a terror from the fact that he indicated our errors with very thick charcoal; and to those of us who had learned to work rather delicately and firmly, his marks were bearable only because of the jollity with which he made them. While he taught, the boys raised as much noise as the uniformed and ill-natured 'gardien' at the doorway would permit.

"On Saturdays Laemelin, a man of a totally different type, criticized. When he appeared, the class remained silent. He was austere, taking the greatest care to apply his suggestions with light touches, always certain and correct. Jacquot talked with a strange kind of mixed-up lisp, as if he had a marble in his mouth, whereas Laemelin spoke with a deliberate nasal tone. Jacquot maintained that you must draw freely and with no fear of the paper, while Laemelin's advice was to the effect that you should draw lightly, carefully, and firmly, and not with sloppiness as do those who pretend to work with vigor. The result on the boys of this weekly divergence of views can be imagined.

"One Saturday evening Laemelin came as usual and began criticizing in his peaceful way. He was half around the lower tier, and the customary quiet prevailed in his presence, when a noise was heard in the corridor and, to our surprise and delight, Jacquot tumbled in, sat down, and proceeded to correct the boys who had already been corrected by Laemelin.

Thoroughly absorbed in what he was doing, Laemelin did not observe Jacquot's entrance and became aware that something unusual was going on only by the uproar Jacquot made and by the undertone of confusion the students slyly added.

"'Well, well, my boy, let us shee. Let us shee,' said Jacquot, the particles of saliva being shot over the drawings. 'Let us shee, um-m-m. Well, your head 's too big, too big. Your legsh are too short.' Then *bang! bang!* would come the black marks over the drawing. 'There you are! Fixsh that, my boy! Fixsh that!'

"Laemelin by this time had raised his head and, looking over his spectacles in the direction of the noise, had uttered a long 'Sh-h-h!' Jacquot, making his own disturbance, did not hear Laemelin. And neither saw the other in their deep absorption. The second time Laemelin added to his 'Sh-h-h!' a 'What is the trouble? Are you ever going to stop that noise over there?'

"'What 'sh that? What 'sh that?' spat Jacquot. 'What 'sh the matter, anyway?'

"Laemelin, not recognizing Jacquot, continued: 'You 're making an awful lot of noise over there; behave yourself!'

"Jacquot looked up. 'What 'sh that? What 'sh that? Why, ish that you, Laemelin? Hello! Why, what day ish this?'

"'To-day is Saturday,' drawled Laemelin, slowly and emphatically.

"'Mon Dieu! Ish that so! I thought it wash Wednesday. Is n't that funny? Thunder! is n't that funny!' roared Jacquot.

"By this time he was so amused at the incident that his voice had become a shout. The pupils naturally joined in until the disturbance reached such a pitch that the 'gardien' ejected a number into the night. Finally Jacquot left in a storm of sputtering and hilarity, and the theater resumed its serenity.

"Each artist tends to make his drawings of a nude resemble his own figure; and our friend Jacquot was twisted, distorted, and gnarled in every member of his body, but vigorously, like a great root. In especial he must have had the most remarkably knotty thighs. For though I have spoken of the energy of his corrections, I could not attempt to describe his particularly persistent one that the thighs of the drawings of the pupils were never big

enough. To overcome this, one day I made the thighs on my study enormously large.

"'Very good, very good, very good, my boy,' he said in his criticism, turning around to look at me. He slowly surveyed the model over his spectacles. 'But perhapsh I would add just a little bit on the thighs, eh?' Then his merciless marks!

"I repeated this at his next visit, drawing my thighs in still more exaggeration. He was high and loud and unusually sputtering in his praise at this, and, after some minor remarks, was for getting up, when I said:

"'M. Jacquot, do you think that I have the thighs big enough?'

"'Yesh. Yesh.' Then he hesitated and looked at the model. 'Sthill, perhaps I would add justh a shade, justh a shade, more.' And again came his inevitable marks.

"Finally on the third occasion, when I had the thighs resembling balloons, he repeated the enthusiastic approval of the previous visit, and I impertinently repeated my question as to their size. He surveyed the drawing, and then, evidently recollecting what had passed before, although it had been spread over three weeks, turned to me with a strange look in his widespread, crooked, china eyes and said:

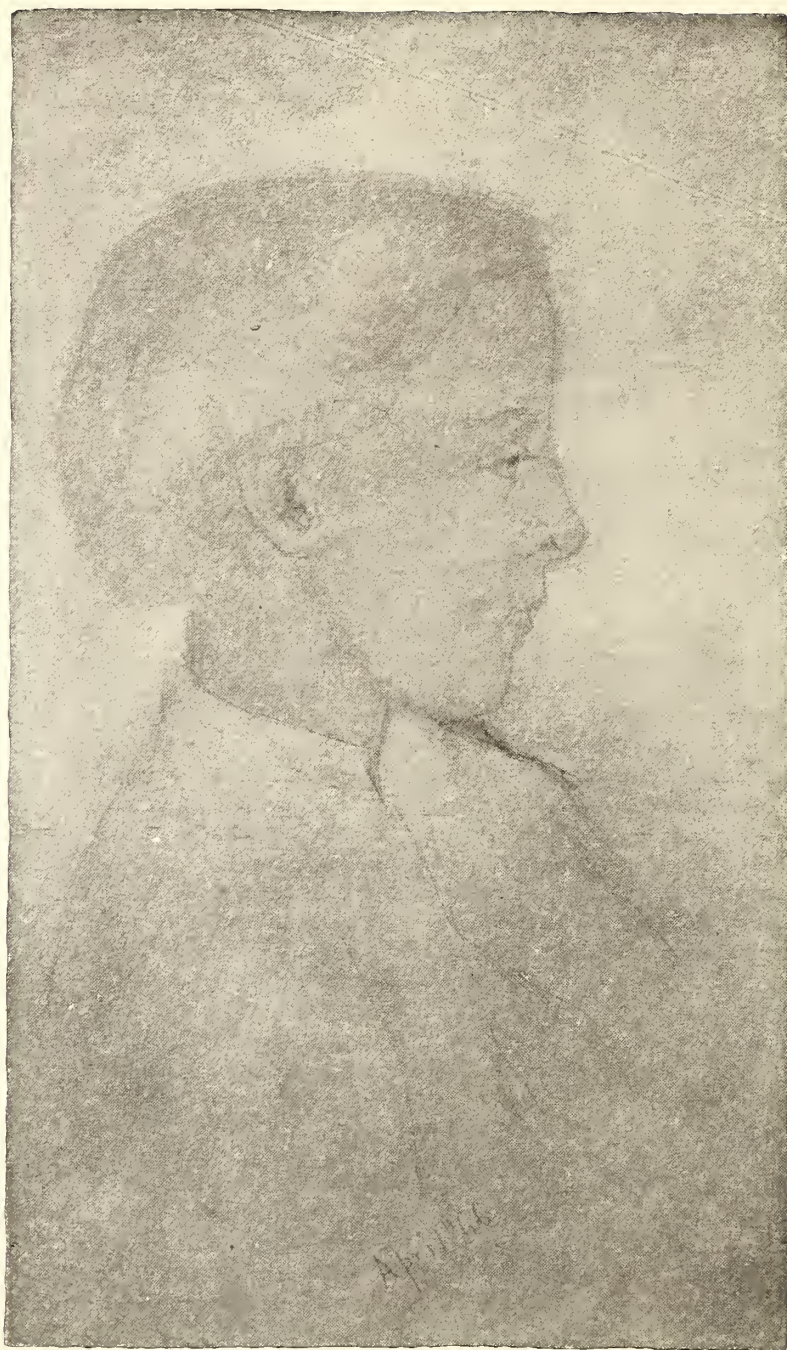
"'It sheems to me you are trying to make a fool of me.'

"All this, of course, added to the delight of the surrounding scamps, for he delivered his remark in such a way that it was I who found myself in the position of the fool.

"I have stated his name as Jacquot. I am not certain of that. It might have been Durant or Martin. But if it was not Jacquot, it ought to have been, and in calling him that I give the truer impression. It certainly describes his personality better than do the other names.

"In these surroundings, then, I prospered until at last I was awarded the first prize and subsequently, with a lot of other successful youths, received, with the medal, a crown of laurel, presented by a M. de Nieuquerque, a large man, probably Master of Fine Arts, who was much in favor at the Tuileries.

"To return to my home life, when I left my uncle's house I went first to a room adjoining Lupi's, at Montmartre,



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LOUIS SAINT-GAUDENS

From a drawing by his brother, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, made in 1866, just before the latter's departure for Europe.

attending the modeling school in the mornings and nights, and supporting myself on what I earned by the cameos I cut in the afternoon. But I worked so much at the school and so little at the cameos that I became miserably poor, barely earning enough for my living."

This was consistently true not only then, but through all my father's student days abroad. And the struggle of that period so branded itself upon his memory that during his later life he constantly made remarks that showed he was thinking of what he had suffered. For instance,

on two occasions he wrote me, probably in this strain of reminiscence:

"I was struck with what Whistler said to Shiff the other night. 'I never complain.'"

And again:

"Make the best of it. There is interest in everything and everybody."

Later he wrote to Mr. Abbott Thayer about the painter's letter of praise for the Sherman statue:

"I am putting it away as one of my treasures for our children to read when we will be memories of 'fellows who tried their damndest.'"

At another time he sent to Mr. Barry Faulkner the following encouragement of his decorative talent:

"You are particularly gifted in that way and although it may not be remunerative now, I think you should not look at that as long as you can pay for a cracker and a cup of coffee."

But to continue the reminiscences:

"So I moved from place to place, to cheaper and cheaper lodgings. First, as the journey to Montmartre four times a day—ten miles in all—was very fatiguing, I took a room in the Rue Jacob, in the Latin Quarter, quite near the school. Then from the Latin Quarter I went to some distant street in the Vaugirard Quarter, where I stayed with the son of an old shoemaking friend of my father's. After that I lived elsewhere, I have forgotten on what street, in the same quarter. From the Vaugirard Quarter I moved to Truman Bartlett's studio near the Arc de Triomphe, sleeping on a mattress on the floor. What stands out in my memory of this time is the reading of Plutarch's Lives, as I walked each morning down the Champs-Élysées from the Arc de Triomphe to the School of Fine Arts. What he writes of Germanicus and of the beauty of his character caused me to make a great resolve to be the most lovable man that ever was. Next, with an old-time Cooper Union chum, I took my belongings over to the very dirty though interesting St. Jacques Quarter. But this place was drenched with the odor from the manufacture of perfume downstairs. Accordingly, in process of time, I with my friend Herzog occupied two small bedrooms in the attic of a fine apartment-house opposite the College of France.

"While I am on the subject of this house, I must tell of the moving there from the St. Jacques Quarter. This removal we made by hiring a hand-cart for five cents an hour, in which we stowed Herzog's and my possessions. Our treasures consisted of two cot-beds, two pitchers, two basins, a lot of books and a modeling-stand, besides some clothes and bedding. But limited as they were, they piled up more than the cart could conveniently carry. So, when we dragged it through the streets with the aid of another friend, we lost a good quarter of them, in spite of the fact that one of us ran behind to gather the dribbles that were dropped along the road. The reason that this part of the transportation was not very successful was that, in order to conceal the Spartan simplicity of our household, we foxily undertook our moving in the night. And for the same reason,—our feelings of shame at the forlorn character of our belongings,—notwithstanding the gloom, we slunk past the concierge and carried the things to the top floor.

"Here, in addition to our other troubles, I attempted to give a sleeping-place to an enthusiastic friend. He was a young Englishman of French origin, the son of a wealthy shoe-dealer. He had run away from home because his father wished him to declare himself a French citizen and to submit to the French conscription. First, though my cot measured about two and a half feet across, we attempted to sleep together on it. So as not to spill over the sides, we had to stick to one another as tight as two spoons; and to save space, he lay with his head on my arm. In the middle of the night we turned over and I put my head on his arm. This left us the next morning in a condition which forbade repetition. I then put the mattress on the floor for him, while I slept on the canvas bottom of the bed. But I suffered so with cold coming from below, notwithstanding the fact that I dragged all my clothes over me from the rack at my feet, that the arrangement had to be abandoned.

"To go back to my studies, at the end of nine months of the Petite Ecole, I felt much impressed by the receipt of a large envelop with the United States seal on it, notifying me of my admission to the Beaux Arts. This was a great joy. My first step then was to obtain the authorization

from the master whose atelier I wished to enter. I followed the advice of a boy, Dammouse,—since one of the leading ceramists of France, a man of exquisite taste,—whose friendship I had made in the little Ecole de Médecine, and selected Jouffroy because Dammouse had a friend with that master.

“At that time Jouffroy’s atelier was the triumphant one of the Beaux Arts, his class, as a rule, capturing most of the prizes. From there Barrias received his Prize of Rome three years before I arrived, Falguière two years before and Mercié the year after. Mercié entered the atelier at the same time I did, and his money and mine were united in one grand spree. There is a story to the effect that, as a result of this spree, in returning home he entered some other person’s apartment, and finding the canary’s little water-pot empty, filled it with kerosene.

“To Jouffroy, therefore, I brought my drawings. In two days I was admitted, and immediately plunged into work, being the only American in the class, though Olin Warner followed me some six months later. It subsequently became the atelier where most of the Americans studied, under the teachings of Falguière after the death of Jouffroy, and under Mercié after the death of Falguière. I was by no means a brilliant pupil, though the steadiness of Jouffroy’s compliments consoled me for my inevitable failures in direct competition. These failures did not for a moment, however, discourage me or create any doubts in my mind as to my infinite superiority. Doubts, however, have come later in life, and in such full measure that my youthful presumption and vanity have been abundantly atoned for.”

The “steadiness of Jouffroy’s compliments” was probably due to the steadiness of his pupil’s work. For instance, to the end of his days my father never had any patience with the superior young man or woman who in modeling thought it beneath him or her to take laborious measurements. For my father insisted that after the pupil had done all of this he possibly could, there still remained more than enough to occupy him.

The reminiscences continue:

“Jouffroy was tall, thin, dark, wiry, with little, intelligent black eyes and a queer face in profile, his forehead and nose

descending in a straight line from the roots of his hair to within an inch of the end of the nose, which suddenly burst out round and red. The ball was discreet in size: it would have been in bad taste had it been larger. He also had stringy hair and a nasal voice. He made his criticisms in a low, drawling tone, nine tenths of the time in a perfunctory way, looking in an entirely different direction from the model and from the study. Occasionally he worked on the figures in a strange fashion, his right hand pawing the clay, while in his left he held a little wad of bread which he constantly rolled. He was much in vogue at the Tuileries at that time, although he had achieved his distinction some ten or fifteen years before my arrival by one of the masterpieces of French sculpture,—and that is saying a good deal,—called ‘The Secret of Venus.’ It is the figure of a young girl standing on tiptoe, whispering into the ear of a Hermes. This remarkably beautiful nude he modeled in the classical direction then prevailing, but with such distinction, reserve, and personality that the affectation added to its charm instead of detracting therefrom. I know nothing of his other sculpture except the large decorative groups on each side of the arches at the entrance of the Place du Carrousel, as approached from the River Seine, and one of the four groups in front of the Grand Opera. They are neither one thing nor the other.

“I have spoken of my own presumption and vanity at this period. But the incident I am going to relate shows that there were other idiots with like characteristics in the school. Lectures in anatomy were given in the amphitheater over bodies dissected in the presence of the students; and at times some of the lecturers were men of the highest distinction in the medical profession. On the day in question, the aged doctor, during his discourse where he was showing the general similarity in the construction of the bones, muscles, and brain of the orang-utan and man, stated that, so far as he could see, the only, but important, point that distinguished man from the animal was that man had the idea of God. Thereupon the advanced young thinkers, the liberals, and prospective great artists, hissed, stamped their feet, and otherwise showed violent dissension and scorn for so retrograde an assertion.

They at least were not so conservative, or stupid, as to believe in any stuff about God, and all that rot. I was greatly surprised by this, all the more so in that usually the youth of France shows a marked respect for age and achievement of learning,—I have always felt that the lack of that attitude was to the detriment of us Americans,—whereas they seemed to admire a fool, the doctor's assistant, a tall, dark Southerner with very long hair, mustaches, and beard, whose duty it was to prepare the bodies for the professor, and who affected to eat, munching pieces of bread for his lunch while handling the bodies and slamming them around on the dissecting-table. And so it goes.

"For a strange reason I was exempt from the general hazing which sometimes was quite rough in those ateliers."

That is, my father was nearly exempt, but not quite; as he often told the story of how when he was a "nouveau" the older students gave him a parcel to be carried to the other end of Paris. After crossing the city, he found that no such house as the one described stood in the street named, and that the parcel contained a brick. My father continues:

"New-comers were required to contribute about twenty francs for a spree to celebrate their arrival. The money was spent, of course, on wine, resulting in the rather hilarious happiness of the participants. In the midst of it, upon my initiation, I was asked to sing, and created a furor of enthusiasm by giving the 'Marseillaise' in English. This they made me repeat again and again, encouraging me by praise of my voice, which in my idiotic vanity I imagined to be as beautiful as they said. I proved an easy victim. The following day they told me that the noise and uproar, which rarely ceased in the atelier, would stop the moment the 'massier,' the president and treasurer of the class, entered the studio, because he was a person of importance and had to be treated with respect. That, of course, was all nonsense, as he was simply one of the pupils, a little older than the rest. But on his arrival there fell a hush, and presently certain of the boys came over to me like a deputation, saying that the massier wished me to sing the 'Marseillaise' in English. I refused with becoming modesty and much fright. They retired with my message,

but soon came back to me with another from him, insisting on the song, as he had heard that I had 'a wonderful voice.' I again refused. And the third time they explained that the order was imperative and that if I did not obey I would regret it. I immediately began, and bawled away at the top of my lungs, to hysterical applause. They kept this up every day for so long a time before I realized that they were making fun of me that I am ashamed to recall it. And that was why I was not made to undress, or to be painted nude, or to undergo any of the numerous ignominies that the poor beginner frequently endures. I was finally admitted to full membership and teased no more, becoming one of the most boisterous, if not one of the most malicious."

Yet that condition never seemed to deter my father's earnestness of purpose, for his old friend M. Alfred Garnier writes of him:

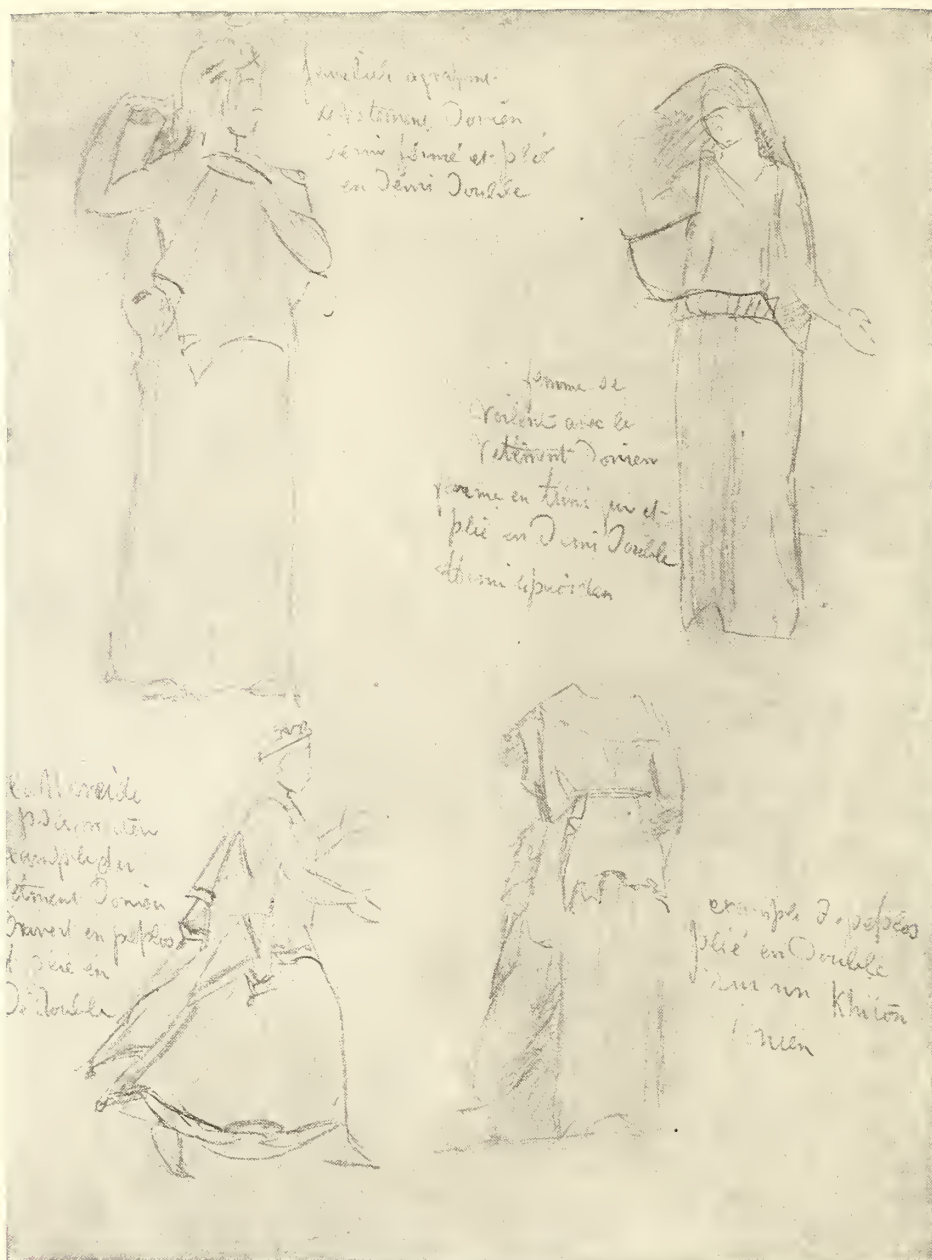
"In Jouffroy's class, when Augustus became a senior, he was one of the most turbulent of the lot, singing and whistling to split your ears. All of which did not hinder him from working with his whole soul and thinking of the future."

And later my father wrote to my mother:

"While I was at the Beaux Arts it was hell generally, all the time, right around the fellers, yelling, fighting, singing, throwing things; and yet the three or four really serious men kept right on, regardless. That was the case with me."

To return to the reminiscences:

"While I was at Jouffroy's I formed three of my greatest friendships. One for Alfred Garnier, another for Paul Bion, a long, thin, intellectual young fellow who had been brought up piously, and who had been most shamefully hazed on entering the school. He possessed a nobility of character unusual in such surroundings. Perhaps I was a shade less brutal than the others, and for that reason we became friends. Our care for each other continued without break or quarrel to the day of his death, thirty years afterward. The third companion I made was a Portuguese, Soares dos Reis. He, too, was long, dark, and thin, of an effeminate nature, inclined to melancholy, the kindest man in the world. He committed suicide in Portugal some fifteen years later, through mari-



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STUDIES OF GREEK COSTUME

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

tal troubles. He had an exquisite talent, and I shall speak more of him later on.

"Although this was certainly a very important part of my existence, when I come to it I do not seem to be able to recall incidents as I did of an earlier period, nor do I remember appreciating seriously any of the things that ought to be appreciated. My life in the atelier was the regular life of a student, with most of its enthusiasms

and disheartenings. But my ambition was of such a soaring nature, and I was so tremendously austere, that I had the deepest scorn for the ordinary amusements of the light operas, balls, and what not; and I felt a Spartan-like superiority in my disdain for the famous *Schneider* in Offenbach's productions which had a tremendous success at that time. I have since entirely changed my point of view, and

regret nothing more than that I missed the plays which have become classic, and which were done in a way that probably will not be repeated.

"On the other hand, my profundity allowed me to go to the Sunday Classical Concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver on the Boulevard, which I attended with great regularity. There are seven or eight such concerts now, I am told; whereas at that time there was but one, the leader of which was M. Padeloup. I heard all his good music, and was a witness during all the Sunday battles when he attempted to introduce Wagner to the French audiences, a large part of whom came with the deliberate intention of suppressing and howling down the 'Flying Dutchman,' one of the principal pieces on the program. In France, the whistle is the sign of derogation and disapproval, and the spectators brought numbers of them. As soon as the leader raised his arm for the first bars of the music, the storm began. It was so great that it was impossible to hear the musicians. We could see the fiddlers fiddling away at a tremendous rate and evidently making a lot of noise; but, in the overpowering uproar of the audience, it seemed like a dumb show. At last Padeloup gave it up. Then he began again. The uproar was repeated. So the second time he turned to the audience,—he was a short, chubby man,—and said that this piece was on the program, that those who did not wish to hear it had not been forced to come and could have remained away if it was distasteful, that therefore he was going to play it right through, regardless of any antagonistic demonstration, and that if they did not wish to hear it, they had better go out now. He began again, and the uproar and the dumb show were repeated. Now the friends of Wagner added to the tumult by constant applause. Little by little the anti-Wagnerites gave way, and the last half was heard in comparative order.

"At this time I was active beyond measure. After drawing-school at night I went to a gymnasium, where I exercised more violently than the others, and where I took colder douches. Also I constantly visited the swimming-baths, where I remained longer than my friends."

M. Alfred Garnier writes in French to my uncle, Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, of

his meeting with my father and of his life during these years. I translate and abbreviate:

" . . . A few days afterward, on going in the evening to a little gymnasium which I frequented in a street near the Panthéon, I saw a young man who, for some reason or other, seemed to me to be the American in question. What was it attracted me to him? Was it his face? Was it his eyes, so frank, so candid? Yes, perhaps it was his eyes. But I speak, of course, of his eyes of twenty years. You do not remember them as I do; since a few years later they had entirely changed. Yet then he felt that the uncertainty of the morrow had vanished, that he was going to be able to earn his living easily, that his growing talent had begun to be known. His tranquillity replaced his cheerfulness. As fast as the one came the other went away.

"The next day, Sunday morning, I went for a walk before lunch in spite of rainy and foggy weather. Many persons were then in the habit of going, out of curiosity, to look at the show windows of D'Angleterre, a celebrated picture-dealer of the time, who lived at the corner of the Rue de Seine and another little street which entered it, forming a sharp angle. So after having turned into this quarter, very much changed since then, I naturally strolled toward D'Angleterre's. There I saw my American. I went up to him and spoke, perhaps with a little impertinence. However, to all of my advances he answered only indifferently, making me feel that I would do him a very sensible pleasure if I left him alone. But notwithstanding his unwillingness I stuck by him when he left the show windows without saying either good-day or good-night, and, to my own surprise, under the rain which fell heavily, walked along with him and continued a one-sided conversation. In such a manner we went around all the little streets of that region, he, no doubt, wishing to have me leave him, until at last he arrived in the Rue Jacob and, coming before a house, saluted me coolly, saying that he was now home, and disappeared.

"But the following gymnasium evening I met him again, and we wrestled with each other under the direction of Regamey, who was a good wrestler. Then, after we had plentifully rolled each



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COMPOSITION

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

other around, and after we had thrown each other a dozen times,—you can imagine how we looked with that black sawdust glued by sweat to our faces and bodies,—the ice was broken.

"From now on I often went to see him in his room, where he engraved cameos; for though in the mornings he came to the school, his afternoons had to be consecrated to earning his living. At this period Augustus was the gayest of young men, though that did not prevent his undertone of seriousness and reflection. I remember how much he was moved when he received a few dollars which his parents sent to him. He thought probably of the privations which he imposed on them for the sake of his success; and he used to ask himself if the time would come when he would be able to help them in his turn.

"For amusement we often swam in the baths of the Louvre. When one of us suggested that, we always added, 'Are n't you coming, Saint-Gaudens?' for we knew this to be his weakness. He went there purposely in the morning at five o'clock in order not to interrupt his work. But often somebody would be able to lead him astray again during the day. I always accompanied him. He swam well and

with unusual enjoyment. You should have seen him dive from the top of the steps, disappear, and reappear. It was intoxication for him."

To return to the reminiscences:

"Now also I began to make trips into the country with Dammouse and Garnier. But as I recall them, rather than a wild love of nature, these were the unconscious expenditure of superabundant energy wherein the number of kilometers covered furnished the principal pleasure. Two excursions, however, stand out conspicuously. One was a walk from Paris to St. Valery, and from there along the coast to Dieppe and back in the cars. Here was recalled that sense of delight at seeing hill beyond hill that came to me on Staten Island."

M. Garnier writes of this trip:

"Several times we took long walks with Dammouse of twelve or fifteen leagues a day. Once in especial we went from Paris by railroad as far as Mantes and from there, each of us with a knapsack, we passed through Rouen afoot as far as St. Valery-en-Caux. Five minutes after we reached the sea-shore we were in the water in spite of the heavy waves; for as soon as he saw the water Augustus had to en-

ter, and I had to follow, thinking that the sea was always heavy like that. Soon we heard persons yelling at us, because the day before a young man had been drowned there. Then we came back to the shore. On that occasion Dammouse, who was prudence itself and who always remained concentrated prudence, watched us tranquilly. But afterward we all went in swimming again time after time, for we followed the coast as far as Dieppe."

To go back to the reminiscences again:

"Another trip which we took to Switzerland on an absurdly small sum—one hundred to one hundred and fifty francs—had for me an interesting, amusing, painful, and sensational beginning. I then, with my friend Herzog, occupied that attic opposite the College of France. The morning of starting from my sixth floor I shouldered a heavy knapsack with a tin cup attached, and laced-up heavy shoes protected with smooth-headed hobnails. The floors of the staircase were, as those familiar with that class of houses in Paris know, thoroughly waxed, polished, and slippery. So when I started on the top step of the top floor my feet went out from under me and I jangled down on a part of the body not intended for locomotion, with a tremendous clatter of the cup and other paraphernalia. The next flight I approached with caution, but ineffectually, and the riotous descent was repeated. Then again on the stairs below I resumed my unconventional slide, until persons rushed out on the landings from their apartments, and servant-girls stuck their heads from the kitchens upon the resounding court, in wonder and alarm at what was taking place.

"From that scene the three of us went on one of those awful excursion trains as far as Strasburg. Then we walked to Basle in Switzerland, and down the valley of the Jura to a point opposite Coppet. It was in this valley, after a ferocious climb up some almost inaccessible hill, that the stupendous view of the Alps burst upon us, recalling again the enchantment of my first experience of nature when I was thirteen, but not equaling it. From Coppet we went to the Château Chillon at the end of the lake, walked along the valley of the Chamounix, climbed Mont Blanc as far as the Montanvert, thence returned on foot in a drenching rainstorm to Ge-

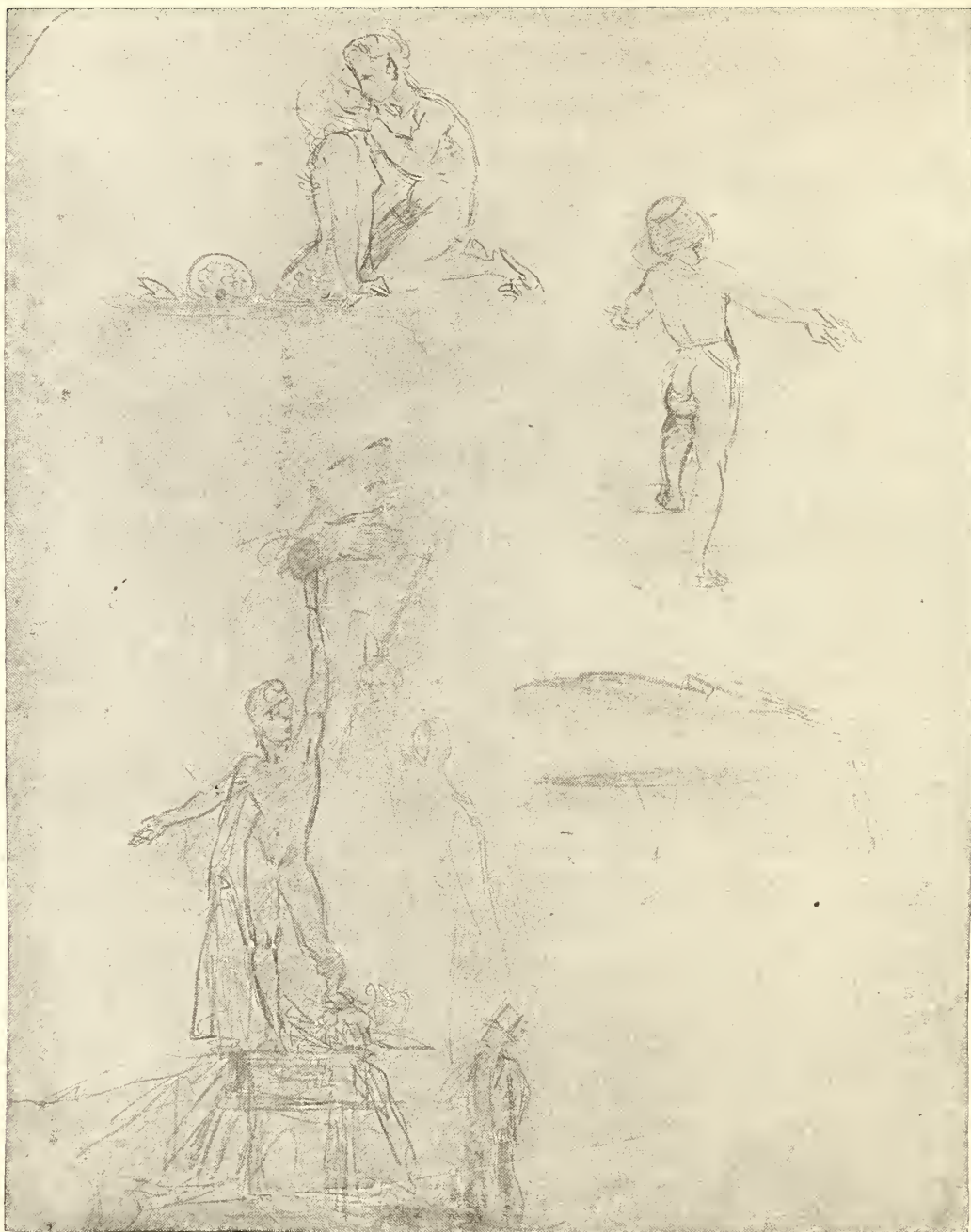
neva, and finally reached Paris with a franc each in our pockets."

M. Garnier writes of the trip. I translate portions:

"For the vacation of 1869 we planned a journey into Switzerland. As soon as we mentioned it to Augustus he wanted to leave. But it was necessary to provide a purse and baggage and good shoes. We had all the trouble in the world to get Augustus to understand this. He said: 'Better start at once. We will see about those things afterward.' Finally, however, like ourselves, he scraped together a little money, his knapsack, and what was necessary to put into it. We left in a third-class excursion train bound for Strasburg. I do not remember just how we managed to sell our return tickets, but we sold them. The day after, we visited the cathedral and went to the top of the spire to admire the panorama; but it was always Augustus who admired the best and the most. Nobody so much as he got his money's worth, as everything seemed lovely, everything beautiful. We bathed in the Rhine. We passed over it on a bridge of boats and drank beer in Germany. It was wonderful. Fortunately we had given our money to Dammouse to keep, as he was charged to pay the expenses. We knew that he was more reasonable than ourselves, and therefore would prevent our committing follies.

"From Strasburg we directed our steps across the beautiful country of Alsace to Basle. There we visited the museum, although it was not a regular visiting day, because we were furnished with a letter from M. Gillaume, on the official paper of the Minister of Fine Arts, which described us as distinguished pupils of the school traveling for instruction.

"The next morning we left Basle at the caprice of the winds. After a few leagues we followed a valley through which ran a brook that from time to time we saw below the road. Then, all at once, on the slope beyond the stream, we caught sight of a little old castle. We stopped to admire it; whereupon, at a window, a large window way up near the top, appeared a woman. Was it a woman or a young girl? From the distance we could not tell. Naturally, however, she appeared to us young and beautiful, seen in a castle from afar by youths of twenty.



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STUDIES FOR A FOUNTAIN

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

Perhaps we were more visible to her than she was to us; for we had on white blouses with striped waistbands, trousers tucked in our gaiters, slouch hats, and knapsacks on our backs. At any rate, after a moment our charming woman or young girl, whom we made out so indistinctly, waved a white scarf. Immediately the

imagination of Augustus and myself took fire and flame; though not so the imagination of our little pocket-book, Dammouse. We began to ask ourselves, 'Is she not an unfortunate woman imprisoned in this castle by some horrible husband? Would it not be generous and chivalrous of us to deliver her?' Ah, how charming were

all those follies which passed through our heads! 'Yes, but we still have a long journey to make before arriving at our stopping-place,' our cashier interrupted. So with a hunch of our shoulders to replace our knapsacks, we once more took the road. . . .

"On reaching Coppet, we followed the shore of the lake as far as Lausanne, taking baths at intervals, for we always jumped in when there was water. Once Augustus wished that we two should swim across a sort of little bay. All went well until I was half-way on the trip, when, turning my head and seeing myself far from both shores, I became frightened. Augustus was a few strokes ahead of me. 'Don't swim so fast. I want to catch up with you,' I shouted. And then the fear ceased as I encouraged myself in thinking that, if I were to drown, he would drown also in trying to save me. Together we finished the crossing easily, but I never dared to tell him of my fright.

"About thirty years afterward, in our beautiful trip through Italy, Augustus often remarked to me that our journey through the Juras and in Switzerland was one of the finest he ever had, incomparable to any others. I agree with him."

The reminiscences say:

"Shortly after this trip, war was declared, and, in common with most republican sympathizers, I felt violent antagonism to the action of the French government."

M. Garnier describes that moment:

"Augustus and I were at the opera with Defelici at the time that war was declared. I believe they were playing or singing 'La Muette de Portice.' At any rate, near the end of the performance the principal actor came before the audience with a flag in his hand to call on them to sing the 'National Hymn.' Then every one went crazy, and we not less than the others; so crazy that soon we found ourselves with Bastien-Lepage, and one of his friends, on the Boulevard, where we hammered with fists and canes a number of the idiots who were crying 'To Berlin!'"

My father continues:

"I believe it is not generally appreciated that the republican party opposed the war; so nothing was more striking

than to see the Paris regiments going up the Boulevard de Strasbourg to the railroad station, straggling along apparently in confusion, followed by their wives, children, and friends, while many of the men shouted, 'Vive la Paix!' Again I recall watching some of the provincial troops marching to the same station in the night, but in more regular order, many of them intoxicated, singing the 'Marseillaise.' As they filed by in the dark, they gave me strongly the impression of sheep being driven to the shambles. Indeed, so vivid was their misery and so intense the pathos, that in my sympathy I rushed up and embraced two or three of the soldiers as they went by.

"Previous to this, I had fortunately been given a stone cameo portrait to do, for which I was to be paid one hundred dollars, an enormous sum to me at that time. The lady who ordered it, a widow from Canada, left suddenly for America when the war broke out, and I sent the cameo to her by her father. Knowing, therefore, that I was to have this money, I left Paris on the fourth of September for Limoges, where my brother worked in the employ of one of the New York porcelain firms. On that day the republic was declared, and I learned of it when I arrived at Limoges at night. Immediately followed Bismarck's rejection of Jules Favre's proclamation that the republican party, then in power, would be willing to stop the war, 'pay an indemnity, but would not relinquish a stone of their fortresses or an inch of their territory.' This brought the republicans to the defense of their country, and I started back to Paris to join either the active army or the ambulance corps. On arriving there, however, I found a letter from my mother so pathetic that my courage failed, and I decided to return to Limoges. But I was in Paris long enough to be present at the entrance into the city of the troops from Brittany, marching in at the Porte d'Orléans, with no uniforms, but in simple blouses; while crowded with them, in utter confusion and dust, were droves of sheep and cattle, being led to the Jardin des Plantes, in preparation for the coming siege. That was a vision of war that I can never forget. Another spectacle which made a profound impression on me was seeing parts of the defeated army of MacMahon,

which had been hurried into Paris, bivouacking on the magnificent Avenue de la Grande-Armée, the troops in their weather-worn uniforms, the camp-fires and the stacked arms. The irony of these defeated legions under the shadow of the great arch erected to the honor of Napoleon's victories comes only to me now."

The following is a translation of a letter my father wrote in French to M. Garnier from Limoges on September 21, 1870.

"Dear Alfred:

"Although the regular postal service is interrupted, I hope this will reach you. I feel persuaded you think me a coward, and I don't blame you. But I am going to explain what happened, and then I am certain you will agree that I was justified in doing what I did.

"I was at Lieusaint on the third of September and heard nothing of the defeat at Sedan and the capture of the Emperor. I returned to Paris very late and went to bed. Early the next morning I started for the railway-station, and on the way saw the proclamation of the Emperor's ministers, but my lack of confidence in their ability and my preoccupation prevented my remaining in Paris. I bought a 'Siècle' and put it in my pocket. About an hour after, I took it out and read the speech made by Jules Favre the day before, and then, though I regretted my going away, I said to myself, 'There is no hurry. I am traveling only as far as Limoges, where I will find Lafond, who, I am sure, will come back with me at once.' On my arrival there I learned that the republic was proclaimed, and that settled my mind to revisit Paris and to volunteer. I soon found Lafond, who told me he was on the conscription list, and that therefore he had to remain where he was. The next day he was drafted into the 10th infantry, and I returned to Paris alone. The train was filled with women weeping for their husbands and sons off at the front, which made me think of home, my mother, and the years of absence, all of which saddened me. On reaching Paris, I found more regiments leaving and more scenes of misery to weaken my resolution, and then, to cap the climax, an eight-page letter from my mother, telling of her state of mind concerning me, and imploring me to keep out of political affairs and to return to America at any cost.

"I know you love your mother, and you realize how much I think of mine. What would you have done in my place? You would have done as I did, I feel sure. I understand that one's duty to a great cause should be paramount to the love one bears his parents, but I confess I had no such stern resolve. Once more I am back in Limoges, where I can assure you I am not at all happy. My thoughts are continually with you on the field of danger, while regretting my inactivity here. I feel now that I should rather be bereft of those parents, whose existence interferes with the defense of my principles. So you see I am hard pressed.

"If they were only here, I would not hesitate a moment, but they are getting old and love me. They have worked hard all their lives, are poor, and are still working. What would happen if they should lose me now? You can imagine what a miserable state of mind I am in. Your friend, Gus."

To take up the reminiscences again:

"I returned to Limoges, where I remained two or three months. Then, borrowing one hundred francs from my brother, I started for Rome, as I knew that there I would find an Italian friend, and very probably work. It was miserable November weather. I crossed France to Lyons in the hope of taking a steamer which I was told descended the Rhone to Avignon, near Marseilles, at a very reduced price. But at Lyons I found the service stopped, so I had to go down in the cars. While loitering at the station it was queer to see some twenty or thirty Prussian prisoners awaiting a train, calmly lounging about, smoking their peaceful family-looking porcelain pipes.

"At Marseilles I just missed a boat that went to Civita Vecchia, the point of landing for Rome, so I had to wait three days more. I was not the most respectable object in the world; and, as I was followed once or twice during the first day by other suspicious-looking persons, through fear I determined to pass my time away from the city, which I did by going to the hill called Notre Dame de Bonne Garde, from which there was a marvelous view of Marseilles, the Mediterranean, and the surrounding coast.

"During all this time, in fact during the whole trip from Limoges, I lived on



From a photograph owned by Thomas Moore. Copyright, 1908, by Augusta Saint-Gaudens

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS (SEATED), GEORGE DUBOIS (AT THE LEFT),
AND ERNEST MAYOR, DURING A WALKING TRIP IN 1871

figs and chocolate and pieces of an extraordinary pâté, given me by the big, fat, whole-hearted wife of the owner of the pension where my brother lived. So by the time I boarded the little steamer for Civita Vecchia, my stomach was not in a condition to be tossed about. My other possession besides this pâté was the box containing my cameo-cutter's lathe, to which I clung during the forty or fifty hours of the journey between Marseilles and Civita Vecchia, during which I suffered the tortures of the damned, rolling round the deck in misery, and in my more lucid

intervals catching glimpses of the sailors seated before my pâté, which they, no doubt, seeing that I was unable to appreciate it, concluded to dispose of themselves.

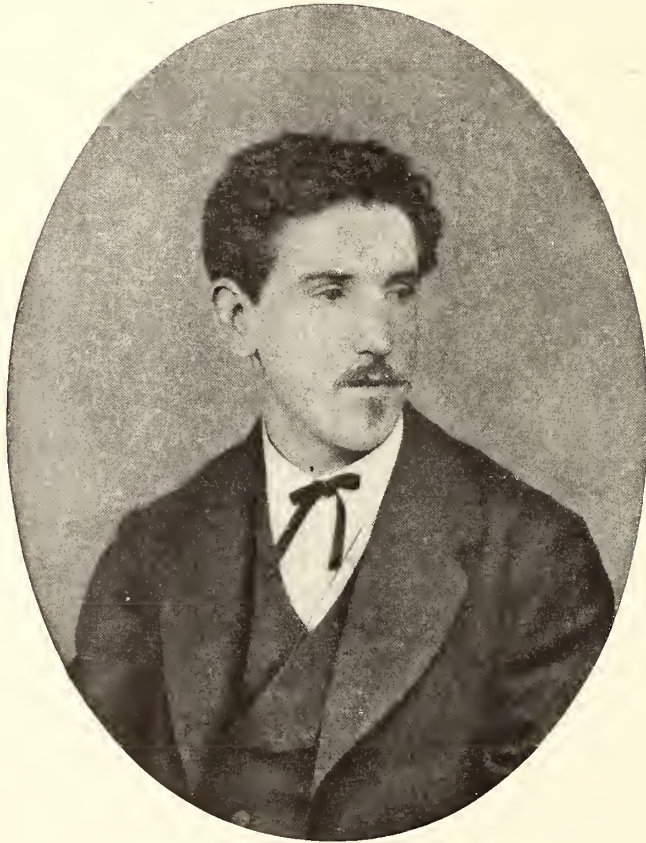
"In contrast to this, the trip to Rome from Civita Vecchia, when the cars rolled through the soft air of the Campagna, seemed like the entrance into paradise. I arrived there in the night, and called immediately on my friend, who, they told me, was in an adjoining house. There I found him paying court to the most beautiful creature in the world. I slept in his

room, and the following morning I awoke to the blessed charm of Rome.

"The fascination of the Holy City as I stepped into the street the first time that morning, can be appreciated only by those who have lived there. Coming so soon after the misery of the gray, bleak weather of France, the war and its disaster, and the terrible Mediterranean trip, it seemed all the more exalting. As I turned

beauty of surrounding nature than that which existed in France came over me, so that the classic charm of the Campagna, of the Sabine Mountains, of Tivoli, of Albano, and of Frascati, was by no means lost on me during my frequent Sunday trips to these places with my acquaintances."

The sense of that charm stayed with my father all his life, and led him to become one of the most earnest workers for



AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

From a photograph sent from Rome in the sixties.
Owned by Mrs. D. J. McDonald.

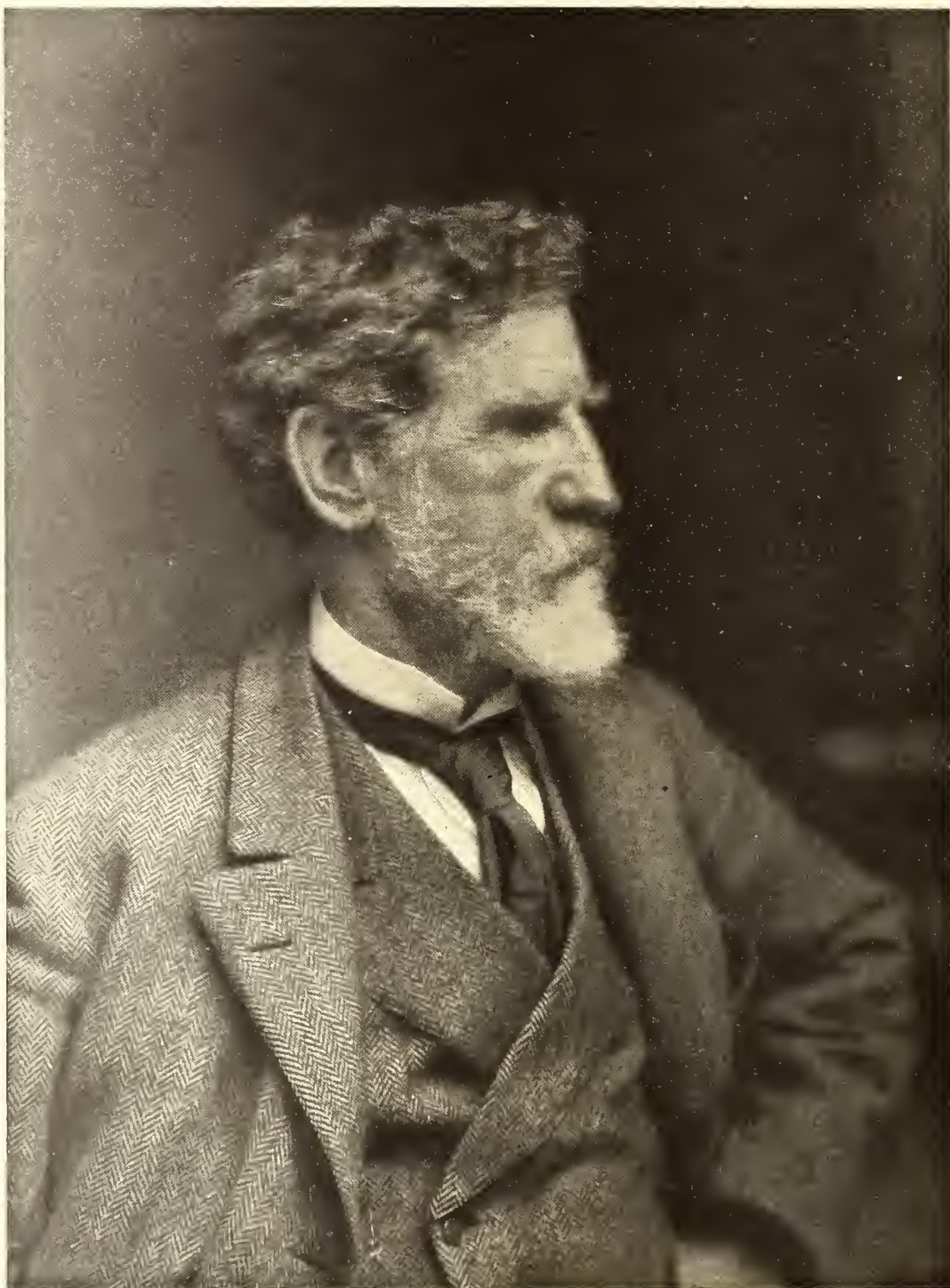
the corner from the Via Sistina, where my friend lived, and looked up the Via Porta Pinciana, the first view of a stone-pine at the head of the street appeared incomparably beautiful in the gentle welcome which seemed to pervade it all. It was as if a door had been thrown wide open to the eternal beauty of the classical. Therefore though the story of my life in Paris was repeated while in Rome in so far that my enthusiasm for my work made me neglect the earning of pennies to such an extent that I was down at the heels most of the time, a greater appreciation of the

the endowed American Academy in Rome, now established in the Villa Mirafiori. It was the remembrance of those days which induced him to direct one of the few public speeches he ever made, toward helping American youth to "that wonderful spot, which, void of all business cares, should tend to an earnest and more thorough training of those who wish to become sculptors." And when at last he realized his ambition he gave evidence of his state of mind in the following letter which he wrote to his fellow promoter, Mr. Charles F. McKim:



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SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF HIAWATHA. OWNED BY THE HILTON ESTATE, SARATOGA



From a photograph taken in 1905. Copyright, 1905, by De Witt C. Ward

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

"Karo Karlo:—

"Of course you know about the inclosed.

"Hooooooooooooooooo Raaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!

"All we want now is California's \$50,000.00 and Columbia's \$25,000.00 to complete the business; is not that so?

"You had better prepare your gripsack for the opening next year."

My father in his reminiscences continues to illustrate this attitude:

"It was shortly after my arrival in Rome that I witnessed one of those scenes which it seems to me are possible only in Italy; for that country has an extraordinary gift for public celebration which always shows itself in a surprising measure. King Victor Emmanuel's formal entrance into the city was the event in the history of Italy at the time, and the population meant that it should be memorable. The palaces and houses on each side of the Corso, which was crowded with people, were made alive and gorgeous with all manner of rugs, flags, flowers, and garlands. Along its narrow sidewalks from one end of the route, the railroad station, to the palace of the Quirinal at the other, stood soldiers within a foot or two of one another. After the usual wait that seems inevitable in all affairs of this kind, I became conscious of a confused sound in the distance, which increased gradually to a roar. On looking up the street, a cloud seemed to fill all the end. This approached with increasing rush of noise, and as it drew near, it was seen to be a tremendous storm of flowers. Then came a bewildering instant of wild enthusiasm from the people as the King was driven past at a very high speed, preceded by a crowd of dragoons and followed by more. As he flew by, we found ourselves in the height of the noise and confusion and the flowers and what not. But in a moment the storm disappeared down the street like a tornado diminishing in the distance. Such was his entry. And the haste no doubt was a wise precaution against possible bombs.

"Through my friend whom I visited on my coming to Rome, I immediately obtained cameos to do for a dealer, Rossi by name, a man with a big red beard, who lived in the Via Margutta. He paid what seemed to me large prices, and I set about to find a studio in which to model

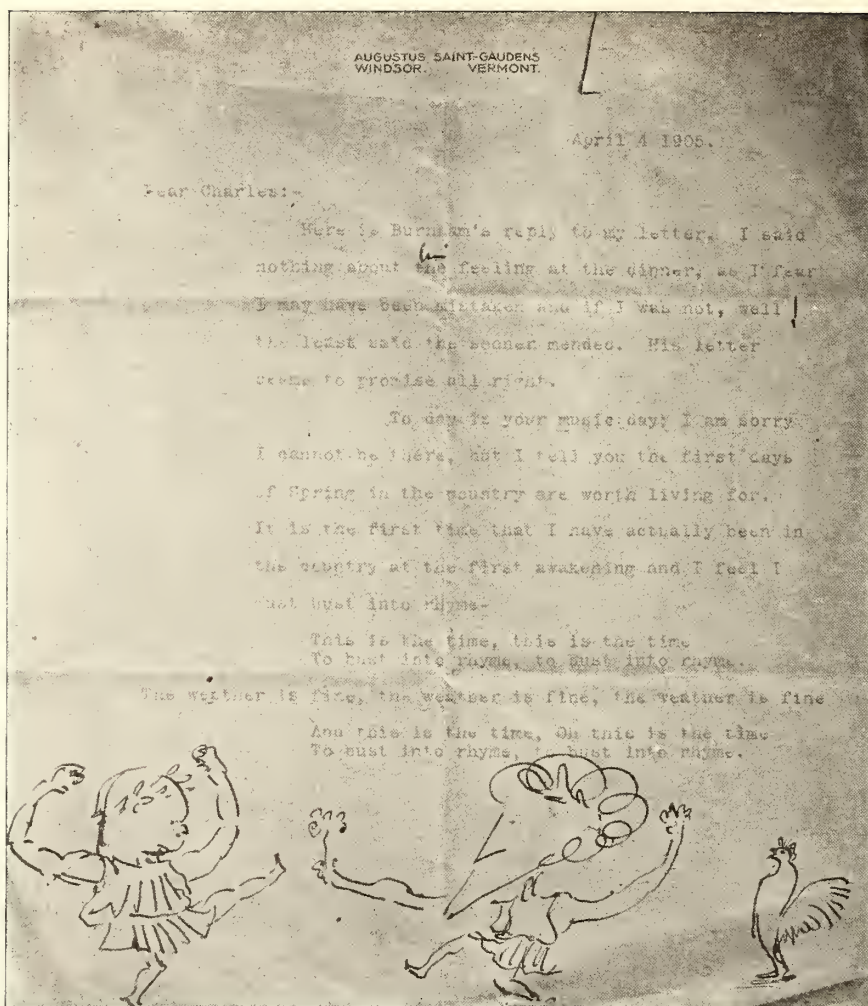
my first statue, which was to astonish the world.

"Truman Bartlett, whose place I have said I occupied for a short time in Paris, informed me that there was an American dying near by who had precisely what I wished, with a studio adjoining, and that, if I would wait a little, it would not be long before I could obtain possession. While awaiting the event, another friend came to me saying that he knew this very sick American, whom it would be a kindness to visit. He had had a stroke of paralysis, so I was told that although his speech was incoherent, it would be well to pretend to understand him and to cheer him up. When I called, I found a living dead man on a low cot in a little room. But he needed no cheering up, for notwithstanding the incoherence of his language, he seemed perfectly happy and contented, nailed to his bed as he was. I went to see him frequently after that. We became fast friends. This was thirty-six years ago and still he is alive, as sound as a drum, as lively as a cricket, and likely far to outlive those of us who expected to attend his funeral and to occupy his studio in Rome. I speak of Mr. William Gedney Bunce, the artist who has painted such beautiful visions of Venice."

Mr. Bunce, who is a brother of Admiral Bunce, had been a cavalry officer in the Civil War. The four years of hardship at that time had left him an invalid.

My father goes on:

"In Rome one day I met another of my Paris friends who had come to escape the war, Soares, 'Heart of Gold,' as Bion called him. He was a Fine Arts pensioner of the Portuguese government. We took a studio together, and there I set up the figure that should open people's eyes. He also began one, which represented 'The Exile,' the hero of a poem by Camoens, written while he, Camoens, was in banishment. This figure, with its melancholy, was in complete accord with Soares's own nature, and a beautiful work he made. A big sheet hung across the studio, separating us. On the other side of the sheet I began the statue of 'Hiawatha, pondering, musing in the forest, on the welfare of his people,' and so on. This accorded with my profound state of mind, pondering, musing on my own ponderous thoughts and ponderous efforts. Soares was



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FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS TO CHARLES F. McKIM

The letter, dated April 4, 1905, refers to the success of the American Academy in Rome and the caricatures typify the joy of the two friends.

really a noble nature. No breath of quarrel ever came between us, and that is saying a good deal, considering my constant readiness for one. His utmost protest was an occasional 'Ouf!' which he uttered when, following the habit of my masters in New York and my renown in Paris, I began bawling the moment I entered the studio, never to stop until I left it at one o'clock to go to my bread-winning cameos. He told me that I sang precisely like a hand-organ, that I had a regular routine of songs, one following the other until the list was exhausted. Some of these songs were interesting because they dated from a generation much earlier than those that the young people of my period were famil-

iar with. And to the boys in the Beaux Arts in Paris it seemed more than strange to have this 'pasteboard American,' as they called me, sing to them French songs that they knew nothing of. These songs I had taken from Avet and LeBrethon, who had learned them in their youth. They were popular between 1830 and 1850, and had gone entirely out of date."

A portion of a letter from my father to M. Alfred Garnier, dated Rome, March 21, 1871, well concludes this period.

"I don't want to speak to you about this war. It is too sad. So I will refrain from mentioning it until we see each other again. You must have had some terrible

OLD HEN AND THE EXPERTS

BY HERBERT QUICK

Author of "The Broken Lance"

WITH PICTURES BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

"I GUESS you have n't heard," said the hired man, pouring out his tea and blowing it, "of what happened to old Hen Peters and his forty-second nephew, Hank. You 'd better have me tell you about it. It all arose from a debate at the literary at the Bollinger school-house.

"You see, old Hen's girl Fanny come home from the State Normal at Cedar Falls as full of social uplift as a yeast-cake, and framed up this literary. It was a lulu of a society, and nights when the sledding was good, the teams just surrounded the lot, and the bells jingled as uplifting as any one could ask.

"The night of the scrap Hank brought Fanny. The debate was on Which was the most terrible scourge, fire or water. Hank was on the negative, and Fanny's father on the affirmative. Old Hen spoke of the way prairie fires devastated things in an early day, and read history, and gave a beautiful tribute to the Chicago fire and the O'Leary cow. Hank coughed with the dust kicked up when Hen sat down, but he got back with a rhapsody on the Hoang-Ho floods, and the wet season in Noah's time. He said that his honorable opponent ought to take a moment or two from time to time to ascertain the properties of water as a scourge, as an inward remedy, and as a lotion.

"Now besides having an appetite for redeye, old Hen was whiskery and woolly-necked, and handling lots of tame hay, he looked sort of unwashed. So the crowd yelled shameful and laughed; and when Hen got up to answer, he was so mad his whiskers stood out like a rooster's hackle, his words came out in a string like, all lapped on each other, and blurred, and linked together so you could n't tell one from the other; and finally they reversed

on the bobbin, and gigged back into his system, and rumbled and reverberated around in him like a flock of wild cattle loose in an empty barn; and the crowd got one of those giggly fits when every one makes the other laugh till they are sore and sick. Asa Wagstaff fell backward out of a window on to a hitching-post, and made Brad Phelps's team break loose. Old Hen stood shaking his fist at them and turning so red in the face that he got blue, and sat down without saying a syllable that any one could understand. You could hear folks hollering and screaming in fits of that laughing disease going home, and getting out and rolling in the snow because they were in agony, and nothing but rolling would touch the spot. But old Hen Peters seemed to be immune.

"Now, in a debate, no man is supposed to have friends or relations, and he floors his man with anything that comes handy, and Hank never dreamed that Hen would hold hardness when he got over his mad fit. Hank and Fanny had things all fixed up, and had been pricing things at the Banner Store, and sitting up as late as two o'clock; but the next Sunday night she met him at the door and told him maybe he 'd better not come into the sitting-room till her pa cooled off. Hank was knocked off his feet, and they stood out in the hall talking sort of tragic until old Hen yelled 'Fanny!' from the sitting-room, and they pretty near jumped out of their skins, and stood further apart, and Fanny went in. In the spring there was a row over the line fence, ending in a devil's lane. Fanny looked pretty blue, only when she was fighting with her pa. Hen would lecture about the two Peters brothers that came across in 1720, and how all Peterses that were not descended

from them are Nimshies and impostors. 'I despise and hate,' says he, 'a Nimshi and an impostor.'

"Then Fanny would shoot back a remark about the herald's college, and when was her pa going to paint the Peters coat-of-arms on the hay-rake and the hog-house, using sarcasm that no man could understand after being out of school as long as her father had been. Sometimes the old man would forget the spurious registry of the Hank family in the Peters herd-book, and would argue that relations, even the most remote and back-fence kind, ought to be prosecuted if they even dreamed of marrying; and then Fanny would say that it is such a pleasure to know that folks are not always related when they claim to be. Hen would then cuss me for not taking care of my horses' shoulders or something, and things would get no better rapidly.

"Young folks need to meet once in a while in order to keep right with each other, and Jim Miller and I often spoke of the way old Hen was splitting Hank and Fanny apart. Then an Illinois man come out and bought Hank out at a hundred an acre, and Hank wadded his money into his pocket, and bid good-by to the neighborhood for good and all. He never crossed the township line again. Fanny flirted like sixty, and cried when she was alone; but old Hen was as tickled as a colt.

"It seemed like a judgment on Hen for driving as good a man as Hank to Dakota to have Fillmore Smythe begin yelping on his trail. His first yelp was a letter, asking Hen to call and pay a three-hundred-dollar note Fillmore had for collection. Hen had Fanny typewrite a scorching answer, saying that Hen Peters had dis-

counted his bills since before Fillmore Smythe was unfortunately born, and did n't owe no man a cent; and Hen was so mad that he kicked a fifty-dollar collie pup, and hurt its feelings so it never would work, but went to killing young pigs and sheep the way a collie will if you ever sour their nature by licking them. Funny about collies.

"One day old Hen come in from the silo, and saw Fillmore Smythe's team tied at the gate, and Fillmore sitting with Fanny on the stoop, reading 'Lucile.'

"I hope I see you well, Mr. Peters,' said the lawyer, kind of smooth-like.

"None the better for seein' you, sir,' said Hen, jamming his mouth shut when he got through so his mustache and whiskers were all inserted into each other.

"Now this was no way to treat a person from town, and Fanny began saying how wonderful the sunset was last night, and asking did he ever see the moon-vine flowers pop out in bloom in the gloaming, and to curb her

neck and step high the way they do when they're bitted in college.

"Any partic'lar business here?' asked old Hen.

"Ah, yes!' said Smythe. 'In addition to the pleasure of seeing you and your accomplished family, I desired a conference as to the curious way in which that little note—'

"Well, now that you've seen my accomplished family as much as I want you to,' growled Hen, 'you can git. I told you all I'm goin' to about what you call my note.'

"But,' said Fillmore, sort of like he was currying a kicking mule, 'if you'd consent to look at it, I'm sure it would all return to your mind!'



Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"HE WAS SO MAD HIS WHISKERS STOOD OUT LIKE A ROOSTER'S HACKLE"



Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

“WHEN WAS HER PA GOING TO PAINT THE PETERS COAT-OF-ARMS
ON THE HAY-RAKE AND THE HOG-HOUSE?”

“Hen fired him off the place, though, and he sued Hen. The old man was affected a good deal like the collie pup, and mulled it over, and got sour on the world, especially lawyers that blackmailed and forged. He said he knew well enough that Smythe either did it or knew who did, and that every lawyer ought to be hung. I argued for imprisonment for the first offense for a no-account lawyer like Smythe, with a life sentence if it was proved that he knew any law, and the death penalty for good lawyers like Judge McKenzie; and Hen was so mad at me for what I said that he would n’t let me have the top buggy the next Sunday night when I needed it the worst way.

“The big doings come off when the case came up to be tried. I quit hauling ensilage, and went with Fanny and the old folks up to the county seat to give testimony that Hen never signed that note. Fanny stayed with Phœbe Relyea; but the rest of us stopped at the Accidental Hotel, where most of the jurors and others tangled up in court stayed too.

“The lawyer in the case ahead of us was a new-comer, and strung it out day after day to advertise himself, and yelled

so you could hear him over in the band-stand, to show his ability. Hen, all the time, was getting more and more morbid, and forgot his temperance vows, and tried to talk about the case to everybody. About half the time it would be a jurymen he would try to confide in, and this made trouble on account of their thinking, he was trying to influence them. One night Hen was owly as sin, drinking with Walker Swayne from Pleasant Valley Township; and when he cried into his beer because Fillmore Smythe was trying to swindle him and blast his good name, Walker slapped him for approaching him on a case he might be called to sit on. I put Hen to bed at the Revere House, and told Mrs. Peters he ’d been called home. She ’phoned out to have him count the young turkeys, and the Swede second man had no more sense than to say he had not been there, instead of placing him where they had no telephone, as an honest hired man with any sprawl would have done. You could n’t trust this Swede as far as you could throw a thesaurus by the tail. I am not saying that he was corrupt; but he was just thumb-hand-sided and lum-moxy, and blurted, ‘Hae ain’t bane hare’

into the transmitter with never a thought of the danger of telling the truth. Mrs. Peters did n't know what to be distressed about, and, because I'm paid the princely salary I get for such things, she jumped on me like a duck on a June-bug.

"When Hen and I went to McKenzie's office the night before our case came up, the lawyer was worried. He asked us if we knew who was going to testify against us.

"No," snapped Hen; 'an' I don't care. Nobody ever saw me sign that note, and it don't make any matter.'

"Then he went on to tell what great friends he and Judge Brockway used to be, when the judge used to shoot prairie-chickens in Hen's stubble, and Mrs. Peters cooked the chickens for the judge.

"Brockway thinks as much of me as a brother," said Hen. 'He told me as much when he was running for judge. He won't see me stuck.'

"This did n't seem to impress Judge McKenzie much. He still looked wor-

ried, and said the other side had got every banker in town on their side as handwriting experts.

"I don't like the looks of things," said he.

"Hen flew mad at the idea of his lawyer's hinting that any man could get stuck in such a case. The judge tried to explain, and Hen asked him how much the other side was paying him, and the judge threw up his job. Pretty soon, though, Hen got him to take a new retainer of fifteen dollars, and he opened a new account in his books. This made Hen feel good, for the judge was great with juries when he was sober. He was good and sober now, for he had just taken the drinking cure for the third time. We had lots of faith in Providence and McKenzie, but were scary as three-year-olds that night at any strange noise in the brush. You know how it is when you feel that way.

"Things went wrong the next morning. So many of the jurors said that Hen had



Drawn by Irma Dérémieux

"YOU CAN GIT!"



Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

"‘THAT ’S A FORGERY’"

talked to them that Judge Brockway just glared at Hen, and said that the court was not favorably impressed by tactics of that sort.

"Walker Swayne told how he had slapped Hen's chaps to drive off his improper advances, and Judge Brockway said that he could not condone breaches of the peace; but a juror, like a woman, was justified if any one; and when old Hen asked Mac for the Lord's sake, were there any women sitting on this case, Brockway wilted Hen again with a look.

"I asked Hen at recess if he thought Brockway would ask him as a friend and brother to sit up on the bench, and he flared up and said Brock was all right, but was disguising his feelings as a judge.

"‘He's got a disguise that's a bird,’ said I, and Hen said I might consider myself discharged; but wrote me a note after court took up, hiring me back again.

"The next juror up related another case of Hen's vile tactics, and the judge threatened to send him to jail if anything more bobbed up. Hen fell back into his

chair limpsy, like dropping a wet string,—all spiral like,—and everybody looked at us in horror for our pollyfoxing with the jury. As a matter of fact, in his state of beer and overconfidingness, Hen would have wept on the breast of a wooden Indian that would have held still while he told of the octopus and its forgeries. In all the time I worked for him, he never tried once to destroy the jury system or his country's liberty.

"Finally they found twelve men that did n't know anything about the case or anything, and had no opinions or prejudices for or against anything, and the lawyers told the jury what they expected to prove.

"‘The sacred system of trial by jury,’ said Fillmore Smythe, ‘has been saved from the attacks of the defendant by an incorruptible court. Placed on trial before this intelligent jury, what the defendant may do I cannot even guess; but we have here in court his note, signed in his own proper person.’

"‘‘T ain't so!’ busted out Hen, in his own improper person. ‘You hain't got no such note!’

"‘One more interruption of this sort,’ said the judge, peeking down at Hen, ‘and the example that I ’ll make of *you* won’t soon be forgotten. Proceed, Mr. Smythe!’

"‘Concealing his love!’ whispers I to Hen; and he put the leg of his chair on my foot and ground it around till I almost yelled.

"‘When they had marked the note ‘Exhibit A’ the way they do, Smythe said ‘Plaintiff rests,’ though they did n’t seem near as tired as our side was, and the court let out for noon. They let McKenzie take the note with him to look at. There it was on one of those blanks that it cost me a good claim in Kansas once to practise writing on, and I never got to be much of a pensman either; it was signed ‘Henry Peters’ as natural as life.

"‘Well,’ questioned Mac, as Hen turned it over, ‘what do you say to it, Henry?’

"‘I could feel that all the time McKenzie had had a hunch that Hen had really signed the note, and Hen felt it, too, and he threw to the winds the remains of his last conversion, and his fear that Mac would strike again, and talked as bad as if he was learning a calf to drink.

"‘Why, you scoundrelly Keeley graduate,’ he yelled, ‘what did I tell you! That ’s a forgery, as any one but a half-witted pettifogger could see by lookin’ at it!’

"‘I sever my connection with this case right now,’ said Mac, away down in his chest, and as dignified as a ring-master. ‘No inebriated litigant can refer to the struggle and expense I have incurred in lifting myself to a nobler plane of self-control, and then call for my skill and erudition in extricating him from the quagmire of the law in which his imprudences have immeshed him. Go, sir, to some practitioner so far lost to manhood as to be able to resist the temptation to brain you with his notary-public’s seal. Leave me to my books!’

"‘Mac went into the next room and shut the door, but did not lock it. I took and apologized for Hen; but Mac stuck his nose in a book and waved me away. If Hen had been a little drunker he would have cried; and I went back to woo McKenzie some more. Finally, he agreed to come into the case again, on payment

of another retainer fee of twenty dollars. Hen was game, and skinned a double-X off his roll without a flinch. Mac opened up a new account in his books, and Hen, for my successful diplomacy, raised my wages two dollars a month. It was a great lesson to me.

"‘Of course I could see that it was not Hen’s signature; for his way of writing was Spencerian, modified by handling a fork, shucking corn, and by the ink drying up while he was thinking. The name on the note was kind of backhand. Mac asked about other Henry Peterses, and Hen told him that there was a man that passed by that name in the county a year or so back, but that he never had credit for three hundred cents, never bought any such machinery, and had escaped to Dakota.

"‘When old Hen testified, he had one of his spluttery spells of reverse English caused by his language getting wound on the shafting, and his denying the signature did n’t seem to make much impression on any one. Smythe made him admit that he had bought the tools, and had no check-stub of the payment; and when he said he paid Bloxham in cash, Smythe laid back and grinned, and McKenzie moved that the grin be took down by the reporter, so he could move to strike it out.

"‘Everybody just seemed to despise us but Mac; and I was as ashamed as a dog. This Bloxham, the machine agent, was dead, and most everybody there had been to his funeral; but it took half an hour to prove his demise. Two jurors went to sleep on this, and one of them hollered ‘Whay! whay!’ in his sleep, like he was driving stock, and Brockway pounded and glared at *us* for it. I wished I was back with Ole running the shredder.

"‘All this time we kind of lost sight of Mrs. Peters and Fanny. Fanny sent some word over to the Accidental the second evening, and her mother went over to Relyea’s, and came back kind of fluttery. I was sent to Fanny with a suit-case of dresses her mother had there, and Fanny was in the awfulest taking with blushing and her breath fluttering like a fanning-mill with palpitation of the heart that I could n’t think what was the matter with her. She had never blushed at seeing me before. I began to see what a pretty girl she was; but I could n’t think of tying

myself down, even if she did. She came up close to me, shook hands with me, and bid me good-by when I came away. This was a sign she wanted to hold some one's hand or was going away; and I knew she was n't expected to go away. It set me to thinking. Mac said he would n't want her testimony until the surrey-butter part, if then. I made up my mind I'd go up and talk with her once in a while, instead of sticking around downtown. But this trial absorbed my attention when the experts came on.

"Smythe had had a magnification made of the name on the note, and the one on old Hen's letter, and every banker in town went on and swore about these names. John Smythe, Fillmore's half-brother, knew Hen's signature; and had had to study handwriting so hard in the bank that he had got to be an expert. He was always thought a kind of ninny, but here 's where he sure did loom up with the knowledge. He acted just as smart as those Chicago experts we read about, and living right here in the county all the time, and never out of the bank a day! A good deal of my ability comes from dropping into some big city like Fort Dodge or Ottumwa, or maybe Sioux City or Des Moines every winter, and getting on to the new wrinkles and broadening out; but John Smythe was always behind that brass railing like a cow in stanchions. And yet he was able to see that those two signatures just had to be made by the same man. This spiel was cutting ice with the jury, and Mac roared and pointed out where they were different; but Smythe hinted that it only seemed so because Mac was ignorant. He could just see the same man a-making them—the way the stem of the 'P' was made, and the finish of the 'y' like a pollywog's tail made it a cinch. Hen swore under his powerful breath that it was a dad-burned lie; but it looked awful plausible to me.

"'You notice,' said Fillmore, 'that the name on the letter is more scrawly and uneven?'

"'Yes,' said John, 'but that merely means that he used a different pen or was nervous. I think I see in the last the characteristic tremor of anger.'

"This looked bad to me, for if ever a man had a right to the characteristic tremor of anger, it was old Hen when he

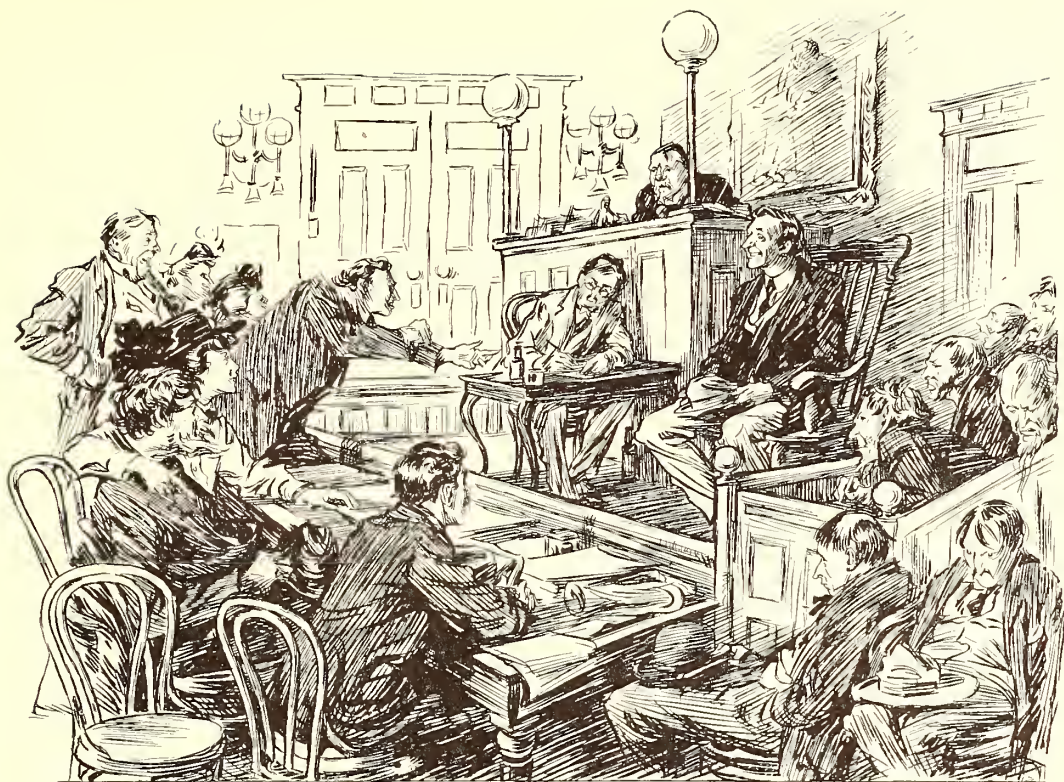
signed that letter. It showed Smythe knew what he was at.

"Mac showed them a lot of Hen's real signatures, but the experts said they only made it clearer. Every one had a little curlicue or funny business that put Hen deeper in the hole; and he finally chucked the bunch, all the reporter did n't have, in the stove. Fillmore Smythe inflated himself and blew up at this; but Brockway, still concealing his love, said that while it looked bad, and the jury might consider this destruction of evidence as one of the facts, the papers belonged to defendant and the court did n't see fit to do anything. Our case looked as bad as it could, and I did n't see why Smythe hollered so about it. The jury looked on us as horse-thieves and crooks, and every time old Hen stepped, he balled things up worse.

"Whitten of the First National was stronger than John Smythe. He said it was physically impossible for any man but the one that signed the letter to have made that note; and he was an expert from away back. He pointed out the anger tremor, too. Mac showed him how the check-signatures all looked like that on the letter, and not like the one on the note; but Whitten said a man was always calm when he made a note, and mad as a hatter when he drew a check. Knowing Hen, this looked plausible to me, and made a hit with the jury. The man that hollered 'Whay!' wrote it down on his cuff.

"Ole Pete Hungerford, the note-shaver, snorted disdainfully that there was no doubt that the note was genuine. He swore that a bogus check I made was genuine, too; and got redder than a turkey when he found I had made it, and said it was the work of a skilful forger. The man that hollered 'Whay!' looked at me in horror, and wrote some more on his cuff. I felt considerable cheap.

"Every expert said the same thing. I believe that there was one while when Hen would have admitted he signed the note if they had called him and rawhided him enough. Hen had some hopes when Zenas Whitcher of the Farmers' Bank had some doubts about one signature; but he flattened out again when he found it was the one on the letter that had old Zenas guessing, and that he was dead sure the one on the note was a sure-enough



Drawn by Irma Dérémeaux

“HE DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT; BUT SINCE NIGHT BEFORE
LAST I 'VE BEEN HIS SON-IN-LAW”

genuine sig, only it looked as if he was trying to disguise his hand. Fillmore seemed to think pretty well of this, and had them all go back and swear about this disguise business. They could all see wiggly spots now and places gone over twice where Hen had doubled on his trail to throw pursuers off the track and disguise his hand. It begun to look to me like Hen was up to some skulduggery,—all these smooth guys swearing like that,—but Hen was paying me my wages and needed friends, and I stuck. He looked down his nose like an egg-sucking pup. When I came on to swear that it was not Hen's signature on the note, my mind was so full of curlicues and pollywogs' tails and anger tremors, and disguises, and the gall of my swearing against these big men that had money to burn, that I went into buck fever, and was all shot to rags by Smythe's cross examination,—any of you fellows would be,—so that I finally admitted that the note looked pretty good to me, and that I 'd have probably taken it for Hen's note if I 'd been a banker and had it offered to me. Mac threw up his

hands, said that was all our evidence, then went at the jury hammer and tongs, and I looked at poor old Hen all collapsed down into his chair like a rubber snake, and I went and hid.

“In the morning I crawled out, supposing that it would all be over, and wondering where I 'd find Hen; but I heard Judge McKenzie's closing argument rolling out of the court-house windows like thunder. I did n't care for eloquence the way I was feeling, and was just sneaking away, when who should I run on to but Fanny walking with a fellow down under the maples. I was shocked, for she was hanging to his arm the way no nice girl ought to do unless it 's dark. I trailed along behind to see who it was, when the fellow turned his head quick, and I saw it was Hank. They come up to me, Fanny still shamelessly hanging to his arm, looking excited and foolish, like they had just experienced religion or got engaged.

“‘Doc,’ said Hank, ‘we 've just found out about it!’

“‘I 've knowed it a long time,’ said I, coldly. ‘What is it?’

" 'This lawsuit,' said Hank—'is it over, or still running?'

" 'It 's still running,' I said. 'Listen at the machinery rumble up there. It 's all over but the shouting, and we 've got a man hired to do that. Why?'

" 'They never said a word, but scooted up the stairs. I strolled in and found Mac's machinery throwed out of gear by Hank's interruption. Hen was still collapsed, and did n't see Hank. Mac turned grandly to the judge, and told him that a witness he had been laboring to secure the attendance of from outside the jurisdiction had blowed in, and he wanted the case reopened. Smythe rose buoyantly into the air and hooted, but Brockway coldly reopened the case, and Hank was sworn. The juror that wrote on his cuff looked disgusted, but he wrote Hank's name and age with the rest of his notes.

" 'Where do you live?' asked Mac.

" 'South Dakota,' answered Hank.

" 'Examine "Exhibit A,"' said Mac, proudly, handing Hank the note, 'and tell the jury when if ever you have seen it before!'

" 'When it was signed,' said Hank.

" 'Old Hen kind of straightened up. Fanny sat down by him, and put her arm about him. She sure did look pretty.

" 'Who signed that note?' asked Mac, with his voice swelling like a B-flat bass tuba.

" 'I did,' answered Hank.

" 'I object,' yelled Smythe, trembling like a leaf.

" 'Overruled,' said Brockway in a kind of tired way.

" 'Do you owe this note?' asked Mac.

" 'You bet I do,' answered Hank, 'and got the money to pay it. I went to Dakota and forgot about the darned note. Bloxham shipped the machinery out there to me. It 's my note all right; Hen Peters never saw it till Smythe got it.'

" 'The room was full of wilted experts. This did not appeal to them at all. McKenzie laughed fiendishly, as if he 'd had this thing arranged all the time. The jury looked foolish, all but the one that hollered 'Whay!' and he looked mad. I could see Hen reviving, and throwing off his grouch at Hank. Fillmore Smythe said he had a question or two in cross examination.

" 'What kin are you to the defendant?' he asked.

" 'That 's a disputed point,' replied Hank. 'I dunno 's I 'm any.'

" 'Are you not related to him in any way?' asked Fillmore, prying into things the way they do.

" 'You bet I am,' spoke up Hank, looking over at Fanny, and getting red in the face. 'He don't know about it; but since night before last I 've been his son-in-law.'



THE GHOST OF MATTHIAS BAUM

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

Author of "The Firm Stand of Hans"

ALL Millerstown loved a courting, and considered the details of village love-affairs as common property. Few wooings yielded such abundant food for thought and conversation as those of Savilla Marstellar, who, as a young widow, rich, good to look upon, and an accomplished housewife, had many suitors. To the eyes of Millerstown its eligible men seemed to divide themselves into two

classes: those who wished to marry Savilla, and those who did not.

In the first class, Al Losch and Jacob Fackenthal were most favored by Savilla. Al was a stone mason, and Jacob a carpenter. Both were tall, strong young fellows, industrious and capable, even though the older women shook their heads and said they were wild.

The second class, so at least Millers-

town thought, was composed entirely of one man, Christian Oswald, whose misogynistic principles were so fully accepted that no one dreamed of connecting his name with that of any woman. He was a bachelor, said to have at least ten thousand dollars in bank, a little man, as shy as Jake Fackenthal was bold, and physically as weak as Al Losch was mighty. Millerstown would have laughed had any one suggested Christian as a suitor for the hand of Savilla. For once, however, Millerstown had made a mistake. Christian Oswald adored Savilla from the top of her curly head to the soles of her slippered feet. He had scarcely spoken to her, however. Never was love more hopeless; never passion more skilfully hidden.

Just at the moment when Al and Jake had driven all others from the field, Savilla did something so foolish that Millerstown declared that both men would "throw her over." To begin with, she had been notified that she would have to give up the house in which she lived at the end of the month.

"What will you do?" asked her friend, Sarah Ann Mohr.

"I have a place," answered Savilla, calmly.

"But where?" insisted Sarah Ann.

"Aye; out where Matthias Baum lived. I will buy that house."

"Are you then no longer right in your head?" demanded Sarah Ann, while her glasses slid unheeded down her nose. "Do you then forget that old Baum hung himself dead, and it is ever since a schpook?"

"I don't fear me for no schpook."

"What you say?"

"I said I did n't fear me for no schpook. I never did the old man anything. He can be thankful that I give his house a good name."

She swayed back and forth defiantly in her low rocking-chair, displaying an inch or two of white stocking above a low shoe. Sarah Ann gazed at her again. Somehow or other it did not seem quite respectable for a widow to wear low shoes.

"But, Savilla, it is out there so lonely."

"I am not afraid."

"And it won't nobody go to see you."

"Pooh! What do I care! They can stay away."

"Losch he is afraid of schpooks, and Jakie Fackenthal, too, he is afraid of schpooks."

"They can stay away," repeated Savilla, defiantly.

Nor were Sarah Ann's the only protests with which Savilla had to contend. Al and Jake besought her not to go out there to live. She had to hear again and again the sinister story of the place, and as she steadily refused to be frightened, she began to realize that her friends were looking at her askance, as if she had leagued herself with the mysterious powers supposed to reign there; all of which had the effect of setting the fair widow more firmly than ever in her own way. If Al and Jake were both afraid of schpooks, she had at last a means of deciding between them. Whoever braved oftenest the terrors of that lonely path should be rewarded with her heart.

The house stood on a little cross-road about a quarter of a mile from where the pike broadened into the village street. Back of it lay the fields and meadows of the great Weygandt farm, and in front, across a narrow road, a thick grove of locust- and chestnut-trees. The first object upon which one's glance rested, however, was a hickory, which swung far up against the sky, dwarfing the locusts near it into shrubs. From its lower branches hung ropes of wild grape-vines, which clasped the young shoots of Virginia creeper on the other trees, making a dim twilight even at noonday. Years before, the house had been the home of wicked old Matthias Baum and his brood of wilder and more wicked sons. They bore so evil a reputation that they had few visitors. Once, however, when old man Weygandt needed extra hands for the harvest, he ventured to seek them there. Walking across the fields at dusk, he climbed the fence into the yard. There seemed to be no one at home, and he peered curiously about among the great vines. Then suddenly he turned and dashed madly away. There under the great hickory-tree, shrouded by the vines, and swayed gently by the evening breeze, hung a ghastly thing. It was old Matthias himself, dead only a short time.

At first it was supposed that his sons had murdered him, until a tavern-keeper in the next county testified that they had

spent the day in his bar-room. Besides, old Maria Kutz declared that she had met the old man that afternoon at the cross-road and that he had carried a rope.

One dusky evening a few months later, when the members of the new Baptist church were returning from prayer meeting, a wildly running figure overtook them. It was Miltie Knerr, a nervous, timid boy. He sobbed and cried as they gathered about him.

"What ails you, Miltie?" demanded his brother.

At first they could distinguish only "old Baum" in the confusion of his speech. Suddenly old Maria peered into his face.

"Miltie," she whispered, "did he carry a rope along with him?"

At that, big fellow that he was, he flung himself into his brother's arms and cried aloud.

A few weeks later Billy Knerr's horse was stopped at the cross-road by "something white." Then some of the Weygandts saw a light in the deserted house, and the ghost was born.

Such was the dwelling in which Savilla had taken up her abode. Millers-town thought she had gone mad. No one, however, was so much disturbed as Christian Oswald, who, in spite of the fact that he was a member in good standing of the Jonathan Kuhns Baptist Church, had an abiding faith in schpooks. To see Savilla expose herself to the power of one so well authenticated distressed him beyond expression.

At first Al and Jake were as regular in attendance as they had been when Savilla lived in Millerstown's main street, and Savilla, who was touched by their devotion, did not notice how much earlier they came than heretofore, nor how much sooner they departed. Jake came always on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and Al on Tuesday and Saturday. One dark and cloudy evening in September, however, Al did not appear. Then Jake, too, missed an evening, and the rockers of Savilla's chair beat a lively tune as she waited.

As the evening wore on, she herself pleaded guilty to a little nervousness. It was the time of the autumnal equinox, and the wind shrieked about the house. Suddenly, above the storm, she was aware

of a whistle, a curious, tuneless succession of shrill sounds. She stopped rocking, terrified. But how dumb! A ghost could not whistle. Her hand was on the latch almost before the visitor knocked. Had Millerstown beheld the man who stood there, it would scarcely have believed its eyes. Christian Oswald keeping company with Savilla Marsteller! Did he dream of marrying her? It was certain that no man would brave the terrors of the Baum schpook unless his intentions were serious.

"Well, Christian, come quickly in out of the wet," said his hostess with cordial welcome.

For a moment the embarrassed Christian stood still, the rain dripping from his hat and from his black beard. Then Savilla put her hand on his arm and drew him forcibly within the door. He could not have come at a more propitious time. He would help to pass a long evening, and, better than that, he would help to soothe her wounded vanity. As for Christian, he had come not only from a veritable hunger to see her, but from a desire to protect her. He knew, as all Millers-town knew, that this was Jake Fackenthal's evening. He knew also that Jake sat calmly behind the stove in Aaron König's shoemaker shop.

Christian spent the evening in paradise. At first he listened to Savilla's cheerful monologue in an agony of embarrassment. Then, as her hot coffee warmed him up, and she brought out her raisin pie, he began to talk, and Savilla herself was surprised at his conversational skill.

"You must surely come again once," she urged as he departed, and Christian, though the hour was late, and the wind blew more fiercely than ever down the dark road, and the limbs of the great hickory threatened to snatch him up from the ground, gave no thought to any ghost.

Jake Fackenthal reported early the next morning.

"But I was mad because I could n't come last evening out," he said apologetically. "But Pop he had to go off, and Mom she is n't very for staying alone."

Savilla looked him over, six feet of shamefaced cowardice. "Mom" Fackenthal afraid to stay alone! Her lips curled.

"Everybody is talking from your living

out here alone," Jake broke out angrily. "It is only one thing to do."

"And what is that?" asked Savilla, coolly.

"Get married."

"Yes, I have been for some time thinking of that. Al Losch—"

"Be dast with Al Losch! I mean to me."

"I tell you what I do." For a moment Savilla meditated. "You come out here four weeks from to-day, and I give you my answer once for all."

"And Al Losch, will you give him his answer, too?"

"I will treat each one alike."

Savilla had made up her mind that she would be courted no longer. It was true, as Jake said, that Millerstown talked. She liked both men so much indeed that their fear of the schpook offended more than her own vanity. She was ashamed of them. She would give them one more chance. Four weeks from now it would again be the dark of the moon, and they would then have an opportunity to prove that their affection for her was greater than their fear of the schpook.

During the month which followed, neither missed an evening. Fortunately, it was a month of clear, still nights. Jake bragged openly that he was going to build a house before long, and that he would not live in it alone. When this was reported to Al, he said slowly: "Just you wait and see. Just you wait till after next Thursday."

Christian heard of his reply with consternation. Next Thursday! Had Savilla promised to marry him next Thursday? That could not be, for Jake was also looking forward to Thursday. At last he hit upon the right solution. She had promised to give them their answer on Thursday. He was in despair. On the Tuesday preceding the important day, he felt as though he could live no longer without sight of Savilla. He had never dared repeat his call. After nightfall, he made his way out to the cross-road. He knew it was Al's evening with her, but he hoped that Al would be frightened by the storm. It had grown cold, and the wet leaves that drifted down from the trees touched him uncannily on the cheek. The sky was black, and there was no light save a friendly gleam from Savilla's window.

Guiding himself by this, he plowed on through the deep mud. He was tempted to try a whistle. Something warned him, however, to reconnoiter before making his presence known. There, in the big chair opposite Savilla, sat Al, in his hand a great wedge of molasses cake, on his face an expression of sublime happiness. For a few minutes, Christian watched him from the sloping cellar door up which he had crept, then he turned, and picked his way dejectedly out of the yard.

Before he had gone half-way to the pike, he heard a door slam behind him, and guessed that Al was leaving early. Horrified at the thought that he might be overtaken, Christian climbed up the slippery bank, over the fence, and crouched down behind a shock of corn in the Weygandt field. He trembled as he heard Al's rapid, heavy steps. He was evidently trying to cover the ground between Savilla's and the pike as swiftly as possible. Christian heard every footfall as he splashed through the mud and water, and smiled in tremulous delight as he thought of the mire which must cover him from head to foot. Then, as Al's dim outline became for an instant visible to the jealous watcher by the corn shock, something happened.

Al seemed to be rushing to meet some creature which whirled itself through the darkness to throw itself upon him. To Christian's frightened eyes, the thing was huge,—indeed it seemed three times as large as Al Losch,—and without bodily shape. The two figures, man and monster, rose and grappled with each other. Then again the dark mass whirled about on the ground. Christian could hear the swish of the mud as the horrible something pressed Al into it. The very ground beneath him seemed to quiver with the impact. Then the mass seemed to divide itself into two parts, and Al leaped up, and with a hideous shriek sped toward the village. The other lay still for an instant, then it, too, arose. Slowly, as Christian stared, its huge proportions seemed to dwindle, its vagueness assumed corporeal limits. Schpook or no schpook, it bore a remarkable resemblance to Jake Fackenthal. Then with a mad cry, "The schpook! the schpook!" it, too, fled vil-lageward.

It was several minutes before Christian was able to gather himself together. Then, though the mud in the field was far deeper than that in the road, and as tenacious as glue, he stole quietly away among the corn shocks.

By morning all Millerstown was alarmed. Al Losch, coming home from Savilla's, had been set upon by a creature with more than human strength, which had well-nigh killed him. If any one did not believe it, they had only to look at him. His eye was black, his nose swollen, and he walked with a limp. Half a dozen persons described the encounter to Christian between his house and the Fackenthals'. Christian, who was better able than any one else to picture it in all its horror, said not a word.

When he reached the Fackenthals' shop, he listened in vain for sound of hammer or saw. Then he opened the door, only to start back at the sound of a rough exclamation from within.

"*Harrejä!* What do you want here?" It was Jake, who sprang to his feet from a bench on which he had been reclining. Then he sank back in a vain effort to suppress a dolorous groan.

"What ails you, then?" queried Christian, tremulously.

"Nothing," responded Jake, gruffly.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and Al Losch presented himself. Truly the schpook had done its work well.

"Have you a nagel-borer?" he asked.

Jake rose and went to find the gimlet. Al looked at the two men curiously. They were probably discussing his adventure.

"I tell you it was powerful," he said pleasantly.

"Boys,"—Christian's voice sounded like a mild echo of Al's deep bass,— "when will you get married?"

The two men turned and regarded him with amazement.

"What does it then make out to you when we get married?" Al demanded.

"I have something to say about it," faltered Christian.

"You have something to say about it?" repeated Al.

"Yes, I have. What would Savilla say when she knew you was afraid of schpooks?"

Al laid his hand on his black eye.

"I guess she won't have much to say when she sees this."

"What would she say when she knew it was no schpook?"

"What?"

"That it was no schpook?"

"It was a schpook. It is n't a fellow in the world could knock me so over."

"Yes, it is." The answer came not from little Christian above whom Al towered threateningly, but from the other side of the shop, where their host had sat down upon a nail-keg. "It was all the time me. I thought it was Wednesdays already, and I was running out there and we ran together."

For several long minutes no one spoke. Then Al turned again toward Christian, who, though trembling, met his eye bravely.

"What does it make out to you that it was him," he demanded savagely.

"It is that if you don't do what I say, I will tell Savilla and all the people. You must promise you will not go before Friday out there."

"But I don't promise."

"Then I tell—"

"You better, Al," counseled Jake.

For a moment Al hesitated, then a sudden movement of Christian's sent him into a spasm of terror that he might tell.

"I promise," he said sullenly.

When he had gone, Jake turned and smiled at his guest. He had no idea how Christian had discovered what he himself had guessed soon after the encounter. Nor could he imagine a reason for the little man's sudden friendliness to him, unless it were a desire to see the better man win. He remembered what Al had for the moment forgotten, that Thursday was the day upon which the widow meant to accept one of them.

"He did slambang me powerful," he said reminiscently.

"I was in Weygandt's field. And—" Christian paused until he could control his voice. No amount of moral courage can make a man forget that his enemy weighs a hundred pounds more than himself—"and I want you should promise, too."

"I! I go where I like."

"Then I tell all the folks you thought it was a schpook."



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill
"CHRISTIAN SPENT THE EVENING IN PARADISE"

"I did n't say I thought it was a schpook."

"Yes; but you did think all the same it was one. I heard you yell. *Himmel!* but you did yell!"

"I don't care," Jake blazed out. "I'm going out there to-morrow. Savilla will give me her word that she will marry me. And you better get pretty quick out here!" He was mad with his aches and pains, and furious at this little piece of impudence who dared dictate to him.

"Then I tell her how you yelled at the schpook, and she would not have you—no, not when the minister was ready to marry you."

Jake looked at him aghast. Well, he was still bound no more than Al.

"Well, I won't go," he said desperately. "But what is it to you?"

Christian, however, did not answer. His courage consumed by this last burst of eloquence, he fled wildly out of the door, around the corner of the shop, past the pig-stable, and out through the alley gate. Stiff as he knew Jake to be, he could not risk pursuit up that smoothly scrubbed board walk.

Jake stood for a moment in angry thought.

"Why need *he* care?" he said aloud.

Then as suddenly as Al had come upon him out of the darkness the night before, there flashed across his mind a possible solution. Could Christian Oswald, that black-bearded little monkey, think he could get Savilla?

"Christian!" he yelled. "Christian!"

But only the defiant crow of a rooster from the chicken yard replied.

The next evening Christian dressed himself in his best, and started out to Savilla's. It was an evening upon which the bravest schpook would scarcely have ventured forth, clear, starlit. Across the Weygandt fields drifted the strains of the "Mocking-Bird," played by the Millers-town band. A brisk wind had dried the road, and Christian's meditations were undisturbed by any necessity for watching where he stepped. As he went along, however, he looked down at the ground. Yes, there it was, a rough depression which looked as though it might have been the scene of a wrestling-match. He

gazed solemnly at it, remembering the battle of the night before; then he lifted up his voice in triumph. The German Bible class of the Jonathan Kuhns Baptist Church, to which he belonged, had devoted its attention for several Sundays to the history of Abraham.

"And the vale of Siddim was full of slimepits," he quoted slowly in German; "and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, and fell there."

With that he went his way. He was not sure of winning Savilla, though thus far he had triumphed. Ach, no! He was not surprised that she seemed a little annoyed to see him. As the minutes passed, however, and neither Al nor Jake appeared, her demeanor changed. She had not heard of Al's adventure, and her eyes grew hard and bright as he told her. So Al really imagined that he had met a schpook! Christian said nothing about Jake. Their absence sufficiently condemned them both.

"What are all the folks doing this evening?" she asked finally.

"Oh, everything is like always," he answered. "The band is playing." Then a sudden inspiration came to him. That it was a bald prevarication did not trouble him at all. "It was a lot of fellows at Aaron König's—Jakie and Al and some more. They were telling schpook-stories."

Savilla's eyes blazed. That settled them! But she would have her revenge. She turned radiantly to the little man who sat in throes of love and fright upon his chair. To-morrow, when they came penitent, pleading, she would have news for them. One man at least loved her more than he feared old Baum's schpook. Then as she looked at him she thought of his good nature, his irreproachable character, and—shall we whisper it?—his reputed wealth, and revenge seemed suddenly to lose the bitterness which had bred it.

"Christian," she said softly, winningly—"Christian, would you sooner have coffee or yeast beer? And I have fresh-baked molasses cake in the cellar, and Fastnacht cakes."

Then, though Christian knew it not, his suit was won.

MAURICE RENAUD

BY ABBIE H. C. FINCK

IT is a strange thing that barytones and basses, in spite of their intensely masculine voices, rarely at first have the success of tenors. However, when they are of the rank of Victor Maurel, Edouard de Reszke, and Maurice Renaud, they come into their own eventually, and their fame rivals that of the greatest tenors. In the opinion of M. Renaud, this widespread love of the tenor is to some extent a mere matter of tradition; partly it is a consequence of the wealth of beautiful and varied tenor rôles, and partly it is due to the tenor being "the violin, the voice of sunlight" which appeals to all, as sunlight must.

As a boy, Renaud felt the call of art, in various forms, imperatively. His father was a merchant, but the boy's first dreams were of literature,—in which he amusedly says he expected to do great things, poems, novels, which would stir the world,—but finding through his critical self-judgment that those heights were not for him, he turned to the stage. At that time he sang more or less for his own pleasure, but was so timid that he was terrified by an audience of three. The few friends who heard him prevailed on him to study at the Conservatoire, where he stayed for something over a year. With boyish and characteristic turbulence he then decided that he was not advancing as he wished, so he broke away completely from the Conservatoire, accepted an offer at Brussels, and became an opera-singer.

His next great step was marriage. Then came an engagement in "Don Giovanni" at the Paris Opéra in 1890, at which time Maurel was filling the Opéra Comique in the same rôle. Renaud says whimsically: "I did n't play the part well at all. I don't do it very well now, but then it was bad." At the same time he studied the older singer, who thus became his ar-

tistic godfather. With the utmost enthusiasm M. Renaud speaks of Maurel's greatness, his pioneer work in the line of poetic realism, an art which he himself has carried to even greater heights. Admiration of the work of his colleagues is one of Renaud's characteristics. Among many others he mentions the De Reszkes, Caruso, with special enthusiasm, and also his compatriot Gilibert, of whose performance of the father in Charpentier's "Louise," for instance, he speaks in superlative terms.

In Brussels, Renaud had the great good fortune of finding a man who, as it were, polarized his intentions and aspirations. This man, Joseph Dupont, first made him understand that for one who aspires to be a great artist in opera, music comes first—that it must always be the solid foundation on which to build. Renaud had been leaning more to the dramatic side of his art, but his adviser—the man who gave Wagner to Brussels—reined him in, and saved a great singer to the world. Nor did he make the mistake of curbing Renaud's dramatic genius; and so we have an artist who in two seasons at the Manhattan Opera House has shown himself equally great in musical art, rare gifts as an actor, wonderful powers of make-up and versatility. This versatility enables him to appear true to life in such widely differing rôles as *Beckmesser*, *Wolfram*, the *Dutchman*, *Don Giovanni*, the three in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," *Athanaël*, *Mefistofele* in Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," a part which he created during the first of his nine Monte Carlo seasons, *Rigoletto*, *Telramund*, *Escamillo*, *Scarpia*, *Hamlet*, *Falstaff*, and many more. It is difficult to name his greatest achievement, but probably most of his admirers would choose *Don Giovanni*.

It may surprise many of M. Renaud's



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SCARPIA IN "LA TOSCA"



Photo by Paul Berger
ATHANAËL IN "THAÏS"



Photo by Paul Berger

DON GIOVANNI

MAURICE
RENAUD
AND SOME
OF HIS
IMPERSON-
ATIONS



Photo by Paul Berger

RIGOLETTO

hearers to learn that with him in every case music comes first. It is one of the penalties of such dramatic greatness as his, that it sometimes makes one almost forget the other, still more necessary, talent of an opera-singer. He begins studying each rôle musically, as he believes that before anything else can be accomplished the musical part must be absolutely one's own. "If a sacrifice is necessary, I always sacrifice declamation and gesture to the music. However, the perfection of art is the absolute fusion of all its elements. The music illuminates the text as the text explains the music," and with hands knit together he visualizes this relationship. He also adds that all gesture, all expression, must come from the inner feeling, as it does in life, and that he never studies with the aid of a mirror. Again returning to the importance of the music, he mentions the many distinguished operatic artists who were all great singers, adding that he believes there has never been a really great one who could not sing.

His wonderful skill in changing his appearance by his make-up is an art akin to that of a great portrait-painter, except that here the canvas is flesh and blood. In answer to a question, he says that he learned this of himself, by work on his own face, by studying the paintings of great masters. "I see the type, I think of it constantly, and I have always frequented art galleries a great deal." An interesting illustration of this concerns *Falstaff*, of whom Renaud says: "I had never quite liked Maurel's make-up. It lacked a note of gaiety which I felt in the character. He used a gray beard—the gray of a man who has been dark, a sad color. I found my notes about this in which I had written, 'See the Silenus of Rubens' and other paintings of fat men by the same school, where I would find the grayness of men who had been red-haired. This gave me what I wanted. I also make curved, merry lines about the mouth, just the opposite of the long, sad ones of *Mefistofele*. I asked myself what a fat man's first impulse would be, and decided that at all cost he must be comfortable; so I dress *Falstaff*, whenever he is at home at the inn, in a loose, easy gown—one which has been of fine brocade, but is stained with wine—and in slip-shod slippers. *Falstaff*'s paunch is comfortably resting

on his legs, and that to him is the main thing."

Another red-haired character in Renaud's repertoire is *Mefistofele*, the sinister opposite of *Falstaff*. What a surprisingly different effect the red coloring produces! A sadly evil face it is, the face of a devil, sated with wickedness, feeling no joy in any bad deed, dismally weary of everything good and bad, and condemned to eternal satiety. He is hideous and yet almost pitiful, with the mournful length of his whole face, the close cap pointing in an ugly, clinging tongue on his forehead, and a scraggly, pointed red beard giving a goat-like expression to his head; but the expression is made terrible by the tragic eyes. There is no theatric devil-beauty about Renaud's *Mefistofele*, for he dresses in dull-colored garments and wraps himself in a long and formless cloak. In one scene where he draws *Marguerite* in a trance from her room, he seems the personification of evil, although it is only his tremendous magnetic influence which can be felt; for he stands, a motionless figure, wrapped in his cloak, with nothing showing but his eyes and his hands, with their talon-like nails.

Wonderful and totally different in this gallery of operatic portraits is *Athanaël* the monk who, to redeem *Thaïs*, a notorious Alexandrian courtesan, leaves the monastery in the desert, saves her soul by his eloquence, and loses his own through earthly love for her—*Athanaël* with ascetic face, long black hair, and luminous, fanatical eyes, half-crazed and glowing with religious and human love, most subtly mixed, his red, rather thick lips giving the necessary sensual touch to the otherwise saintly face. Like *Parsifal*, he suggests Christ, especially when, in gorgeous festival garments, his head bound with turquoises, he lies tormented, buried in flowers with which the gay and vicious crowd of *Thaïs*'s friends in Alexandria pelt him. His agonized, prayerful lips beg for strength to resist temptation, his agonized eyes are lifted and imploring, the crown of turquoises wounding him like a crown of thorns. He is more remote from his persecutors, this poor tortured monk in his festal robes, than when he had at first appeared in monk's dress with the cross as a staff in his hands.

Of *Don Giovanni*, M. Renaud once wrote in a letter to the present writer: "I have worked over it a great deal, I have changed modified, completely remodeled the part several times." It has been a process of evolution, of retouching, of altering, M. Renaud says, in which not only musical and dramatic ideas have changed, but the type of the very man, the make-up evolving of necessity to suit this later conception. It is essential after such changes to rest from a rôle, to get the perspective. But when he takes it up again it has fused into a clear, finished whole—finished at least for the time being; for if a better idea presents itself to the artist's mind, no preconceived one will stand in the way of radical changes.

It is difficult to write of *Don Giovanni* without seeming exaggeration, so tremendous is the impression made by this great artist; for this rôle, even more than the others, perhaps, stands among the world's masterpieces of operatic art. To make the character on the one hand a vivid, living being with no suggestion of theatrical unreality, and on the other to avoid the grossly animal side of *Don Giovanni* is a feat which few actors can accomplish. A man of hot young blood, of extreme, yet entirely virile beauty, a lover of women, intensely fascinating to them in return, yet carried away more by his vanity, virility, youth, and daring than by deliberate libertinage, always a *grand seigneur* whether he is making love to *Elvira's* maid, to *Donna Anna*, or to *Zerlina*, a dare-devil afraid of nothing, that is *Don Giovanni* as Renaud gives him to us.

How different his attitude is toward the changing objects of his fancy! *Zerlina*, a pretty toy, enchanting him for the moment, is courted playfully like a child. Her hands are gaily kissed one after the other, again and again, whereas the impression *Anna* has made is a deep if not a lasting one. Vicious as is his passion, it is sincere, and a world of feeling, almost of

love, wells up in his eyes and voice as he presses his lips to *Anna's* hand, fervently whispering "bellissima Anna" to the beauty whose father he had murdered. His cynical examination of his victim's body, the care with which he had wiped the blood from his sword before making his escape, were touches of dramatic genius. Many such instances might be cited. No less wonderful is the expression of his recitative, which is as varying and full of spirit as his face.

The climax, however, is his meeting with the statue. His defiance and amused insolence in the churchyard when he invites the statue to sup with him, and afterward the tremendous bravery of the man, drinking deep and recklessly, to keep his wits and courage about him, who can forget these—or his wonderful terror-stricken eyes, not the eyes of a coward, but those of a man who has known no fear, but at last feels it in its most hideous form?

Absorbing as is Renaud's operatic career, he finds a few weeks each year to spend in his favorite recreation, climbing in the Alps. No other pastime takes him away from all thoughts of work as this does, for he says that when he is climbing no effort can keep his attention on anything except his body's activity. He has a passionate love for all phases of Alpine beauty, and feels the renewal of the dominant vitality of body, brain, and soul which is his after the long climbs, which prepare him for the tremendous strain of his creative work; for creative it is, this presenting of other men's thoughts in tangible, living form.

Such is the artist whom, by the enterprise of Mr. Hammerstein, America shares with France, and who belongs to us, too, as all great artists and art works belong to their true admirers, and who, besides being a finished singer, using his voice in the highest emotional way, is an actor comparable with Salvini.



LINCOLN AT THE HELM

AS DESCRIBED AT THE TIME

BY JOHN HAY

THROUGH the courtesy of Mrs. Hay we are enabled to give the following delightful glimpse of President Lincoln in the mid course of his Presidency. This description of the President at the helm is from the pen of his younger private secretary, John Hay, afterward the great Secretary of State of the United States, and it occurs in a familiar letter to the devoted Nicolay, the senior private secretary. This letter not only indicates the maturity of mind and the personal charm which induced Lincoln to take so young a man into his executive family, but hints, also, at the humor and other literary traits which afterward gave Hay his fame as a writer.

A more sympathetic summary and historically correct description and estimate of the great, good President than this off-hand letter of the young Hay was never penned. It is Lincoln in action, and close at hand, but it is also Lincoln as he is seen by all the world in the perspective of nearly half a century.—THE EDITOR.

JOHN HAY'S LETTER

EXECUTIVE MANSION

WASHINGTON, August 7, 1863.

My dear Nico

This town is as dismal now as a defaced tombstone. Everybody has gone. The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union, all at once. I never knew with what tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet, till now. The most important things he decides and there is no cavil. I am growing more and more firmly convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle and so firm. I believe the hand of God placed him where he is.

They are working against him like beavers, though, H— and that crowd, but don't seem to make anything by it. I believe the people know what they want and unless politics have gained in power and lost in principle they will have it.

J. H.

·DRAWN·FROM·THE·CAST·
·BY·J·ALDEN·WEIR·1886·



·CAST·FROM·THE·RIGHT·HAND·OF·
·ABRAHAM·LINCOLN·MADE·BY·
·LEONARD·W·VOLK·1860·

A. COLLINS & Co.

A LINCOLN CORRESPONDENCE

TWENTY-TWO LETTERS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST HERE
PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY WILLIAM H. LAMBERT

Major Lambert is the owner of the original letters.

THESE letters of Abraham Lincoln are of interest not alone for their authorship, but also because they evidence the foresight, sagacity, honesty, and subordination of self to the cause of party or of country, characteristics which were dominant throughout his career and were eminently conspicuous during his Presidency.

Lyman Trumbull, to whom these letters were written, was, during the period covered by them, United States Senator from Illinois, his colleague in the Senate being Stephen A. Douglas. Trumbull was a native of Connecticut, born October 12, 1813. He had first gone to Georgia, where he taught school and studied law, subsequently removing to Illinois. While still a young man he became identified with public affairs in that State. He was successively a member of the legislature, Secretary of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1854 was elected representative in Congress.

Though a Democrat in politics, like many others of his party throughout the North he was strongly opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which was involved in the bill for the Territorial organization of Kansas and Nebraska, proposed and advocated by Senator Douglas, through whose efforts and influence it was enacted. So great was the defection in the Democratic party in the North because of the passage of the bill that in 1854, the year of its enactment, the opposition, comprising the "Free Soilers," the Whigs in greater part, and the "Anti-Nebraska" Democrats, triumphed over the

regular Democracy in the fall elections. In Illinois for the first time since the organization of the Democratic party it lost control of the legislature, and opportunity was given for the defeat of General James Shields, who sought reelection to the United States Senate at the expiration of his term in 1855.

The "Anti-Nebraska" majority in the joint session of the legislature was very small, and none of the constituent parties alone held control, but the Whigs were greatly preponderant, and they hoped and sought the election of their candidate, Abraham Lincoln. Lyman Trumbull was the candidate favored by the Anti-Nebraska Democrats, who numbered only five. On the first ballot Lincoln received 45 votes, Shields 41, Trumbull 5, and there were 8 scattering votes; in succeeding ballots Lincoln's vote fell to 15, Trumbull's rose to 35, and Shields having been withdrawn, Governor Matteson, who was substituted, received 47. The original supporters of Trumbull persistently declined to vote for Lincoln or for any Whig; the fifteen Whigs "would never desert Lincoln except by his direction." Perceiving the probability that protraction of the struggle would result in the election of Matteson, Lincoln decided upon action which is best described in his own language, quoted from his letter written February 9, 1855, to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, a member of Congress from Illinois. "So I determined to strike at once, and accordingly advised my remaining friends to go for him [Trumbull], which they did, and elected him on the tenth bal-

lot. Such is the way the thing was done. I think you would have done the same under the circumstances, though Judge Davis [subsequently Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and still later Senator from Illinois], who came down this morning, declares he never would have consented to the forty-seven men being controlled by the five. I regret my defeat moderately, but I am not nervous about it . . . and his [Matte-son's] defeat now gives me more pleasure than my own gives me pain. On the whole, it is perhaps as well for our general cause that Trumbull is elected. The Nebraska men confess that they hate it worse than anything that could have happened. It is a great consolation to see them worse whipped than I am."

After events fully justified Lincoln's surmise, and even more. It was better that Trumbull was elected, for if Lincoln had been, it is not probable that he would have been chosen for the Presidency in 1860. His friends, however, were sorely disappointed by his defeat, and long cherished resentment and distrust of Trumbull, and of Judd, Cook, Palmer, Baker, and Allen, the five men whose adherence to Trumbull compelled his election. Lincoln was not animated by such feelings, and these men became his stanch friends and supporters, and were active in the formation of the Republican party, in which the several Anti-Nebraska factions were united. Norman B. Judd as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Illinois was most effective in his advocacy of Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency. John M. Palmer achieved high distinction during the war of 1861-65, in which he attained the rank of major-general and the command of the 14th Army Corps. Later he was elected Governor of his State and United States Senator; and by his acceptance of the nomination as a candidate for the Presidency in 1896, he showed the same devotion to principle that led him to quit his party in 1854, when its action was repugnant to his sense of right.

On the 16th of June, 1858, the Republican State Convention unanimously named Lincoln as "the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas," who was seeking reelection;

and in the fall of that year occurred the memorable debates between the opposing candidates. Though Lincoln had the majority of the popular vote in the ensuing election, Douglas controlled the legislature and was reelected, a result due mainly to the system of apportionment of the legislative districts against which Lincoln frequently protested, and the rectification of which he considered of the utmost importance.

This second defeat of Lincoln's aspiration for the senatorship led his friends to doubt the loyalty of Trumbull and his supporters, who had been Democrats, and to look forward to the expiration of his senatorial term with intent to elect Lincoln in his stead. With this doubt and this purpose Lincoln had no sympathy, and he gave Trumbull assurance of his belief that the senator and his friends had heartily supported Lincoln in the recent contest, and further that he desired Trumbull's reelection, warning him, however, of the danger of affording Lincoln's friends any additional ground for suspicion of Trumbull's devotion to their leader.

The complications and controversies that resulted from the legislation for Kansas and the conduct of affairs there, led to antagonism between Senator Douglas and President Buchanan; Northern sympathy was largely with Douglas, and many Republicans outside of Illinois were disposed to favor his reelection to the Senate as an effectual rebuke to the administration. Among these was Horace Greeley, editor of the "New York Tribune," whose approval of Douglas aroused Lincoln's indignation. The plausible doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" advocated by Douglas won the favor of many who had hitherto opposed him; but Lincoln saw the fallacy of the scheme and during the memorable debates denounced it vigorously, and in the Republican platform of 1860 the doctrine was declared "a deception and a fraud." In theory "Popular Sovereignty" claimed for the people of the Territories the same rights regarding slavery that were possessed by the States, while virtually, under the principles enunciated in the Dred Scott decision, the people could not exclude slavery.

Beyond a few notes the following letters (including two from Trumbull to Lincoln) require no further explanation.

"Springfield, June 7, 1856

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"*My dear Sir:* The news of Buchanan's nomination came yesterday; and a good many Whigs, of conservative feelings, and slight pro-slavery proclivities, withal, are inclining to go for him, and will do it, unless the Anti-Nebraska nomination shall be such as to divert them—The man to effect that object is Judge McLean; and his nomination would save every Whig, except such as have already gone over hook and line, as Singleton, Morrison, Constable, & others—J. T. Stuart, Anthony Thornton, James M. Davis (the old settler) and others like them, will heartily go for McLean,¹ but will every one go for Buchanan, as against Chase, Banks, Seward, Blair or Frémont—I think they would stand Blair or Frémont for Vice-President—but not more—

"Now there is a grave question to be considered. Nine tenths of the Anti-Nebraska votes have to come from old Whigs—In setting stakes, is it safe to totally disregard them? Can we possibly win, if we do so? So far they have been disregarded—I need not point out the instances—

"I think I may trust you to believe I do not say this on my own personal account—I am *in*, and shall go for any one nominated unless he be '*platformed*' expressly, or impliedly, on some ground which I may think wrong—Since the nomination of Bissell² we are in good trim in Illinois, save at the point I have indicated—If we can save pretty nearly all the Whigs, we shall elect him, I think, by a very large majority—

"I address this to you, because your influence in the Anti-Nebraska nomination will be greater than that of any other Illinoisian [*sic*]—

"Let this be confidential,

"Yours very truly

"A. Lincoln."

"Springfield, Aug. 11. 1856

"HON. L. TRUMBULL:

"*My dear Sir:* I have just returned from speaking at Paris and Grandview in Edgar County—& Charleston and Shelby-

ville, in Coles and Shelby counties—Our whole trouble along there has been & is Fillmoreism—It loosened considerably during the week, not under my preaching, but under the election returns from Mo. Ky. Ark. & N. C. I think we shall ultimately get all the Fillmore men, who are really anti-slavery extension—the rest will probably go to Buchanan where they rightfully belong; if they do not, so much the better for us—The great difficulty with anti-slavery extension Fillmore men, is that they suppose Fillmore as good as Frémont on that question; and it is a delicate point to argue them out of it, they are so ready to think you are *abusing* Mr. Fillmore—

"Mr. Conkling showed me a letter of yours, from which I infer you will not be in Ills. till 11th Sept—

"But for that I was going to write you to make appointments at Paris, Charleston, Shelbyville, Hillsboro, &c—immediately after the adjournment—They were tolerably well satisfied with my work along there; but they believe with me, that you can touch some points that I can not; and they are very anxious to have you do it—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln."

"Chicago, Nov. 30. 1857.

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL.

"*Dear Sir:* Herewith you find duplicates of a notice which I wish to be served upon the Miss. French, or now Mrs. Gray, who married the late Franklin C. Gray—You understand what person I mean—Please hand her one copy, and note on the other that you have done so, the date of service, and your signature & return it to me at Springfield—

"What think you of the probable '*rumpus*' among the Democracy over the Kansas Constitution? I think the Republicans should stand clear of it—In their view both the President and Douglas are wrong; and they should not espouse the cause of either, because they may consider the other a little the farther wrong of the two—From what I am told here, Douglas tried, before leaving, to draw off some Republicans on this dodge,

¹ Judge John McLean, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. With Justice Curtis he dissented from the majority of the court in the Dred Scott decision.

² William H. Bissell, Colonel 2d Illinois Regiment in the War with Mexico, member of Congress, Governor 1857-60.

and even succeeded in making some impression on one or two—

"Yours very truly,
"A. Lincoln—"

"Springfield, Dec. 18. 1857

"HON: L. TRUMBULL:

"Dear Sir: Yours of the 7th telling me that Mrs. Gray is in Washington, reached [me] last night—

"Herewith I return the notices which I will thank you to serve and return as before requested—

"This notice is not required by law; and I am giving it merely because I think fairness requires it—

"Nearly all the Democrats here stick to Douglas; but they are hobbling along with the idea that there is no split between him and Buchanan—Accordingly they indulge the most extravagant eulogies on B., & his message; and insist that he has not indorsed the Lecompton Constitution—

"I wish not to tax your time; but when you return the notice, I shall be glad to have your general view of the then present aspect of affairs—

"Yours very truly
"A. Lincoln"

"Bloomington, Dec. 28. 1857—

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL.

"Dear Sir: What does the 'New York Tribune' mean by its constant eulogising, and admiring, and magnifying Douglas? Does it, in this, speak the sentiments of the Republicans at Washington? Have they concluded that the Republican cause, generally, can be best promoted by sacrificing us here in Illinois? If so we would like to know it soon; it will save us a great deal of labor to surrender at once—

"As yet I have heard of no Republican here going over to Douglas; but if the 'Tribune' continues to din his praises into the ears of its five or ten thousand Republican readers in Illinois, it is more than can be hoped that all will stand firm—

"I am not complaining—I only wish a fair understanding— Please write me at Springfield—

"Your Obt Servt.
"A. Lincoln—"

"Springfield, June 23, 1858

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: Your letter of the 16th reached me only yesterday— We had already seen, by telegraph, a report of Douglas' general onslaught upon every body but himself— I have this morning seen the 'Washington Union,' in which I think the Judge is rather worsted in regard to that onslaught—

"In relation to the charge of an alliance between the Republicans and Buchanan men in this State, it being rather pleased to see a division in the ranks of the Democracy, and not doing anything to prevent it, be such alliance, then there is such alliance—at least that is true of me—But if it be intended to charge that there is any alliance by which there is to be any concession of principle on either side, or furnishing of the sinews, or partition of offices, or swopping of votes, to any extent; or the doing of anything, great or small, on the one side, for a consideration, express or implied, on the other, no such thing is true so far as I know or believe—

"Before this reaches you, you will have seen the proceedings of our Republican State Convention— It was really a grand affair, and was, in all respects, all that our friends could desire—

"The resolution in effect nominating me for Senator I suppose was passed more for the object of closing down upon this everlasting croaking about Wentworth¹ than anything else—

"The signs look reasonably well— Our State ticket, I think, will be elected without much difficulty— But, with the advantages they have of us, we shall be very hard run to carry the Legislature—

"We shall greet your return home with great pleasure—

"Yours very truly
"A. Lincoln."

"Springfield, Jany 29. 1859

"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"Dear Sir: I have just received your late speech, in pamphlet form, sent me by yourself— I had seen, and read it, before, in a newspaper; and I really think it is a capital one—

"When you can find leisure, write me

¹ Wentworth familiarly known as "Long John" because of his height—six feet, seven inches. Journalist, member of Congress 1843-51, 1853-55, 1865-67; Mayor of Chicago in 1857, and again in 1860.

your present impressions of Douglas' movements— Our friends here from different parts of the State, in and out of the Legislature, are united, resolute, and determined; and I think it is almost certain that we shall be far better organized for 1860 than ever before—

"We shall get no just apportionment; and the best we can do, (if we can even do that) is to prevent one being made worse than the present—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln—"

Washington, Jany. 28, 1859.

HON. A. LINCOLN,

My Dear Sir, I have been shown the copy of an article said to have been prepared by Col. John Wentworth for publication in the "Chicago Journal," the object of which evidently is to stir up bad feeling between Republicans who were formerly Whigs & those who were Democrats, & more especially to create prejudice against myself & the Democratic portion of the party— The article is an insidious one & well calculated to do mischief with those who do not understand facts as well as you & I do— It contains a number of statements utterly false but mixed up with others which are true & so colored as to give an entirely wrong impression to the uninformed reader— The article professes to be a justification by Charles Wilson. Esq. for having nominated you as a candidate for Senator in the Republican Convention, but this is a mere pretense to get at something else— It seems that Wilson refused to publish the article, but the substance of it will probably be published in some way by its author—

I hope you have seen it, if not I will furnish you a copy. It is a despicably mean thing and just such an act as it would take a man of Wentworth [sic] reputed character to be guilty of— I never had much to do with Wentworth & really know personally but little about him, but it is right that friends like you & I should not permit any person whatever his motive to stir up unfounded suspicions & bad feelings between our friends, & to prevent it effectually it is only necessary that we see they are not imposed upon by designing mischief making persons. It needs no assurance from me, to satisfy you of the entire good faith with which Messrs. Judd, Cook, & others as well as myself who are assailed in this article worked for your

success in the late canvass— I am so constituted as to be incapable of practicing disguise & deceit if I would & now write you with that frankness & candor which is so characteristic of your course towards everybody.

The Democracy here are very much demoralized & broken down. They are attempting to get up a new issue on the Cuba question. What think you of that matter? Of course we Republicans can never consent to putting thirty millions in the hands of Buchanan in the present state of things, but can our opponents gain anything by the attempt which they will make to put themselves for & us against the acquisition of Cuba— I am inclined not to place myself against Cuba under any & all contingencies, but against this foolish, & unjust attempt to acquire her at this time— Douglas looks badly & is not the big man in the Senate he was two years ago— The Fitch¹ matter I think has damaged him with the shoulder hitters & [rowdies?] ² his chief supporters—

Truly yours

L. Trumbull.

"Springfield, Feb. 3. 1859

HON. L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: Yours of the 29th is received— The article mentioned by you, prepared for the 'Chicago Journal,' I have not seen; nor do I wish to see it, though I heard of it a month, or more, ago— Any effort to put enmity between you and me, is as idle as the wind— I do not for a moment doubt that you, Judd, Cook, Palmer, and the Republicans generally, coming from the old Democratic ranks, were as sincerely anxious for my success in the late contest, as I myself, and the old Whig Republicans were— And I beg to assure you, beyond all possible cavil, that you can scarcely be more anxious to be sustained two years hence than I am that you shall be so sustained— I can not conceive it possible for me to be a rival of yours, or to take sides against you in favor of any rival— Nor do I think there is much danger of the old Democratic and Whig elements of our party breaking into opposing factions— They certainly shall not, if I can prevent it.

"I do not perceive that there is any feeling here about Cuba; and so I think, you can safely venture to act upon your

¹ Graham N. Fitch, Senator from Indiana, a Democrat opposed to Douglas.

² Uncertain as to this word.

own judgment upon any phase of it which may be presented—

"The H. R.¹ passed an apportionment bill yesterday—slightly better for [us] than the present in the Senate districts; but perfectly outrageous in the H. R. districts— It can be defeated without any revolutionary movement, unless the session be prolonged.

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Nov. 28, 1859

"HON. L. TRUMBULL.

"My dear Sir: Yours of the 23rd is received— I agree with you entirely about the contemplated election of Forney²— Nothing could be more short-sighted than to place so strong a man as Forney in position to keep Douglas on foot— I know nothing of Forney personally; but I would put no man in position to help our enemies in the point of our hardest strain—

"There is nothing new here— I have written merely to give my view about this Forney business.

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Dec. 25, 1859

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"Dear Sir: About the 15th by direction of Mr. Judd, I sent a letter and inclosures to him, addressed to your care; and I have not yet learned whether he received it—

"I have carefully read your speech; and I judge that, by the interruptions, it came out a much better speech than you expected to make when you began— It really is an excellent one, many of the points being most admirably made—

"I was in the inside of the Post-Office last evening when a mail came bringing a considerable number of your documents; and the Post-Master said to me 'These will be put in the boxes, and half will never be called for; If Trumbull would send them to me I would distribute a hundred to where he will get ten distributed this way'—

¹ House of Representatives of the Illinois legislature.

² John W. Forney strenuously supported Douglas in his opposition to the Kansas policy of President Buchanan, was clerk of the National House of Representatives in 1851-55, and again in 1859. He became an ardent

"I said, 'shall I write this to Trumbull?'— He replied 'If you choose you may'— I believe he was sincere; but you will judge of that for yourself—

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

"Springfield, Mar. 16, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: When I first saw by the despatches that Douglas had run from the Senate while you were speaking I did not quite understand it; but seeing by the report that you were cramming down his throat that infernal stereotyped lie of his about 'negro equality' the thing became plain—

"Another matter— Our friend Delahay³ wants to be one of the Senators from Kansas— Certainly it is not for outsiders to obtrude their interference— Delahay has suffered a great deal in our cause, and been very faithful to it, as I understand— He writes me that some of the members of the Kansas Legislature have written you in a way that your simple answer might help him— I wish you would consider whether you can not assist him that far, without impropriety— I know it is a delicate matter; and I do not wish to press you beyond your own judgment—

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln—"

"Chicago, March 26, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: They are having a desperate struggle in Connecticut⁴; and it would both please, and help our friends there, if you could be with them in the last days of the fight— Having been there, I know they are proud of you as a son of their own soil, and would be moved to greater exertion by your presence among them—

"Can you not go? Telegraph them, and go right along— The fiendish attempt now being made upon Connecticut, must not be allowed to succeed,

"Yours as ever
"A. Lincoln"

Republican and was Secretary of the Senate in 1861-68.

³ Mark W. Delahay, later United States District Judge.

⁴ After his speech at the Cooper Institute, February 27, 1860, Lincoln spent several days in Connecticut.

"Springfield, Ills. April 7, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"My dear Sir: Reaching home from Chicago, where I have been engaged two weeks in the trial of a lawsuit, I found your letter of March 26th.

"Of course you can do no better for Delahay than you promise— I am trying to keep out of the contest among our friends for the Gubernatorial nomination; but from what I hear, the result is in considerable doubt—

"We have just had a clear party victory in our City election; and our friends are more encouraged, and our enemies more cowed by it, than by anything since the organization of the Republican party—Last year we carried the city; but we did it, not by our own strength, but by an open feud among our enemies— This year their feud was healed; and we beat them fairly by main strength—

"I can scarcely give an opinion as to what effect a nomination of Judge McLean, by the Union Convention,¹ would have— I do not believe he would accept it; and if he did, that fact alone, I think, would shut him out of the Chicago Convention— If he were ten years younger he would be our best candidate—

"Yours as ever

"A. Lincoln"

Washington April 24, 1860.

HON. A. LINCOLN,

My Dear Sir, I am going to write you candidly & frankly my impressions in regard to the Presidency, for such I know is the way you would desire me to speak, & I shall hope in return to be put fully in possession of your views— First in regard to yourself—

My impression is as between you & Gov-Seward, if the contest should assume that shape, that he would most likely succeed— I will not go into calculation to show this, but I have talked it over with friends here & that seems to be the impression even of those who do not want Seward nominated— When urging your claims, I am almost always met with the saying— "if you are going to nominate a man of that stamp why not take Seward?" There seems to be a disposition in the public-mind to associate you together, from the fact, I suppose, that you have both

given expression to a similar sentiment in regard to the ultimate extinction of slavery—

It matters not whether there is any foundation for this or not, I am not arguing the matter, but simply stating what others say—

Second— Can Seward be elected if nominated? The impression here is among all except his warm friends that he can not— The delegations from Conn. & R. I. say he would lose both States, & so far as I know those from N. J., Pa., except Cameron, & Indiana express the same opinion in regard to their States, & I must confess the letters I am daily receiving from Central & South Ill. lead me to doubt if he could carry our State—

We shall certainly run a great risk if he is the nominee— Under such circumstances it seems to me clear that he should not be nominated—

3— The next question is can his nomination be prevented & if so how— The impression here is that Judge McLean is probably the only man who could succeed as against Seward. After Cameron he seems to be the choice of Pa. & I suppose Ohio would support him after Chase— Would our State go for him in the convention after you, & if nominated could he carry Ill.? There seems to be a good deal of feeling for Bates in Central & South Illinois; would the same men go for McLean if nominated? Of course you know McLean's age, infirmities & the objections which would be raised to him—

Bates, I do not think could get the nomination as against Seward— The Germans are opposed to him— Neither Pa., N. J. or Ohio could be carried for him entire as against Seward, nor do I suppose Ill. could, nor do I mean to say that these States would certainly go for McLean in such a contingency, but am giving impressions here—

Now I wish you to understand that I am for you first & foremost, want our State to send not only delegates instructed in your favor, but your friends who will stand by & nominate you if possible, never faltering unless you yourself shall so advise; but we are engaged in a great contest which ought not to be put to hazard from personal considerations in any quarter—

Of course Mr. McLean can only be taken up as a compromise Candidate— He would

¹ Held on May 9 and 10, 1860, nominated John Bell for the Presidency on the second ballot. Judge McLean received 21 votes on the first ballot.

have no votes to start with— From what I have written you will readily see, that I am inclined to favor this McLean movement, which is daily gaining strength & even now looks formidable; but I want to know your views— I have talked with my Republican colleagues, & they all agree that we may ultimately have to take McLean & that it would be very hazardous to take Seward.

My impression is that [if] McLean were nominated [he] would be elected— Pa. some of the members here say, would be sure for him by Fifty thousand, & carrying that State would doubtless elect him— I think there are half a dozen men whom we could elect, if they were nominated, but I do not see how their nomination is to be brought about.

[Not signed, but in Lyman Trumbull's autograph.]

"Springfield, April 29, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL:

"*My dear Sir:* Yours of the 24th was duly received; and I have postponed answering it, hoping by the result at Charleston, to know who is to lead our adversaries, before writing—But Charleston hangs fire, and I wait no longer¹—

"As you request, I will be entirely frank— The taste *is* in my mouth a little; and this, no doubt, disqualifies me, to some extent, to form correct opinions. You may confidently rely, however, that by no advice or consent of mine, shall my pretensions be pressed to the point of endangering our common cause—

"Now, as to my opinions about the chances of others in Illinois—I think neither Seward² nor Bates³ can carry Illinois if Douglas shall be on the track; and that either of them can, if he shall not be— I rather think McLean could carry it with D. on or off—in other words, I think McLean is stronger in Illinois, taking all sections of it, than either S. or B; and I think S. the weakest of the three. I hear no objection to Mr. McLean, except his age⁴; but that objection seems to occur to every one; and it is possible it might leave him no stronger than the others— By the way,

¹ The National Democratic Convention met at Charleston, April 23, 1860, and adjourned May 3 to meet at Baltimore, June 18, having made no nominations. A large number of the delegates from the Southern States, having previously withdrawn, organized a convention that adjourned to meet at Richmond on June 11.

if we should nominate him, how would we save to ourselves the chance of filling his vacancy in the Court? Have him hold on up to the moment of his inauguration? Would that course be no draw-back upon us in the canvass?

"Recurring to Illinois, we want something here quite as much as, and which is harder to get than, the electoral vote—the Legislature— And it is exactly in this point that Seward's nomination would be hard upon us. Suppose he should gain us a thousand votes in Winnebago, it would not compensate for the loss of fifty in Edgar—

"A word now for your own special benefit— You better write no letters which can possibly be distorted into opposition, or quasi opposition to me— There are men on the constant watch for such things out of which to prejudice my peculiar friends against you—

"While I have no more suspicion of you than I have of my best friend living, I am kept in a constant struggle against suggestions of this sort— I have hesitated some to write this paragraph, lest you should suspect I do it for my own benefit, and not for yours; but on reflection I conclude you will not suspect me—

"Let no eye but your own see this—not that there is anything wrong, or even ungenerous, in it; but it would be misconstrued—

"Your friend as ever

"A. Lincoln"

PRIVATE

"Springfield, May 1, 1860

"HON: L. TRUMBULL

"*Dear Sir:* In my last letter to you I believe I said I thought Mr. Seward would be weaker in Illinois than Mr. Bates— I write this to qualify the opinion so far as to say I think S. weaker than B. in our close Legislative districts; but probably not weaker taking the whole State over—

"We now understand that Douglas

² William Henry Seward, Senator from New York, Lincoln's strongest opponent for the Presidential nomination, and later his Secretary of State.

³ Edward Bates of Missouri, appointed Attorney-General by Lincoln.

⁴ Judge McLean was then in his seventy-sixth year.

will be nominated to-day by what is left of the Charleston Convention—

"All parties here dislike it— Republicans and Danites,¹ that he should be nominated at all; and Doug. Dem's that he should not be nominated by an undivided Convention—

"Yours as ever

"*A. Lincoln*"

"*Springfield, May 26, 1860*

"HON. L. TRUMBULL:

"*My dear Sir:* I have received three letters from you since the nomination,² for all which I sincerely thank you— As you say, if we can not get our State up now, I do not see when we can—

"The nominations start well here, and everywhere else, so far as I have heard— We may have a back-set yet— Give my respects to the Republican Senators; and especially to Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Seward, Gen. Cameron, and Mr. Wade— Also to your good wife—

"Write again; and do not write so short letters as I do—

"Your friend, as ever

"*A. Lincoln*"

"*Springfield, Ills. May 31, 1860*

"HON. L. TRUMBULL

"*My dear Sir:* Yours of the 28th, inclosing that which I have carefully read, and now return, is received— Please say to Mr. Hamlin that my letter of acceptance is already written and forwarded to Mr. Ashmun,³ at Springfield, Mass; that I would send him, Mr. Hamlin, a copy, only that Mr. Ashmun, when here, sought and obtained a promise from me that I would furnish a copy to no one; that the letter is very short, and, I think, conflicts with none of Mr. Morey's suggestions, except that it may be published by Mr. Ashmun before the Baltimore Convention. Perhaps it would be best for Mr. Hamlin and yourself not to communicate the fact that the letter of acceptance is already written— I am glad to learn the

¹ Danites, a secret association of Mormons pledged to obey the dictates of their church; the name was popularly applied in Illinois to the faction of Administration Democrats who opposed Douglas.

² Lincoln was nominated for President at Chicago, May 18, 1860, and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice-President.

Philadelphia meeting had force enough to not be spoiled by the storm— I look with great interest for your letters now.

"Your friend as ever,

"*A. Lincoln*"

"*Springfield, Ills. June 5, 1860*

"HON. L. TRUMBULL

"*My dear Sir:* Yours of May 31, inclosing Judge Read's letter,⁴ is received—

"I see by the papers this morning, that Mr. Fillmore⁵ refuses to go with us. What do the New-Yorkers at Washington think of this? Gov. Reeder was here last evening direct from Pennsylvania— He is entirely confident of that State, and of the general result— I do not remember to have heard Gen. Cameron's opinion of Penn— Weed⁶ was here, and saw me; but he showed no signs whatever of the intriguer— He asked for nothing; and said N. Y. is safe, without condition.

"Remembering that Peter denied his Lord with an oath, after most solemnly protesting that he never would, I will not swear I will make no committals; but I do think I will not—

"Write me often— I look with great interest for your letters now.

"Yours as ever,

"*A. Lincoln*"

The following autographic document begins with a memorandum in Lyman Trumbull's handwriting, which we italicize to distinguish it from the remainder, which is in Lincoln's handwriting:

"Furnished by Mr. Lincoln & copied into my remarks to be made at the celebration at Springfield, Ill. Nov. 20, 1860"

"I have labored in, and for, the Republican organization with entire confidence that whenever it shall be in power, each and all of the States will be left in as complete control of their own affairs respectively, and at as perfect liberty to choose, and employ, their own means of protecting property, and preserving peace and

³ George Ashmun of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Republican National Convention.

⁴ Judge Read of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

⁵ Millard Fillmore the former President. Candidate for the Presidency in 1856 against Buchanan and Fremont.

⁶ Thurlow Weed, the New York journalist and politician, the stanch friend and supporter of Seward.

order within their respective limits, as they have ever been under any administration— Those who have voted for Mr. Lincoln, have expected, and still expect this; and they would not have voted for him had they expected otherwise— I regard it as extremely fortunate for the peace of the whole country, that this point, upon which the Republicans have been so long, and so persistently misrepresented, is now to be brought to a practical test, and placed beyond the possibility of doubt— Disunionists *per se*, are now in hot haste to get out of the Union, precisely because they perceive they can not, much longer, maintain apprehension among the Southern people that their homes, and firesides, and lives, are to be endangered by the action of the Federal Government— With such *'Now, or never'* is the maxim—

"I am rather glad of this military preparation in the South— It will enable the people the more easily to suppress any uprisings there, which their misrepresentations of purposes may have encouraged—"

PRIVATE, & CONFIDENTIAL

"Springfield, Ills. Dec. 10. 1860

"HON. L. TRUMBULL.

"*My dear Sir.* Let there be no compromise on the question of extending slavery— If there be, all our labor is lost, and, ere long, must be done again— The dangerous ground— that into which some of our friends have a hankering to run—is Pop. Sov— Have none of it— Stand firm. The tug has to come, & better now than any time hereafter ¹—

"Yours as ever

"*A. Lincoln.*"

¹ Lincoln was elected November 6, 1860. Threats of secession of Southern States were rife, the people throughout the Northern and in many of the Southern States were anxiously striving to check the secession movement, offers of compromise were urged, many public meetings were held which favored liberal concessions. Reaction seemed to be setting in, and many who had helped to elect Lincoln seemed to repent; but whoever else was shaken, he was not.

² Benjamin F. Wade, Senator from Ohio, later pre-

CONFIDENTIAL

"Springfield, Ills. Dec. 17. 1860

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"*My dear Sir:* Yours inclosing Mr. Wade's ² letter, which I herewith return, is received—

"If any of our friends do prove false, and fix up a compromise on the territorial question, I am for fighting again—that is all— It is but repetition for me to say I am for an honest enforcement of the Constitution—fugitive slave clause included—

"Mr. Gilmer ³ of N. C. wrote me; and I answered confidentially, inclosing my letter to Gov. Corwin, to be delivered or not, as he might deem prudent— I now inclose you a copy of it—"

[The signature has been cut off—probably for an autograph-seeker]

"Springfield, Ills. Dec. 24, 1860

"HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL

"*My dear Sir* I expect to be able to offer Mr. Blair ⁴ a place in the cabinet; but I can not, as yet, be committed on the matter, to any extent whatever—

"Despatches have come here two days in succession, that the Forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by the order, or consent at least, of the President ⁵—

"I can scarcely believe this; but if it prove true, I will, if our friends at Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken after the inauguration— This will give the Union Men a rallying cry, and preparation will proceed somewhat on their side, as well as on the other—

"Yours as ever

"*A. Lincoln.*"

siding officer of the Senate after Johnson's accession to the Presidency.

³ John A. Gilmer, member of Congress from North Carolina, had been Whig candidate for Governor, but was defeated. He was suggested for Lincoln's cabinet.

⁴ Montgomery Blair, subsequently Postmaster-General.

⁵ South Carolina passed its ordinance of secession, December 20, 1860.



THE MENACE OF AËRIAL WARFARE

ALL GREAT NATIONS ARE PREPARING FOR IT—GREAT BRITAIN AS EXPOSED AS ANY OTHER COUNTRY TO SUCH ATTACK—THE UNITED STATES MUST PREPARE FOR AËRIAL DEFENSE—PROBABLE INCIDENTS OF AËRIAL ATTACK, AND CONFLICTS IN THE SKY

BY HENRY B. HERSEY¹

Inspector, United States Weather Bureau

WHEN, a few weeks ago, Sir Hiram Maxim, in a lecture which he delivered before the Society of Arts in London, arraigned the British nation for its lack of interest in the possibilities of aërial warfare, he made the cold shivers run up and down the British spine, and it is safe to say that our transatlantic cousins have been doing a lot of thinking about it since. At first some of the military and naval authorities were inclined to make light of Sir Hiram's warnings, but in view of his eminence as an inventor and scientist, one not given to wild imaginings, but a practical, hard-headed, logical thinker and analyst, they must admit the threatening attitude, if not the gravity, of the situation. Isolated by seas from all foes, their shipping protected in all quarters of the globe by the frowning *Dreadnaughts* of a navy whose strength, according to plan, must exceed that of the combined navies of any two possible enemies, they have felt a sense of security. But now a new danger in war arises against which they are not prepared. These silent cruisers of the air, hovering like vultures over cities, harbors, and fortifications, dealing, with hawk-like swiftness, death and destruction, and then disappearing as suddenly, only to strike some other unexpected point, are most certainly a menace which must be taken into account.

England alone of all the great Euro-

pean powers has done but little experimentation with aërial war-craft. Yet she is of all nations the most threatened by the recent inventions and improvements in aërial work, because she has depended largely for security on her splendid isolation, protected by her powerful navy. Now she realizes that this isolation cannot be maintained against aërial attack by any present means of defense, and that such defense must be prepared in the form of a fleet of air-cruisers.

Great Britain's situation gives point to the question of the possibilities of aërial attack on this country in case of war, and of what should be done that we may be properly prepared to meet such attack. Our needs are not so pressing as those of England because we have no such powerful neighbors near enough for aërial expeditions to be started out from their own countries as a base of operations.

Still, in any future war two general plans of attack will be open to our antagonists. Bases of operations could be established in Canada or Mexico, either by agreement or force, from which aërial fleets could be operated; also aërial sorties could be made from ships fitted up specially for the purpose. With a suitable base established in the vicinity of Montreal, attacks by dirigible balloons of the Zeppelin type could be made on Boston, or New York, or the inland cities of the

¹ Major Hersey's voyages by balloon across the English Channel and in the St. Louis balloon contest are described in his illustrated paper "Experiences in the Sky," printed in *THE CENTURY* for March, 1908. See also Edmund

Clarence Stedman's paper on aërial navigation as a menace to British supremacy, "The Prince of the Power of the Air," in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1908.—THE EDITOR.

nearby States. From bases in Canada located along the Great Lakes, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Duluth could be reached, while British Columbia would afford a good point from which Seattle and Portland could be threatened. Such attacks are not visionary, but actually could be made with a reasonable chance of success with dirigible balloons now in the hands of some of the European nations.

And if not used for independent attack, war-balloons would become formidable additions to an army invading this country from Canada or Mexico. They would not only act as scouts, securing complete information of the location and movements of the defending armies, but could join in an attack, especially on fortifications, by dropping aerial torpedoes inside lines of defense, exploding magazines, and dealing death in all directions among the defenders. The moral effect of such an attack during a battle would be tremendous and hard to overcome.

To much the same effect, attacks might be made from aeronautic ships accompanying battle fleets. These ships are now being added to all the principal European navies except the British. Germany has two converted aeronautic transports, and another large one is being built specially for this work. This one is so planned that the masts, smokestacks, and other upper works, will not interfere with the inflation of large dirigible balloons or the launching into the air of aeroplanes. It will be fitted with the finest apparatus for producing hydrogen gas rapidly, also with a special arrangement for the storage of an enormous quantity of hydrogen compressed in steel cylinders. These will be connected with pipes running to the deck, so that by turning stop-cocks the gas may flow into the balloon for inflation as rapidly as wished, without disturbing the storage-cylinders. There will be special facilities for storing aeroplanes, and arrangements for assembling them quickly on deck for flight; also complete workshops for repairs and alterations; and, still more important, there will be magazines for storing special aerial torpedoes. This ship will have great speed and will be protected like an armored cruiser.

The Germans have been doing a great amount of experimental work in connec-

tion with aerial torpedoes recently. Trials have been made of many different patterns with various kinds of high explosives, dropping them from balloons at different heights at prearranged targets below. They are of course not giving the world the benefit of the experience they have acquired, but the accuracy with which they were able to place the torpedoes on these targets, and the effect of the explosions were such that they have taken up aerial work with renewed energy. The French navy has two converted aeronautic transports and the Italians one. These three nations are the only ones in Europe who are prepared at present to make aerial work an important feature of their navies, but as the indirect result of their enterprise it will be only a comparatively short time before all important navies of other countries are equipped for this work.

Japan has recently placed orders for two ships, one in an English shipyard and the other with a German firm. With genuine Oriental wisdom she has placed the veil of secrecy around these orders, and what they are to be used for can only be guessed, but it has been known for some time in the aeronautic world that Japan, true to her custom in recent years to learn everything new and hold all she finds good, has been anxious to take up aerial work in a thorough and serious manner.

Now, let us consider for a moment the possibilities of an attack on New York city by a war-fleet superior in strength to any which we would have available for defense at the time. It would then be necessary to rely largely on land defenses. If the attacking fleet were accompanied by thoroughly equipped aeronautic transports, dirigibles might be inflated and sent in over our fortifications, dropping torpedoes into them from the sky at the same time that the fleet would be making the attack from the water. Due notice having been given of bombardment, these same dirigibles might sail over the skyscrapers of New York, dropping bombs or torpedoes into the very light-shafts of the proud structures, and wrecking them completely. If the dirigibles should be disabled by shots from the land and destroyed or captured, we should thereby inflict on the enemy a loss of perhaps five men, and possibly a hundred thousand dollars—a loss trivial

as compared with the damage done by one explosive dropped from the sky. What is true of New York applies with greater force to San Francisco or Seattle.

All these possibilities are based partly on the supposition that this country would not be prepared for serious aërial warfare. If, however, we were as well prepared as we ought to be within the next few years, the probabilities would be different. At the approach of a hostile fleet, our air-cruisers would be on the alert. Every move of the enemy would be reported, and, as night drew on, our air-craft would hover near, and under cover of darkness make a sudden attack, dropping torpedoes on their ships, perhaps down the smokestacks into the very vitals of the ship, destroying it instantly. Or, if both sides were equipped for aërial battle, the ships of the air might meet in the sky for the death-struggle—and a battle royal it would be. Each would be armed with light guns carrying a bullet or shell which would explode on striking even the silk of the gas-bag and throw fire in all directions. This would ignite the gas in the balloon, causing a terrific explosion and sending the wreckage and crew hurtling through space back to mother-earth, which always receives calmly the wrecks we give her.

So far I have spoken only of the work of dirigible balloons, generally referred to as air-ships, but the simple spherical balloon is of great value for use on naval vessels. It can be inflated and sent to a height of five hundred or a thousand feet as a captive balloon from a ship, with one or two officers in the basket. From this altitude a splendid lookout can be maintained, and being equipped with telephones, any information secured can be promptly communicated to the commander of the fleet. If our fleet at Santiago had been provided with such a balloon and the necessary equipment, it could easily have determined whether the Spanish fleet was in the harbor during that trying period of uncertainty preceding the land operations of the Santiago campaign.

Within the last year another great invention has entered the field of aërial achievement. I refer to the aëroplane, which has attracted the attention of the world by its mechanical flight. Henry Farman, an English resident of Paris, was the first to demonstrate publicly its suc-

cess; but since then our own Wright brothers of Ohio, who had been able to preserve a degree of secrecy in regard to a long series of experiments, have so far eclipsed the work of all others in this line that they are in a class by themselves. The European governments have promptly taken up this invention. Russia and France through their agents have secured the rights to the patents of the Wright brothers for their respective war departments. How extensive the field is for aëroplanes in military work cannot be determined now, for it must be remembered that their operators are at present only fledglings, mostly standing on the edge of the nest, while a few of the venturesome ones are essaying short flights to strengthen their young pinions, others recovering from the sore bruises of falls, and others lying still in death. But, undaunted, the little band will continue to win success, flight by flight, until the conquest of the air is complete.

Judging from the present outlook, it seems that the field of the aëroplane in military work will be distinct from that of the dirigible balloon. It will not be able to carry great weight, like the dirigible, but it will be much swifter. Being smaller and more compact and requiring no gas-making apparatus, it will be more easily transported. A single supply-ship could carry a whole fleet of them, and they could be quickly put in action. They will probably become the cavalry of the aërial army, while the heavier and more formidable dirigibles will constitute a combination of infantry and artillery.

This country has been backward in aërial work simply because the people have not realized how important a part it will play in the warfare of the future. The European nations appreciate this and are putting forth their greatest efforts to get the best equipment possible and thoroughly to train a large corps of men in the work. Already France and Germany have very respectable fleets of aërial cruisers and are actively training men in the work of handling them. England, Russia, and Italy are all working on the problem. They all realize that in the wars of the future an army or navy not equipped for aërial work will be badly handicapped, if not at the mercy of an enemy having a strong corps of trained men well equipped

with modern air-ships. It is not a work that can be taken up when the occasion arises, for it is of a technical nature and can be acquired only by experience.

The Signal Corps, under General James Allen, has charge of this work for our army, and the progress made has been remarkable, considering the small amount of funds available. It is, however, only the beginning. Ample funds should be provided for the construction of at least two large air-cruisers suitable for training-ships. On these, men could be trained thoroughly in the practical work of dropping torpedoes and manœuvering the ship. Some experimental work should be done in the construction of special torpedoes or bombs for use in this work. Different types of large rifles or small cannon with special sights should be devised and thoroughly tried out, with a view to becoming expert in hitting balloons or air-ships in the sky.

The organization of aëronautic corps or detachments in the National Guard should be encouraged, and when such an organization from any State is shown to be ready for active work, regular officers should be detailed temporarily to give them the necessary instructions. At the annual manœuvers where the regulars and the National Guard are brought together for instruction, demonstrations of the working of dirigible and spherical balloons should be provided for, and members of the National Guard should be instructed in handling them. Portable gas-making outfits should be supplied and the men trained in their use. Balloon clubs in different cities should be invited to coöperate, and the names of members becoming

expert in the work should be enrolled on a list of those available for duty as officers in case of war.

For the present the work could be managed to good advantage by the Signal Corps, as it is now being done; but after a few years it would probably be better to have a separate corps devoted entirely to aërial work. We have the best material in the world for the organization of an aërial force, and at present lack only the necessary funds and authority from Congress. To be unprepared is to invite aggression, which may force us into a war costing blood and money beyond estimate. Our navy to-day is proving itself to be one of the greatest peacemakers in the world.

Through the long ages past and gone, man has climbed up slowly step by step from out the dark caverns which formed his home and lair, from which he prowled forth to prey on his weaker neighbors of the animal kingdom. Slowly step by step under patriarch, feudal baron, dukes, and kings, he has advanced in national organization until now he owes allegiance not to his ruler, but to his country. Just so surely will he continue to climb, but always slowly, until he owes allegiance to all his brothers over the earth, and not until then will there be an end of war. But that desired amity is in the distant future. We must be patient and wait for the development that will come to us slowly as it has in the past. As a nation we have only feelings of good-will and friendship toward all our neighbors. We wish for peace; but, as nations exist to-day, to ensure that peace we must be prepared to wage a victorious war, if it be forced upon us.



DANGERS OF THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT

REASONS WHY IT SHOULD NOT BE GENERALLY ADOPTED

BY JAMES M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.

Editor of "The Christian Advocate"

IN 1874, Houghton, Mifflin and Co. published a small work of mine entitled "Supposed Miracles." Long before that date I had been studying "animal magnetism," one of several names for the same thing, and anti-medicine faith-cure societies, under various religious titles, as well as cures attributed to Spiritist, "healing mediums." Later I investigated the Simpson anti-medicine faith-healing cult, followed the rise, decline, and fall of the spectacular Dowie, and have critically watched Christian Science from its birth to a vigorous womanhood. The results of these investigations have been published at intervals in *THE CENTURY*.

From force of habit and because of the intrinsic interest of the subject, I have carefully followed the Emmanuel Movement. The Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D., Ph.D., Rector of Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church of Boston, Mass., is an accomplished man and a devout clergyman, a student of psychology and sometime teacher of this science in Lehigh University. He differs from all Christian healers who dispense with the use of medicines, yet believes that functional neuroses and psychoses in a large majority of cases are amenable to psychic or spiritual influences. With him are associated physicians who determine whether applicants need medical or mental care. The treatment of hysteria, neurasthenia, etc., is by what is called psychotherapeutics, which ponderous term signifies the treatment of disease by the influence of the mind over the body.

It is claimed that Emmanuel Church is

maintaining a clinic similar to any medical clinic in a free hospital, but one in which work is limited to certain types of functional nervous disorders. Isidor A. Coriat, M.D., emphatically states that only certain functional diseases are amenable to psychotherapy, and that such maladies as epilepsy or paralysis-agitans cannot be benefited by it. "No patient is taken who needs exclusive treatment by physical means, or in whom physical treatment would predominate over the psychical." "Neither are organic diseases taken for treatment by suggestion." "A patient once rejected by the examining physician is never afterward under any circumstances accepted; nor is any patient who applies at the clinic for examination, who is at the same time under treatment by an outside physician, unless that physician gives his absolute consent and approval. From time to time after the treatment begins the patient is sent back to the neurologist for reëxamination."

A few months since a volume was published by Dr. Worcester, in collaboration with his clerical assistant, Samuel McComb, D.D., and Isidor H. Coriat, M.D., "Religion and Medicine," the sub-title of which is "The Moral Control of Nervous Diseases." Each contributor is responsible for his own production, and an index specifies the writers of the different chapters.

The keynote of the following examination and discussion is the joint and separate relations of the movement to the Christian churches and the medical profession.

The Emmanuel Movement originated

in a truly philanthropic attempt to treat indigent consumptives without removing them from their own homes. Joseph H. Pratt, M.D., superintended the medical work, and the clergyman added "discipline, friendship, encouragement, and hope." This effort proving successful, late in 1906 Dr. Worcester resolved to begin a similar mission among the nervously and morally diseased. A preliminary meeting was held at which the distinguished physician James J. Putnam presided and delivered the first address. Dr. Putnam has since withdrawn his approbation, and, in a communication to the "Boston Herald," says: "When Dr. Worcester originally consulted me, just two years ago, I was much interested in the plan. I did not then realize what the outcome was to be. I have never undertaken to contradict his statement of the good accomplished, nor do I now. I assert simply that I have long since become convinced of the validity of the general arguments against the plan, which even at the outset appeared so strongly to many of my friends."

In the introduction to "Religion and Medicine," Dr. Worcester speaks of Christian Science as "this despicable superstition." He declares that his "Movement" has no relation to Christian Science either by way of protest or imitation. "We have taken our stand fairly and squarely on the religion of Christ, as that religion is revealed in the New Testament, and is interpreted by modern scholarship, and we have combined with this the power of genuine science."

The discussion of the "Subconscious Mind" is interesting, but a large part of it is but distantly related to psychotherapy. Not until the eighth and last section is the physiological operation of the sub-conscious mind brought under consideration. By that action many changes, physical and mental, are wrought; some, in the regular automatic processes of the body and others in their normal action, affecting the brain. So much speculation is indulged in in the discussion of this subject that the following sentence is to be commended: "Further speculation as to its nature [the subconscious mind] and its relation to consciousness would lead us too far from our purpose."

"Suggestion" naturally follows, and its acknowledged power is emphasized to the

full capacity of a remarkable vocabulary. The medical profession may learn of Dr. Worcester that "The plain truth is, moral maladies require moral treatment; physicians apprehend this, and usually abstain from administering medicines in cases where they are likely to do no good. The difficulty is that on account of their ignorance of psychological methods few physicians feel themselves competent to undertake such treatment."

A long list of physicians, from Benjamin Rush (who credited his predecessors with being his preceptors in the line of moral and mental treatment) to the thoroughly equipped physicians of the present, shows that a minority only feel themselves incompetent to treat the body through the mind, by advice and suggestion, when these would be more valuable than medicine, or would increase the efficacy of medicine or surgery. Emmanuel's rector characterizes the medical profession of this country as follows: "One reason why American physicians are so slow to avail themselves of psychical influence in combating disease, is that they have been educated in a too narrowly materialistic school of science which assumes that only material objects possess reality and which thinks that the mind can safely be ignored." This characterization is best left to both professional and lay intelligence. Strange passages occur in this chapter such as:

Sometimes the patient can carry his recovery to a certain point, but he cannot advance beyond it. The cure tarries and he becomes discouraged. Then the coöperation of another personality is needed and with this help the recovery is completed. I believe this was what Christ had in mind when he said: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them by my Father which is in Heaven." At all events I have seen some startling illustrations of the truth of this word.

Special attention is given to "Hypnotism," which, under a score of names, has been employed for more than a hundred years in treating disease. It is here defined as "an intense form of artificial abstraction (absent-mindedness) brought on by suggestion." Its actual therapeutic value is magnified by nearly all who ex-

plot it. In the discussion of hypnotism and suggestion, this work throws its influence in favor of the proposition that there is no danger that criminal acts may be compelled. A certain school of scientists has declared that "subjects of the best character have been and ordinarily can be led in speech and act to commit grave offenses." These men have carried this hypothesis much too far; others, reacting, have denied what has occasionally occurred. With apparent acquiescence, Dr. Worcester quotes Bramwell: "When the act demanded is contrary to the moral sense it is usually refused by the normal subject, and invariably by the hypnotized one." This is generally the case, but *not* always, and it is not *invariably* refused in the hypnotized. Only enthusiasts dare affirm a negative, where personality, under domination by an idea injected from without, is concerned. As well might one declare that in somnambulism no act has ever been committed which, had the perpetrator been awake, would have been a crime. There are operators in this city who have recoiled from their own experiments on beholding the subject preparing to commit a crime at their instigation. Yet we find this:

I do assert with distinctness and confidence that no virtuous man or woman will accept a suggestion which is repugnant to his or her moral nature. On the contrary, what we observe in hypnosis is an elevation of the moral faculties, greater refinement of feeling, a higher sense of truth and honor, often a delicacy of mind which the waking subject does not possess. In my opinion the reason for this is that the subconscious mind, which I believe is the most active in suggestion, is *purser and freer from evil than our waking consciousness.*

The history of dreams does not confirm the opinion twice herein uttered. To use hypnotism "when indicated" is as legitimate as it is to use an anesthetic; both, however, are treacherous. To affirm, as does this work, that, "whether sleeping or waking, the subject would *absolutely reject* any suggestion of the operator *contrary to his normal moral sense,*" is unscientific and most dangerous. In this discussion there is a mixture of science and pseudo-science perplexing to one who has

digested the divergent theories and tested them in practice.

Turning at this point from Dr. Worcester to Dr. McComb, we find that he defines "auto-suggestion" as "a roundabout way of getting the will to work" and that "the blessed path which auto-suggestion takes is that of the removal of inhibition or checks on the authority of the will. Here is to be found the secret of that new sense of power which has come into so many lives to-day through the medium of Christian Science, Faith Healing, Metaphysical Healing, the Raja Yoga of Indian Theosophy, and other forms of mental gymnastics." It was not so much *auto-suggestion*, but plain suggestion, and very authoritative, which introduced the "new sense of power." Dr. McComb, in illustrating the power of auto-suggestion, says:

The fanatic, whether in politics or in theology is the bond-slave of his self-suggestion: the whole universe is for him concentrated into a single red-hot spot . . . his consciousness is narrowed to this point and for him everything else is not. The heresy hunter, the dietetic "crank" who would reconstruct the order of human life on the basis of "predigested" cereals, the temperance or teetotal faddist who believes that the utter abolition of alcohol would mean the dawn of millennial glory—these familiar figures in English and American life are all intelligible in the light of the psychological principle which we are now discussing.

Yet nearly all were started in the way in which they go by suggestion *from without.*

But it appears to be easy to attribute results either to suggestion or auto-suggestion, for Dr. McComb declares that "*at bottom suggestion and auto-suggestion are the same.*"

Having made this statement, he defines "auto-suggestion" "as a self-imposed narrowing of the field of consciousness to one idea by holding a given thought in the mental focus to the exclusion of all other thoughts."

After careful readings of this interesting volume, I suggest that there is abundant evidence that the projectors of the Emmanuel Movement are in imminent danger, by oft-repeated auto-suggestion, "of

holding a given thought in the mental focus *to the exclusion of all other thoughts.*"

This movement is not a feasible adjunct to the local church, the activities of which are already such as to demand the entire energy and resources of the pastor. In the discussion of the causes of nervousness Dr. Worcester says:

Clergymen, if they are rectors or ministers of great and highly organized parishes, must be leaders of thought, organizers, financiers, scholars, able preachers. In other words, they must labor in constantly recurring tasks and duties, which are always the same and yet must always be done differently. Addressing the same audience week by week, they must not repeat themselves. Speaking on the oldest theme known to man, they must be able to make it ever fresh and new. Their working week consists of seven days, and their working day, if they are really interested in their work, ends at midnight or when they are too weary to write, to speak, to think, or to act any longer, and then they go to bed with the sad consciousness of having left many tasks undone.

This marshaling of the clergyman's duties would seem to show that few men could add to them the complex and exhausting duties of another profession without, in some measure, diminishing the efficiency of the former. To attempt to carry on a work of physical healing would entail neglect of important interests, or reduce the pastor to a condition requiring treatment at some other clinic. The existence in any neighborhood of such an institution would probably be a means of proselyting, and of disquieting the members of churches of the same denomination. Moreover, few would be competent by experience, study, or natural gift to superintend such a work. Dr. Worcester further writes:

This is not a task which every shepherd is qualified to perform. It requires careful observation of temperament, capacity and idiosyncrasy which will tax the resources of the most gifted man. This study of conscience, this analysis of life's experience in order to discover the cause of the present disturbance, and to trace its history, requires time, sympathy, and some psychological acuteness.

Dr. Coriat is more definite in a recent letter to the "Boston Herald":

The chief criticism of the movement has been launched against the fear of its spread to other churches. This criticism is a valid one, for no greater harm could be done than to place such an important and delicate weapon as that of psychotherapeutics in the hands of untrained and unqualified men.

A danger ever imminent can only be hinted at. To determine the cause of functional neurosis, hysteria, or neurasthenia, the minister must probe the inmost soul of the sufferer, the outer and the inner life. Such intimate conversations and revelations are perilous for the pastor who sustains manifold relations to his congregation; especially as we are told that the recovery of the normal state is generally slow, requiring numerous interviews.

The most fatal wound which can be inflicted upon a minister's reputation is scandal; such a system as I am considering might give rise to it justly or unjustly, especially as many ills such as melancholia, hysteria, and neurasthenia result from domestic infelicities. The healing of moral and mental diseases by mental and emotional means is dangerously absorbing, and in not a few temperaments would inflate the self-consciousness of the pastors who practice as amateurs in psychotherapy to a degree not so liable to affect professional physicians. Another undesirable result is that ministerial control will engender in a large part of the community a feeling that there is something "uncanny" in a man who exerts such power.

The true function of the clergyman is to teach the ethical and spiritual doctrines of Christianity, and as an under shepherd, to visit the flock committed to his care. In the discharge of this duty he should maintain an individual acquaintance with members of the congregation, listen to whatever they communicate, and by counsel assist them. He should be accessible to all, sympathize in sorrow and in joy, and help them bear their burdens. Scrupulous attention should be given the poor and the sick, and the clergyman should be in such relation to reputable physicians and surgeons as to direct those who require advice: he must also have the

entrée to hospitals. His prayers and communings in the sick-room will sink into the depths of the mental and moral nature of the sufferer, cheering, comforting, strengthening, and reinforce every effort to cure or mitigate his malady, inspiring him with hope of recovery or of immortality. All else the pastor should leave to the physician.

The authors of "Religion and Medicine" endeavor to connect their method of suggestion and hypnotism with the works of Christ and the effects of the prayers of the Apostles. The Emmanuel Church Year Book for 1907 contains the following:

There can be no question that Christ healed, not by drugs, or any material agency, but by powers closely allied to, if not inclusive of, those which we may employ to cure functional disorders—consequent always, and not otherwise, upon a positive exercise of faith. We cannot do all the things that Jesus did; but we may, and should, do some of the things he did; and we should enlarge the field of our work with the increase of our faith and our scientific knowledge, because the command of the Master to heal was no less strenuous than the command to preach. But when to-day, with our own eyes, we see so many of these scenes reenacted, so many of the same diseases cured by means of faith and the authoritative word, . . . the writer ventures to say that within five years contemporary evidence will be offered which will change the attitude of the educated world on the subject of Christ's acts of healing.

The New Testament declares that the blind received their sight, the lame walked, the *lepers* were cleansed, the deaf heard, and the dead were raised up. The "withered hand was instantly" made whole. With reference to the healing of the lepers, Dr. Worcester speaks of the fact that in those times two forms of leprosy were known, the curable and the incurable. Having by various means minimized the miracle working of Christ and the Apostles, the discussion closes as follows:

Armed with the resources of modern science, and more especially of modern psychological science, inspired with the enthusiasm of humanity which is the grand legacy bequeathed her by the Founder of our Faith, the Church of to-day should be able to outdo the wonders of the Apostolic and post-Apostolic age, and in a new and grander sense to win the world to him who came to take its infirmities and to bear its sicknesses.

Is this amazing utterance the fruit of an intense faith or a fevered imagination?

For the Christian Church to found and foster hospitals is unquestionably commendable, but the diagnosis, treatment, and prognosis should be left to those who have made this their life study and profession: to them belongs psychotherapy as well as medicine and surgery. For the church to provide chaplains for institutions and give them every facility is also rational. To attach hospitals to individual churches under rectoral or pastoral superintendence is of doubtful expediency. To provide physicians or attempt to treat patients personally would invade the sphere of an indispensable profession, and encourage an irregular movement in other departments of medicine.

A large proportion of the best physicians and surgeons of Boston and vicinity sympathize substantially with the view announced by Dr. Putnam. They believe that it places "the medical and clerical professions in a false light," that "it raises false hopes," that it "interferes with the relations between physicians and their patients," and that "it encourages haste and superficiality in the consideration of a serious problem."

For Dr. Worcester, his motives, his ardor, his indefatigable labors, I have nothing but admiration. But the foregoing facts and considerations, and others for which there is not room here, compel me to believe that for parishes or congregations to sustain a clinic as a part of their regular work presided over by the pastor, would be detrimental both to the church and the medical profession.





TOPICS OF THE TIME

FREE ART AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

IT was a fortunate thought of President Roosevelt's to institute a Commission on Country Life, and it is devoutly to be hoped that as a part of its labors it will try to inform the rest of the world how our agricultural population has been able to keep prosperous during the recent financial depression. To the "submerged tenth" this will be a matter of indifference, for that disconsolate fraction is always submerged and is quite as accustomed to drowning as are eels to skinning; but to an additional "submerged half," those who live on fixed wages or salaries,—who find that the advance in income does not keep pace with the increase in the expense of living,—it would be of great service to know how the prosperous farmer "does it."

But it is, perhaps, not the prosperity, so much as the happiness, of the farmer which is under consideration, and which it is hoped by the inquiry to promote; and this being the case, we venture to suggest that there is danger of confining the investigation too closely to his material welfare,—concerning which he may be presumed to be fairly alert,—and of not considering sufficiently the higher, the more ideal influences which make for his happiness, but which are too readily assumed to be beyond his reach.

To plump our idea squarely at the reader, we think it neither ridiculous, far-fetched, nor premature to suggest that however favorable the farmer's happiness may be affected by the abolition of, say, the fatuous tariff on lumber, he is much more likely, ultimately, and as a class, to be made happy by the abolition of the more fatuous tariff on art. "It is to laugh," says the pessimist and he sees visions of Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt at the Cross Roads grocery, and the fitness of things strikes him as lamentably awry. But why should not the farmer—or, let us say, the farmer's daugh-

ter—have a chance at the fine things as well as the fat things of the world? The gospel is for the unconverted. Art is, among others, for the strangers to art. If those who once knew nothing of art had always been excluded from our museums, how many a great name would have been lacking in the list of artists and connoisseurs. We venture to say that nine out of ten of the American collectors of assured taste became such by accident rather than heredity, by the simple process of seeing good pictures,—seeing many and seeing them frequently,—and then by trusting to their own judgment. There is no other road to taste, in spite of Whistler's amusing pronouncement that, "If seeing pictures makes taste, then the policeman in the National Gallery must be the best judge of art," a saying which ought to go into the text-books of logic as an example of false reasoning. Whistler's own taste was formed, like that of all other great artists, by his opportunity to see great art.

Now, it is a question of no little importance to the country as well as to the farmer's daughter how she shall see the best art. Without doubt there are certain fabrics out of which silk purses cannot be made; but also it is of record that great artists have come out of most unpromising conditions. In the small towns of Europe, the art in the churches has been the inspiration of many an unlettered stripling who went to pray and remained to paint. These churches brought art to the people in a way, and on a plane of excellence, of which we have no parallel here. We make the farmer's daughter welcome to our museums of art in St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston, and other cities, and now that her father is prosperous, he is quite able to give her the advantage of a bit of travel to see some of this sort of beauty for herself, thus ministering to that ambition the lack of which is the most distressing element in a farming community.

In laying broad and deep the foundations of national greatness, we must think with our imagination. Those who would help the farmer can do much to bring happiness to many an apparently immovable country family by encouraging the multiplication of art-museums nearer the people. Influences should be set going that will benefit the country a hundred years from now as it grows up to their use. The divisions between urban, suburban, and country society are rapidly being obliterated by the trolley and by cheap literature. There is no reason why Alabama or Mississippi or Arkansas or Wyoming should not some day have as much culture in art as Massachusetts has to-day, and, absurd as it now seems, the time may come when the Oklahoma school of landscape will take rank with that of Barbison. For the seeds of art are blowing on every wind, finding here and there apparently fortuitous but hospitable lodging. In one generation art shows itself in a dim, blind, vague longing for beauty; in the next it may develop into taste, and in the third into genius. What is needed is first the seed, and then the sun and the rain, and, always, freedom of opportunity.

And here a more direct word to the members of Congress who represent what are called rural constituencies. That you should vote against free art, on whatever ground, is to delay the day when your State shall take its place in the front rank of opportunity. Think with your imagination, and do not reject the hand of comradeship held out to your people—who, being most removed from art, are most in need of it. Do not cut off your nose to spite some one else's face. Trust those who know the needs of the country in art, as you did the same classes of people in the matter of international copyright in 1891. The legislation of that day helped to make a settled profession out of a casual pursuit. Free art, by creating better opportunities for the popular spread of plastic beauty, will increase the area of taste which is necessary to sustain art as a profession. Freedom of opportunity will give us more beauty and thus will add to our happiness as a people. International copyright was necessary to remove a clog on American letters, and American artists, educators, and connoisseurs beg you not for an artificial advantage over foreigners, but to remove a barrier to the best development of their work. Free art is free air!



Portraits of Lincoln in "The Century"

A FEW of the twenty-two Lincoln portraits (including the two life-masks and the two Saint-Gaudens statues) printed in this number of *THE CENTURY* have known associations of historical interest apart from the time and place of origin.

The genesis of the miniature by J. Henry Brown (which is the color frontispiece of the number) is given in a letter from John G. Nicolay to an intimate friend, dated "Springfield, Aug. 26, 1860," about three months after Lincoln's first nomination, as follows:

"Did you ever see a real, pretty miniature? I do not mean an ambrotype, daguerreotype, or photograph, but a regular miniature painted on ivory. Well, a Philadelphia artist (Brown, his name is) has just been painting one of Mr. Lincoln, which is both

very pretty and very truthful—decidedly the best picture of him that I have seen. It is about twice as large as a common quarter-size daguerreotype or ambrotype, but so well executed that when magnified to life size one cannot discover any defects or brush marks on it at all. I wish you could see it. It gives something of an idea of what a painter—I mean a real artist—can do. It has been painted for Judge Read of Philadelphia, who has become so disgusted with the horrible caricatures of Mr. Lincoln which he has seen, that he went to the expense of sending this artist all the way out here to paint him this picture, which will probably cost him some \$300—the price of the painting alone being \$175. I had a long talk with the artist to-day. He says that the impression prevails East, that Mr. Lincoln is very ugly—an im-

pression which the published pictures of him of course all confirm. Read, however, had an idea that it could hardly be so—but was bound to have a good-looking picture, and therefore instructed the artist to make it good-looking whether the original would justify it or not. The artist says he came out with a good deal of foreboding that he would have difficulty in making a picture under these conditions. He says he was very happy when on seeing him he found that he was not at all such a man as had been represented, and that instead of making a *picture* he would only have to make a *portrait* to satisfy Judge Read. He will go back home as agreeably disappointed in Mr. Lincoln's manners, refinement, and general characteristics, as in his personal appearance."

In the following letter, a month later, the artist comments as follows on the engraved copy of the miniature, which obviously was to be circulated for a campaign purpose:

Phil^a Friday Sept 28, 1860

JOHN G. NICOLAY, Esq.

My dear Sir: I presume you are wondering why you have not yet seen or heard anything of the steel engraving from my picture of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Sartain promised to have it completed within two weeks after the picture was placed in his hands, which was on last Monday three weeks ago.

Two days ago the first proof was placed in my hands for criticism. I suggested some alterations which have been made. To-day I will again examine it with care, and if necessary will have such further corrections made as my judgment may suggest. In accordance with my promise to you I will not allow any copies to be issued until they meet my approbation.

Judge Read is in a nervous condition at Sartain's delay. He thinks the engraving good, and wanted some copies yesterday, but as I am *judge* in this case, I would not consent.

As soon as the plate is ready for printing from, which I think will be tomorrow or on Monday next, copies will be sent to you without delay.

Please make my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

I am dear sir, your friend & servant,

J. Henry Brown.

P. S. Mr. Lincoln's friends here are in high spirits and full of hope.

Major William H. Lambert, the owner of the ambrotype reproduced on page 491, which was taken as a guide to the artist in painting the miniature, writing under date of Philadelphia, September 9, 1908, says: "The miniature was copied by Sartain in a mezzotint extensively sold during the campaign. After the election and Lincoln's growth of a beard, the whiskers were superimposed on the same plate and prints therefrom sold."

LINCOLN AS LAWYER

THE portrait on page 480 is one of the most agreeable of the early portraits of Lincoln, and is here shown in an admirable woodcut by

the late Thomas Johnson. From a letter from the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, dated November 21, 1896, we quote the following reference to the original: "The proofs mentioned in your favor of the 18th inst. have come, and I am very much pleased with the work of your artist. I regret that I cannot give you any positive information as to the date of the original daguerreotype, and there is probably no one living who can do so. I was born in 1843, and can only say that I remember it as being in my father's house as far back as I can remember anything there. My own mere guess is that it was made either in St. Louis or Washington City during my father's term in Congress—which practically began in December, 1847, and ended in March, 1849. I mention St. Louis because I think it was in those days an important stage in the journey to the Capitol."

THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1859

THE history of this remarkable portrait is described as follows by Mr. Francis J. Garrison, brother of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the owner of the copy of the photograph reproduced on page 482:

"The history of the picture is as follows: During the presidential campaign of 1860, Mr. Charles Sprague, the banker-poet of Boston, saw this photograph in a small shop on Washington Street in this city, and was so struck by it that he purchased it. Years later he gave it to a lady (the sister of his son's wife) who in turn gave it to my brother. The latter did not think much of it until one day my brother, the late W. P. Garrison, saw it, and at once became enthusiastic over it, telling my brother William that he possessed a prize. When Carl Schurz's little essay on Lincoln was first published, a small photogravure reproduction of it was made for that book. Then Gustav Kruell engraved it on wood for 'Harper's Magazine,' and when that appeared, it was seen by Hesler, a Chicago photographer, who thereupon remembered that he had in his possession a negative of Lincoln taken by him in 1860 and long stored away and forgotten. He brought this to light, and it is the remarkable portrait of Lincoln which Nicolay & Hay chose as the best of all and used as the frontispiece of their 'Life of Lincoln' [reproduced here on page 486]. Later we were informed by Mr. Herbert W. Fay, of DeKalb, Ill., who has a large collection of Lincoln portraits, that my brother's photograph was made by S. M. Fassett, of Chicago, in October, 1859, and that the negative was lost in the great Chicago fire of 1871. Mr. Fay has a print which is either from the same negative or from one taken at the same sitting. Rajon, the French etcher, based his portrait of Lincoln on this

photograph, but changed the face very materially. Kruell made a strong wood-engraving of it, in line with his portraits of Grant, Sherman, Webster, Darwin, etc. A. W. Elson has published a life-size photogravure head from it, and a photogravure reproduction of it has lately been made for Alonzo Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men." I am bound to say that there is something in the original photograph (which itself shows signs of having been slightly retouched) which none of the reproductions have caught. Mr. Holman's photograph of it is excellent, but even that I found on comparison not so satisfying as the original, which is smaller than this print."

THE HEALY PORTRAIT

IN connection with the Healy portrait owned by Robert T. Lincoln, and reproduced on page 501, it is interesting to know that

another Healy portrait is owned by the Hon. William D. Washburne of Minnesota, who in a letter dated July 23, 1908, writes:

"The portrait to which you refer is not a 'replica' of the portrait of Lincoln, in the possession of his son, Robert Lincoln. This portrait of mine was made from sketches made of Lincoln at City Point, just before the close of the War. I cannot recall exactly the time when it was painted, but I should say, earlier than 1871. This portrait was ordered by my brother, E. B. Washburne for him and myself, which we had intended to place in a library at our old home in Maine, but which was never done, and later I purchased of his heirs his interest in the portrait. This is about all I know of the transaction. Mr. Robert Lincoln, when he saw my portrait of his father in 1896, said that the two are almost exactly alike, and imagined they were painted from the same general sketches that were made at City Point."



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

INTERMITTENT MEMORY

CUSTOMER: Please, Mister, I can't remember what Ma sent me for, but you can give me two cents' worth o' peppermint candy, 'cause she said I could keep the change.

A Song of the Sea-Folk

GO, sail your tanks! Who was it spanned
the seas,

Logged them and sounded them, gave you
course and chart?

Hudson, Cook, Franklin—have ye men like
these?

Lord! Ye can follow. Leading was our part!

Load in your cargoes; take them where ye like;
We've taught the fear of God and law of man
To black, brown, yellow—taught with shell
and pike.

Your flag flies safe where our flag led the
van.

Get up your anchors, trim your yards and go;
But when the capstan's manned or sail is
furled,

Whose songs d'ye sing? The gray-backed
billows know
Our English chanteys right around the
world.

Then launch your ships, and take the open
seas.

Man! There's the struggle that no folk
avoids

By coddling coastwise laws and subsidies—
*Ship to ship, mark ye! how d'ye class at
Lloyd's?*

Charles Buxton Going.

Quality Hill

QUALITY HILL! It looked down on the town
 With a tinge of contempt, a suspicion of frown;
 And why should it not, if you 'll please to declare,
 With the atmosphere such a superior air,
 And the earth to be trod, any hour in the day,
 Of a texture more fine than mere common-place clay?

Quality Hill! As you clambered the slope,
 With each step of ascent (to make use of a trope)
 An attar pervasive, by some subtle stealth,
 Began to steal out from the roses of Wealth;
 And wherever you fared, you beheld on each side
 A presence arrayed in the trappings of Pride.

Quality Hill! There the blood it ran blue;
 There was more than one crest; there were quarterings, too.
 Yet small quarter they gave to the stranger that came,
 Those who bowed before Fashion, that debonair dame,
 Unless the new-comer crept into the fold
 Through the magical sign of the Goddess of Gold!

Quality Hill! There was satin and silk
 For "my lady," and laces as snowy as milk;
 There was poise, there was pose; there was plenty of art,
 But who dare assert that beneath it was heart?
 And envy and malice? But, stay! Could aught ill
 (God's grace!) have a place upon Quality Hill?

Quality Hill! Lo, it flourishes still!
 And who can deny that forever it will?
 A blending of breeding with puff and with plume;
 A strange sort of mixture of rock and mushroom.
 Some amble, some scramble, (some gamble!) to fill
 The motley and medley of Quality Hill.

Clinton Scollard.

The Wireless Age

OUR history, in moving on,
 Has turned another page
 Upon the top of which we note
 The words, A Wireless Age.

The farmer's wildest cattle will
 Securely graze inside
 The new barbed-wireless fences which
 Some genius will provide.

The fowls, unhampered by the sight
 Of firm, unyielding guard,
 Most happily will strut within
 A chicken-wireless yard.

Our pet canary-bird will sing
 More sweetly, I'll engage,
 And cheerfully will hop about
 Within a wireless cage.

Then, in our windows, to debar
 Mosquitos gaunt and lean,
 And flies, and other insects, too,
 We'll have a wireless screen.

And, best of all, we ought to find,
 Before this page is full,
 That when it comes to pulling wires,
 There 'll be no wires to pull.

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



Drawn by Mark Fenderson

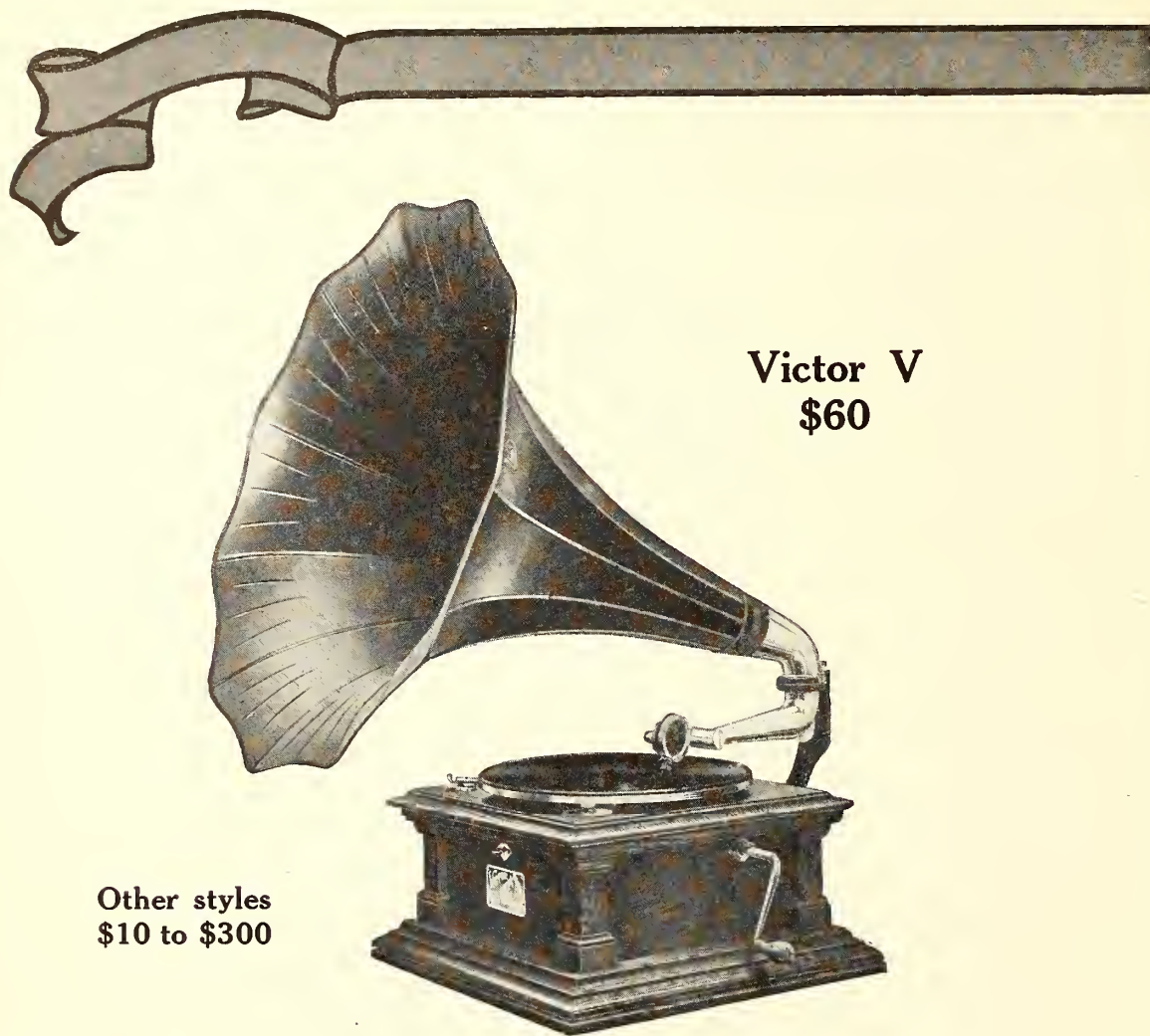
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Carnival of Venice No. 52903 (Xylophone Solo)..Albert Muller
Intermezzo—Cavalleria Rusticana No. 5663 (Violin Imitation).....Edith Helena
Hail Smiling Morn (Old English Glee) No. 5635
The Song that Reached My Heart No. 5643..Henry Evans
Kathleen Mavourneen No. 5658Alan Turner
Brown Eyes, Good Bye (March Ballad) No. 5650
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The Glow Worm No. 5657Elise Stevenson
Frieda (from "Girls of Gottenberg") No. 5641
I Want Someone to Call Me Dearie No. 5655
.....Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley
- That Wasn't All** (from "The Soul Kiss") No. 5654
.....Ralph C. Herz
Very Well, Then! (from "The Soul Kiss") No. 5661
.....Ralph C. Herz
I Use to be Afraid to go Home in the Dark (from "Miss Innocence") No. 5640Billy Murray
When a Fellow's on the Level with a Girl that's on the Square (from "Talk of New York") No. 5626
.....Billy Murray
Pet Names (from "American Idea") No. 5642
.....Miss Jones and Mr. Murray
Old Oaken Bucket—Parody No. 5659.....Nat M. Willis
Pauline, Otto and Fido No. 5637 (Descriptive Specialty)
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Rainbow Medley—"Roses Bring Dreams of You," "Grandma's Days," and "Rainbow" No. 5652
.....Peerless Quartet
The Ducky and the Boys (The Walnut Story) No. 5636
Humorous Talk.....Edwin M. Whitney
Uncle Josh and the Photographer No. 5638 (Yankee Talk).....Cal Stewart
The Liars, or My Uncle's Farm No. 5664 (Comic Dialogue).....Golden and Hughes

12-inch—\$1

- Rose of Schiras Waltz** (Valse Rosen) No. 31726..Sousa's Band
La Paloma No. 31727.....Sousa's Band
- The Cheerful Wanderer** (Mendelssohn) No. 31724
.....Whitney Brothers Quartet

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- Robin Adair** (Burns) No. 87024 10-inch, \$2.00—In English.
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Manon—Adieu, notre petite table (Farewell, Our Little Table) (Massenet) No. 88146 12-inch, \$3.00—In French.
Carmen—Je dis que rien ne me pouvante (Micaela's Air, "I Am Not Faint Hearted") (Bizet) No. 88144 12-inch, \$3.00—In French.
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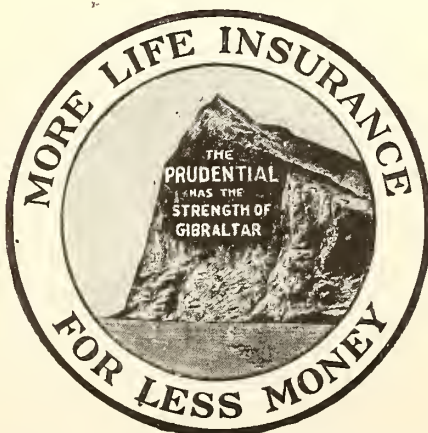
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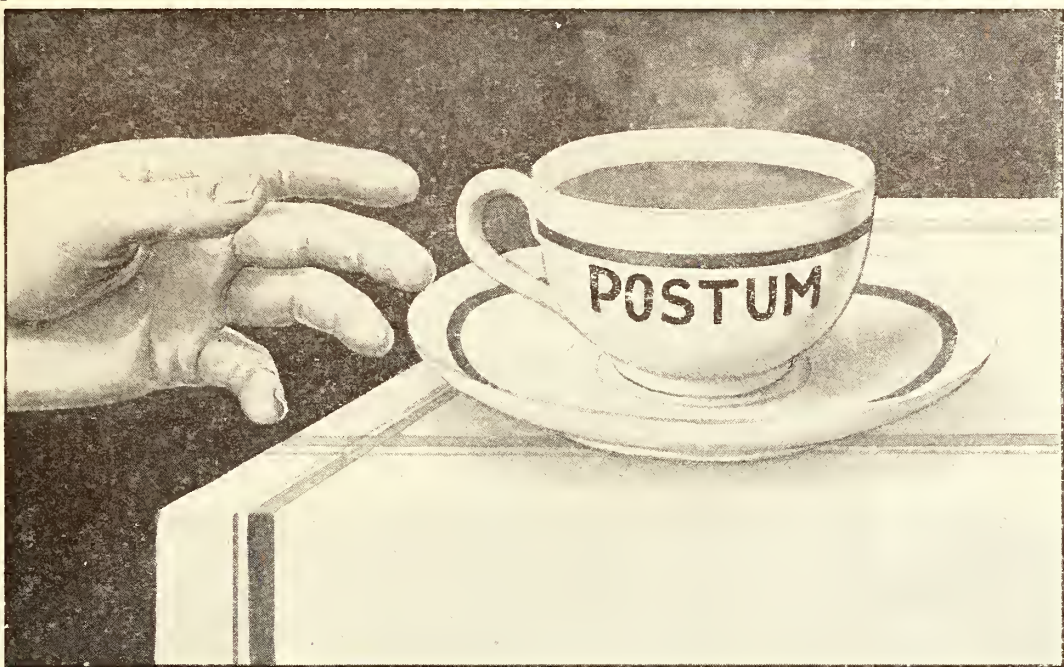


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Whenever you hear of important honors being awarded to a Piano-player, whether by Royalty, by great musicians or by leading educational institutions, you will find upon investigation it is *always the Pianola* that is so distinguished. The reason lies in the pronounced superiority of the Pianola, both musically and mechanically, a condition which causes it to be recognized throughout the entire world as *the standard* instrument of its kind.

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can make, built in the dain-
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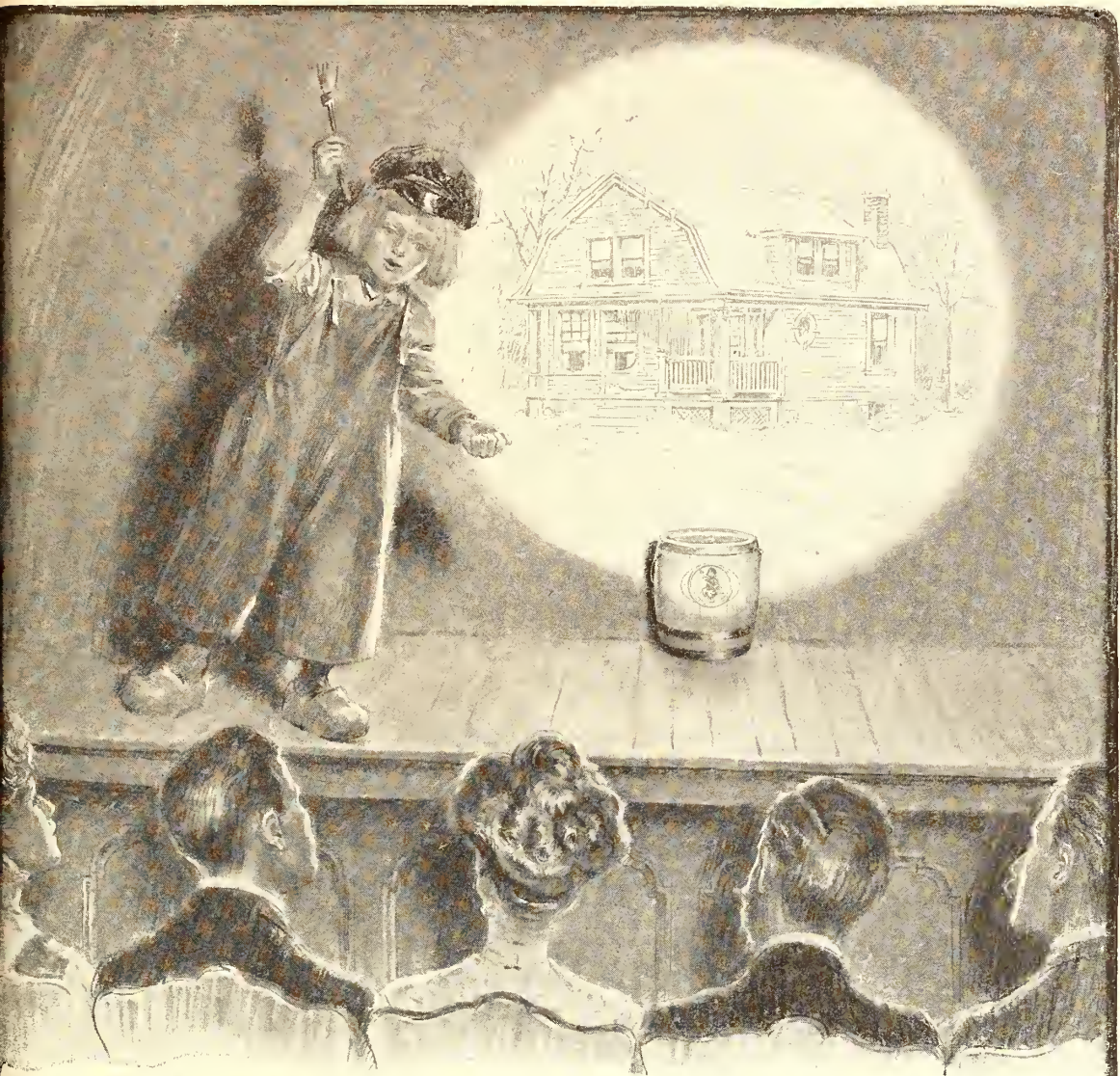
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PAINT TALKS

No. 1—Paint for Exterior Work

"I am going to tell a number of specific and money-saving facts in this magazine from month to month. Space is limited and bare facts only can be stated. Those who want reasons, explanations, fuller information, etc., need only write National Lead Company.

Exterior paint is exposed to the weather, hot—cold—rainy—freezing. No risk should be run with faulty materials or faulty methods. The priming coat should not be ochre. It is cheap but fatal. The best primer—our pure White Lead mixed with linseed oil, some turpentine (enough to drive the paint into the pores of the wood) and a bit of Japan drier. The body and finishing coats need exactly the same materials but they should be mixed thicker.

Points to Avoid—(a) adulteration in pigment (a guaranty of absolute purity goes with our White Lead)—(b) adulteration in oil—(c) too much turpentine—(d) inferior drier—(e) also stale paint should not be used. Have your painter mix the ingredients fresh for each job.



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An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St. Louis
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Painting Outfit Free

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- 1—Book of color schemes (state whether you wish interior or exterior schemes).
- 2—Specifications for all kinds of painting.
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Free on request to any reader who asks for House-owners' Painting Outfit A.

Dresser

A Suggestion

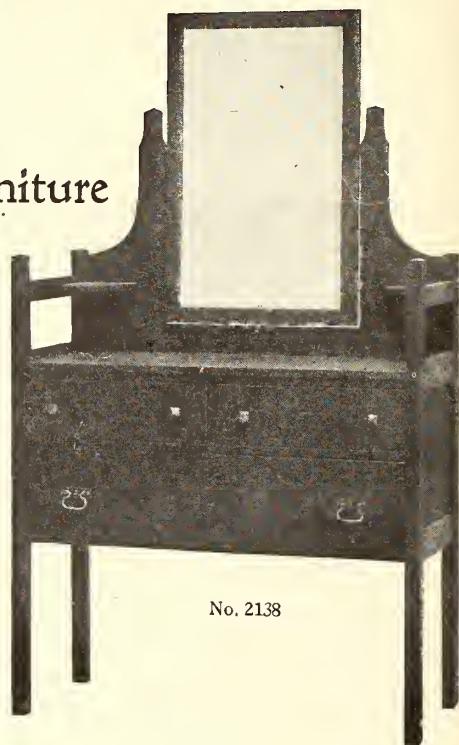
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¶ **PEARLINE** saves Women, Fabrics, Colors—saves everything but the Dirt.

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When you use broom or carpet-sweeper, you scatter a large part of the dirt over a wider area, to be rehandled again and again; but that is not all of the evil.

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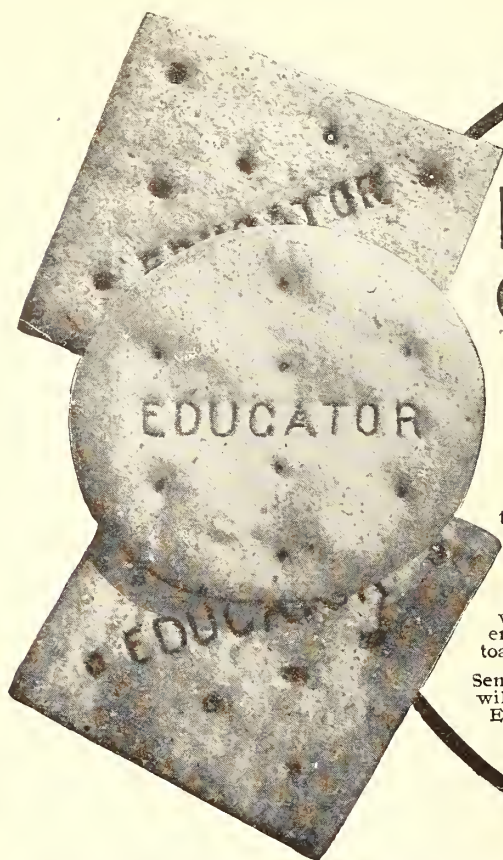
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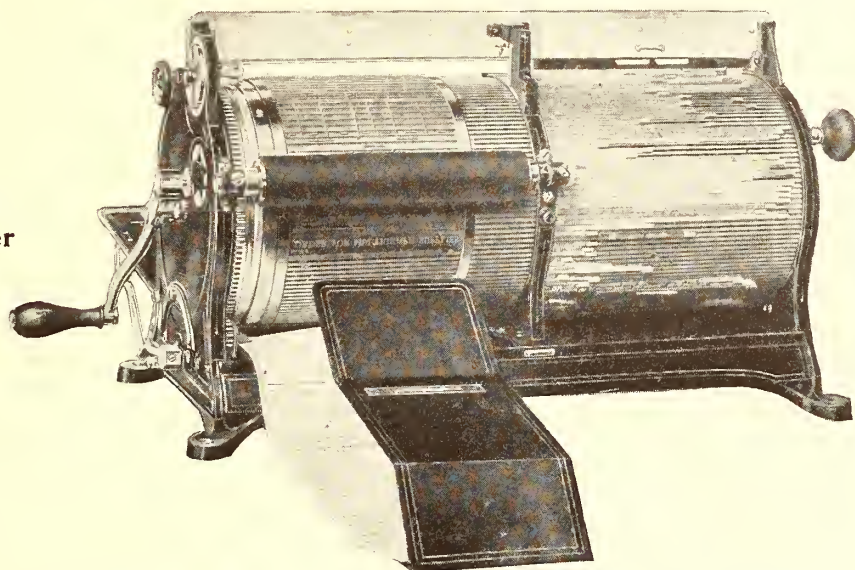
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WARM AIR — STEAM — HOT WATER

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Save 1/2 to 2/3 on Coal Bills

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“Not only does Underfeed stoking prevent smoke, but it saves us coal and money. To prevent smoke requires perfect combustion and perfect combustion means greatest heat. Smoke going up the stack means loss of heat and waste of coal. We have proved this by our experience. The saving is about \$5 a day.”

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.

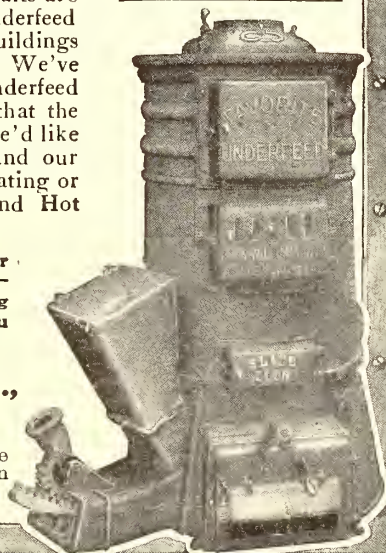
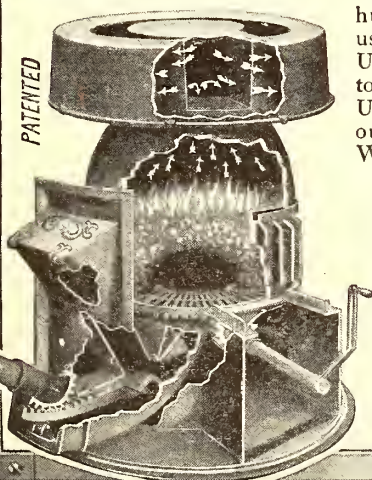
The same proportionate saving results are offered in the Peck-Williamson Underfeed Heating System for all classes of buildings and more particularly for residences. We've hundreds of testimonials from Underfeed users, giving figures which show that the Underfeed soon *pays for itself*. We'd like to send a lot of fac-simile letters and our Underfeed Booklet for warm air heating or our Special Catalogue of Steam and Hot Water Underfeed Boilers.

Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—**ALL FREE**. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

The Peck-Williamson Co.,
332 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

Our 1909 Selling Plans are Valuable to All Furnace and Hardware Men and Plumbers. Write for them.

This shows the Steam and Hot Water Underfeed Boiler.





Coulter & Westhoff, Architects, Saranac Lake.

Beautiful SILVER GRAY and MOSS GREEN, ITALIAN TILE RED, ETC.—These are the artistic colors produced on your BUNGALOW or COTTAGE by using

Dexter Brothers' English Shingle Stains

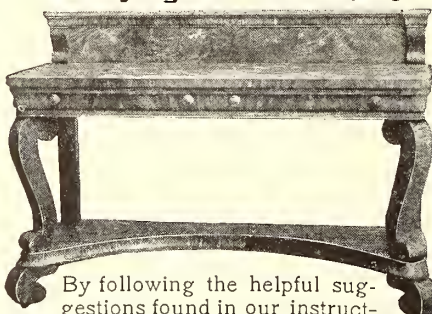
No Disagreeable Odor. Samples of colors on wood sent free.

DEXTER BROS. CO., 102 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS: H. M. Hooker Co., 128 W. Washington St., Chicago; W. S. Hueston, 6 E. 20th St., New York; John D. S. Potts, 218 Race St., Philadelphia; F. H. McDonald, 619 The Gilbert, Grand Rapids; F. T. Crowe & Co., Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.; Klatt-Hirsch & Co., 113 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.; W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

MISTAKES AVOIDED

In Buying Good Furniture



By following the helpful suggestions found in our instructive booklet, "Furniture of Character." No advertisement can adequately tell the wondrous story of the remarkable

Berkey & Gay

reproductions of Period and Colonial furniture for the bed room, dining room and library. This furniture charms by its solidity, grace and beauty because it is artistically designed, durably constructed and elegantly finished. The booklet will be sent for 16 cents in U. S. stamps to partly cover its cost. If not satisfactory, return it and stamps will be refunded.

Our integrity of fifty years standing and our guarantee shopmark is your safeguard in buying this furniture from the dealers.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO. Estab. 1859.
Please Address Dept. C. Grand Rapids, Mich.



Shop Mark

DE LUXE
COLORED
TRANSPARENT
HANDLE

P.S.
FLEXIBLE
HANDLE

REGULAR
RIGID
HANDLE

Pro-phy-lac-tic

THE WORLD'S STANDARD
TOOTH BRUSHES

There is but one "Pro-phy-lac-tic" Tooth Brush, but it is made with three kinds of handles.

With rigid handle. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Adult's 35 cents; youth's and child's 25 cents.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC REGULAR

Handle bends as the brush is used. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Adult's 35 cents; youth's and child's 25 cents.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC SPECIAL

Delicately colored transparent handles—emerald, topaz, or ruby. Your brush identified by color. Adult's size only. Price 40 cents.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC DE LUXE

All styles have graduated and serrated bristle tufts to clean between the teeth. Curved handle, tapered head, hole in handle and hook to hang it by; identification symbols on handles.

Always Sold in Yellow Box

Avoid Imitations

Be sure to ask for the PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC and get it in its yellow box. Interesting literature free. Any brush sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
112 Pine Street, FLORENCE, MASS., U.S.A.

Bull Dog 50¢ SUSPENDERS

More and better rubber, superiority instantly noticed, proves our guarantee of greater comfort and longer wear

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS
Outwear Three Ordinary Kinds
Light, heavy, medium or extra long
50 CENTS AT YOUR DEALER
or by mail, postpaid, if he cannot supply you

HEWES & POTTER
Dept. 3, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

MUDLAVIA

NATURE'S MUD BATH

DRAWS OUT PAIN and POISON

Cures Rheumatism, Skin, Kidney and nervous troubles. Send for illustrated book about big hotel and this treatment. It's *Nature's Cure* and you should know about it now. Address Box 8.
R. B. KRAMER, President, Mudlavia, - Kramer, Indiana.



SANITOL

TOOTH & TOILET PREPARATIONS

fifteen in the family, all good

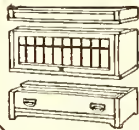
Sanitol Tooth Paste

cleans, polishes, and whitens

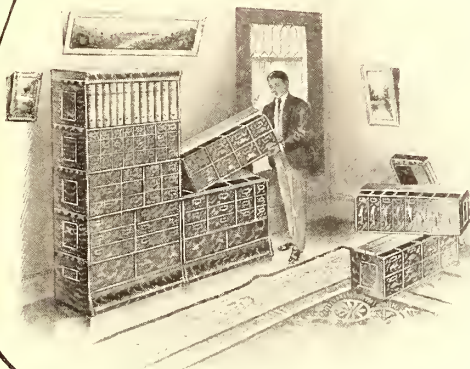
Globe-Wernicke

"ELASTIC"

FILING CABINETS



BOOK-CASES



For the Office.

If you wish a copy of
The Latest Reference Work
 on
Modern Office Equipment
 in
Wood and Steel

Write for Our New Catalogue
 809-W.

The largest and most comprehensive
 publication of the kind ever issued
 by any company.

(Globe-Wernicke Steel Sectional Filing Cabinets are made to match oak and mahogany wood furniture. You can only detect the difference through the sense of touch.)

For the Home.

If interested in
Modern Home Libraries

And ways of

properly arranging books that come in
 pocket size editions, as well as those
 that are inconveniently heavy and cum-
 bersome write

Department W.

For information on graded sizes of
 our book-case sections.

Also catalogue containing twenty-five
 model library interiors.

(Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" book-cases can be ob-
 tained in 12 different finishes of oak and mahogany
 and in three distinct styles.)

Where not represented, we ship on approval, freight paid. Prices uniform everywhere.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., CINCINNATI.

BRANCH STORES: New York, 380-382 Broadway. Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave. Boston, 91-93 Federal St.

Reliable Shingle Stains

Shingle Stains can be as cheap and worthless as the maker's conscience will allow. Kerosene stains are not worth the cost of applying, and they make shingles dangerously inflammable.

Cabot's Shingle Stains

are made of Creosote and no kerosene. The colors are durable, clear, and beautiful. They are the original and standard shingle stains.

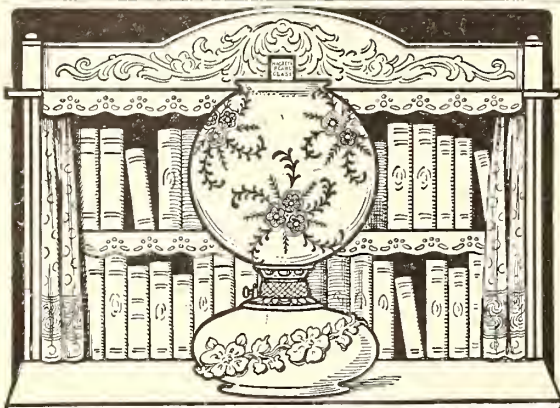
Stained wood samples and catalog on request.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Sole Manufacturers,
143 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS AT ALL CENTRAL POINTS.



*Shingles, siding, and trimmings stained.
Lowell A. Lamoreaux, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.*



A MACBETH lamp-chimney insures a clear, steady, even light from an oil lamp—and that's the best of all artificial light for reading.

MACBETH chimneys are made of clear glass, they fit, and they do not break from heat.

My name on every one.

My Lamp-Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any burner, and gives suggestions about lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it free to anyone who writes for it. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh



Jenkins Bros. Valves

are heavy and strong. They give good satisfaction to the user. They are easily kept tight, and as all parts are renewable, they are practically indestructible. Do not merely ask for "Jenkins" Valves, but insist on having **JENKINS BROS.**; they alone bear our Trade Mark, and are guaranteed.

May we send you Catalog?

JENKINS BROS., New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago



¿Habla V. Español?

Parlez-Vous Français?

Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

Parlate Italiano?

THE Velvet Grip

THE BUTTONS ARE MOULDED FROM BEST GRADE RUBBER

CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

DO NOT BE DECEIVED
BY BUTTONS MADE OF WOOD
PAINTED OR COLORED TO
IMITATE RUBBER

THIS GUARANTY COUPON—IN YELLOW
IS ATTACHED THIS WAY TO EVERY PAIR OF THE GENUINE — BE SURE IT'S THERE

Sample Pair, Mercerized 25c., Silk 50c.
Mailed on receipt of price

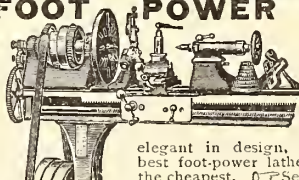
GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers
BOSTON

THE **Velvet Grip** CUSHION BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER
IS GUARANTEED TO DEALER AND USER AGAINST IMPERFECTIONS

THE BUTTONS AND LOOPS ARE LICENSED FOR USE ON THIS HOSE SUPPORTER ONLY.

FOOT-POWER LATHES



For Electrical and Experimental Work.

For Gunsmiths & Tool Makers. For General Machine Shop Work.

High-grade tools; elegant in design, superior in construction. The best foot-power lathes made, and, quality considered, the cheapest. Send for Lathe Catalogue.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.,

596 Ruby Street, ROCKFORD, ILL.

IN TEN WEEKS

You can at your own home, by the

MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM,

Learn to speak fluently either Spanish, French, Italian or German. Pupils taught as if actually in the presence of the teacher. Terms for membership, \$5.00 for each language. All questions answered and all exercises corrected free of charge. Part I (3 Lessons), either language, sent on receipt of 25 cents.

MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
212 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Your Washing Done for 2c a Week by the Wonderful 1900 Electric Motor Washer

Free Book
Tells
All
About
it

**Just a "Twist of the Wrist" Starts or Stops the Machine
—That's All the Work You Do. And the Motor Runs the Wringer, too!**

The 1900 Electric Motor Washer is now at work in thousands of homes. It is doing the work formerly done by well-paid washerwomen, at a cost of 2 cents a week for electricity. Saving thousands upon thousands of dollars in wash bills. Saving worlds of wash-day troubles. Leaving the woman free to do other work while the machine is doing the washing.

Washes a Tubful in Two to Six Minutes

Handles Everything, from Heavy Blankets to Dainty Laces

The outfit consists of the famous 1900 Washer with Electric Motor attached, ready to connect by a cord with an ordinary electric light fixture. You turn on the current as you turn on the light, and back and forth goes the tub, washing the clothes for dear life. And it's all so simple and easy that it is mere child's play to run it.

A Self-Working Wringer Free With Every Washer

The motor runs Washer and Wringer. We guarantee the perfect working of both. No extra charge for Wringer, which is one of the finest made.

Write for FREE BOOK and 30 Days' FREE TRIAL OFFER

Don't doubt! Don't say it can't be done! The free book proves that it can.

But we do not ask you to take our word for it. We offer to send the 1900 Electric Motor Washer on absolute Free Trial for an entire month to any responsible person. Not a cent of security—nor a promise to buy. Just your word that you will give it a test. We even agree to pay the freight, and will take it back if it fails to do all we claim for it. Call up your electric light company on the telephone and they'll tell you the 1900 Electric Washer is in successful operation in thousands of the best homes in every part of the country. Gives universal satisfaction.

**This
Water Motor
Will Run
the Washer**

If you have running water, with 50 pounds pressure, we can furnish a Water Motor instead of the Electric Motor.



A post card with your name and address sent to us today will bring you the book free by return mail. Address The 1900 Washer Co. 3277 Henry St., Binghamton, N.Y. Or, if you live in Canada, write to the Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI TAX BONDS AND FIRST MORTGAGE SECURITIES

For nearly twenty years we have supplied the wants of a large list of conservative investors. We now have customers in thirty-one States buying of us, annually, millions of dollars of securities.

In our whole history we have never lost a dollar for one of our customers. With this record behind us we have confidence in our ability as Investment Bankers and feel that our judgment can be worth something to you in making your selection of investments.

Our extensive ownership of high-class securities affords you a wide list from which to make your choice.

The interest yield on Municipals ranges from

3.75% to 5%

In addition to our large list of Municipals we offer some choice issues of **Tax Bonds**, Irrigation Bonds, and Southern and Western School Bonds yielding from

5½% to 6%

An example at the present moment is a portion of an issue

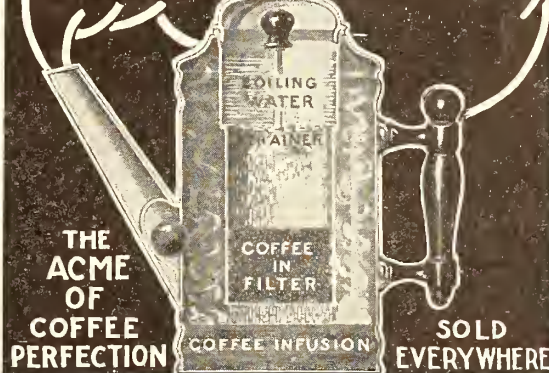
**6% CAREY ACT GOLD BONDS
SECURED BY FARM MORTGAGE
LIENS, PAYABLE IN FROM FIVE
TO TEN YEARS AND DENOMI-
NATIONS \$100, \$500, AND \$1000.
OFFERED AT PAR AND INTER-
EST FOR ANY MATURITY.**

Write to-day for complete information concerning this and other attractive offerings. Address

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY

250 Merchants Laclede Building, - - St. Louis, Missouri.

The "Marion Harland" Coffee Pot



Saves 40% of Ground Coffee

Full nickel-plated copper cover and silver-plated strainer. Handsomely and substantially made throughout.

Marion Harland writes: "In my opinion it has no equal."

If your dealer cannot supply you, the manufacturers will send any size you may select, express paid, to any address east of the Mississippi at the following prices:

2-cup size (1 pint), \$1.25 8-cup size (2 quarts), \$1.90
4-cup size (1 quart), 1.60 12-cup size (3 quarts), 2.20

SILVER & CO., 310 Hewes St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$100,000,000 Wasted On Ads That Never Pay

We estimate that every year is wasted \$100,000,000 on ads that should never run.

That \$125,000,000 is being spent annually to accomplish what \$25,000,000 should do.

If such ads were put to comparative test, they would all be discarded. And each would teach a lesson which one never could forget.

That is why we pay such remarkable salaries to members of our Copy Staff. One of these writers receives \$1,000 per week.

Yet we have known these men to make, in one month, for one client, more than all of the writers make in a year.

The Many-Man Power

We employ on our Copy Staff the ablest men we know. We have picked them out, in the course of years, by the brilliant results we have seen them accomplish.

No one else pays for such talent what we pay. So we attract here the very best in the field.

Then, in this vortex of advertising—this school of a myriad experiences—these men multiply their powers.

Yet we never permit any one of these men to work out a campaign alone. There is too much at stake.

One man can't know all the pitfalls. One man has limited knowledge, limited ideas and experience. And no one man can average human nature.

Our Advisory Boards

So these men meet in Advisory Boards to work out the campaigns we take up.

Our two Boards—in New York and Chicago—consist of twenty-eight men. Each has a record of unusual success. Each is a master of advertising.

And all of them are learning, all the time, from scores of new undertakings.

This body of men forms the ablest advertising corps ever brought into existence.

One duty of these Boards is to pass judgment on advertising problems submitted. They are glad to consider, without charge or obligation, any question you desire to submit.

They will tell you what is possible and what is impossible so far as men can know.

Why We Succeed

Then these men in conference work out the campaigns of our clients. Methods, plans and copy—all the problems of selling and advertising—are all decided here.

Each brings to bear a wealth of experience. Each one contributes ideas. And they do not finish until the campaign appears to be irresistible.

That is why we succeed. That is why we have grown, through the growth of our clients, to our present enormous proportions.

Thus we make one dollar, often, do the work of ten. Thus we develop, for every client, all of his possibilities.

Back of these men we employ more than 200 people, each one of them skilled in some department of advertising.

No Extra Charge

This incomparable service costs the price of the commonplace. We handle advertising on the usual agent's commission.

We multiply results to multiply advertising. We create successes because successes expand. And our revenue comes through expansion.

We spend on copy what other great agencies spend on soliciting, and we consider it better spent.

Before we had Advisory Boards, too many campaigns failed to bring back their cost. Other agents have the same experience still.

Now our failures are so rare, and our successes so great, that our business has multiplied many times over.

So we need to charge nothing extra. We can better afford to keep accounts than to kill them.

The service which pays our clients best is the service that best pays us.

We have written a book about this New Way—a book that tells what it has done. Every man who spends a dollar in advertising owes to himself its perusal. The book itself is a brilliant example of our advertising powers. Please send this coupon for it.

A Reminder

To Send to Lord & Thomas, New York or Chicago, for their book, "The New Way in Advertising."

Please state name, address and business. Also the position that inquirer holds in the business.

LORD & THOMAS

NEW YORK

Second Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Fifth Ave. and 28th St.

NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
AND OUTDOOR

ADVERTISING

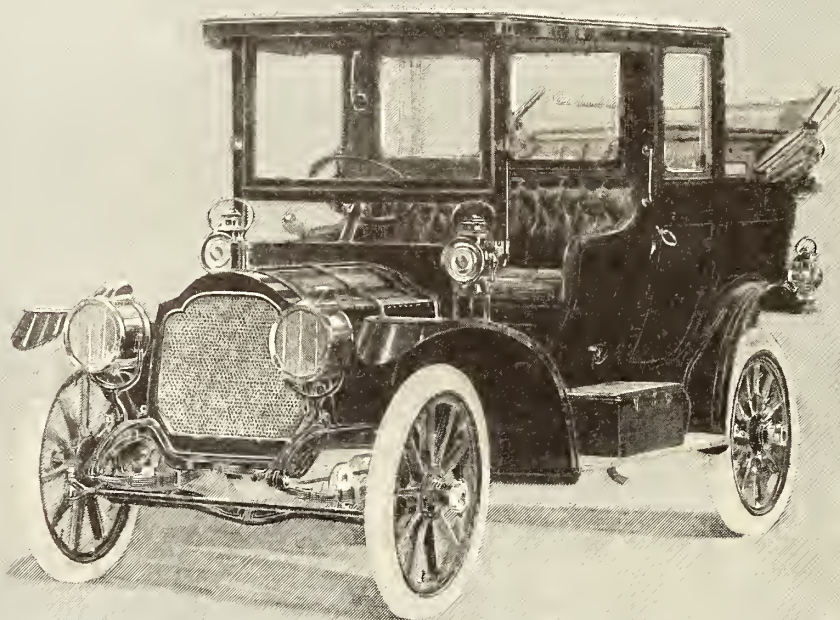
CHICAGO

Trude Building
67 Wabash Avenue

Both our offices are equally equipped in every department, and the two are connected by two private telegraph wires. Thus they operate as though all men in both offices were under a single roof. Address the office nearest you.

Packard

"THIRTY"
1909



The Packard "Thirty" as a Landaulet



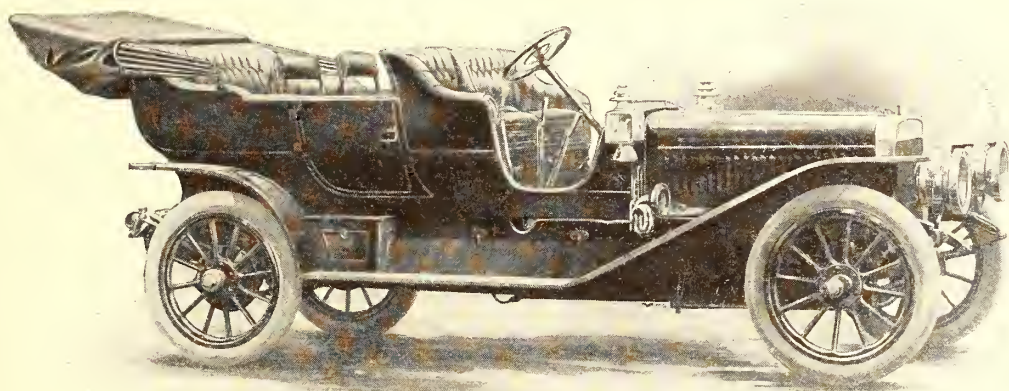
Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

Forced to Make Six-Cylinder Cars

For several years Mr. Winton has known six-cylinder cars to be superior to fours. But originally he did not anticipate marketing a six until about 1910.

His belief was that the public would not be ready for sixes until then; and you know how unwise it is to try to hurry public opinion.

Well, after marketing the four-cylinder Winton Model M in 1907—a car that to this day has no superior among fours—and finding buyers clamoring for a new merit that fours could not satisfy, Mr. Winton had no alternative. He was forced to make and market the



WINTON SIX

two years ahead of his schedule.

Then the four makers smiled knowingly. In their opinion it was a foolish thing to put all one's eggs in the six basket.

That was more than a year ago.

Today nearly every maker who isn't marketing a six is either wishing he were, or is experimenting with one in the hope that he may produce a six to equal the self-starting, sweet-running Winton Six.

Men who own Winton Sixes enjoy a contentment that no other car ever gave them.

That's why the Winton plant is working full force, full time, and is still behind orders.

If you want a new satisfaction in motoring, we suggest that you place your order early.

Our booklet, "Twelve Rules to Help Buyers," tells how to compare cars of all makes, styles and sizes. Another booklet, "The Difference Between

Price and Value," tells what you pay for when you buy a car. Both books sent upon request.

The Winton Six carries no starting crank in front. Starts from the seat without cranking.

So flexible that gear-changing is seldom required.

Quieter than nine-tenths of the electrics you pass on the street.

Goes the route like coasting down hill.

Beautiful in its lines, superb in the character of its design and the quality of its material and workmanship.

Precisely the car for the man who seeks the best there is.

Made in two sizes, with various body designs. Five-passenger, 48 h. p., Winton Six touring car, \$3000. Seven-passenger, 60 h. p., Winton Six touring car, \$4500.

Write for literature today.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO
Member Association Licensed Auto Mfrs.
88 BERE A ROAD, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Winton Branch Houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco. See our exhibit at the Coliseum, Chicago, Feb. 6-13.



Celebrating the victory of the Locomobile which won the 1908 International Race for the Vanderbilt Cup. On November 9, 1908, the schools of the City of Bridgeport were let out and factories closed down; the entire city turned out to see an exhibition run of victorious No. 16. The streets were policed and closed, fire bells were rung and whistles blown. A unique demonstration of civic pride and enthusiasm.

Ignition:—A long distance road race tests the ignition system to the utmost; a car that can win the Vanderbilt race has obviously an ignition system of the finest character. The two Locomobiles that finished first and third in the 1908 Vanderbilt Race were equipped with the regular Locomobile low tension ignition and magneto of our own design and construction

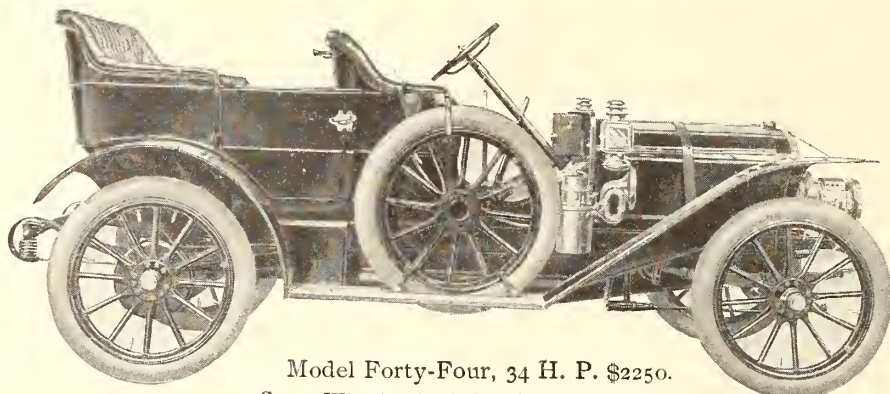
The *Locomobile* Company of America; Bridgeport, Conn.
 NEW YORK — PHILADELPHIA — CHICAGO — BOSTON

The Pierce Arrow



The Pierce Arrow is made this year in more styles than ever before, but every Pierce car is built on the chassis which has made the Pierce a synonym for the service sought by every automobile owner but obtained by only a few. The 1909 Pierce models include Runabouts, Touring Cars, Broughams, Suburbans, Landaus and Landauettes, 24 to 60 H. P., 4 and 6 Cylinder.

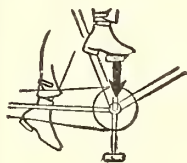
THE GEORGE N. PIERCE CO. (Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers) **BUFFALO, N. Y.**



Model Forty-Four, 34 H. P. \$2250.
Spare Wheel, with inflated tire, brackets and tools, \$74. Magneto \$150.

THE OFFSET CRANK SHAFT

Most automobiles develop sufficient power when they are traveling at a *high* speed. The greatest need is for power at *slow* engine speeds. Rambler Model Forty-Four can be operated smoothly and steadily at *three* miles an hour on *high* gear. This is because of the offset crank shaft.



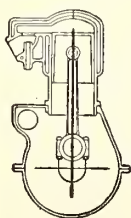
Corresponds to position of piston in ordinary engine at explosion center.



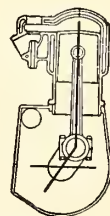
Corresponds to position of piston in Rambler engine at explosion center.

Rambler

The Car with the Offset Crank Shaft



Ordinary Engine. Position of piston at explosion center. Explosion exerts no turning effort to crank shaft. The dead center wastes energy. Shock falls on bearings.



Rambler Offset Crank Shaft. Position of piston at explosion center. Full power of explosion exerts turning effort to crank shaft. Dead center eliminated. No energy wasted. No shock to bearings.

Seven passenger model, forty-five horse power with offset crank shaft, \$2500. Other models. \$1150 to \$2500. Write for catalog describing Rambler offset crank shaft, Spare Wheel, straight line drive and other features of the new Rambler.

THE CAR OF STEADY SERVICE

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches and Distributing Agencies:

Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, New York, San Francisco.

Representatives in all leading cities.



"Why the rubber wasn't played"

Until you have heard Amberol Records you have not heard the Edison Phonograph at its best

Edison Amberol Records have made the Edison Phonograph a more fascinating entertainer than before — added richness and sweetness to its tone, increased its repertoire and enabled it to give to more people more of the kind of music they enjoy.

Consider the increased enjoyment of a Record that plays twice as long as the regular Edison Record and longer than any other Record made.

Go to the nearest dealer today and hear the Edison Phonograph play an Amberol Record. He will tell you how you can play it on your present Phonograph and still play the Records you have.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States, \$12.50 to \$125.00. Amberol Records, 50c.; regular Edison Records, 35c.; Grand Opera Records, 75c.

Ask your dealer or write us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 69 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

The Edison Business Phonograph reduces the cost of letter writing one-half



TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison

To the Man With Something Worth Selling

Of course your business is different.

The same methods will not fit your case as are successful in advertising soap, paint, pianos, clothing, shoes, underwear, flour, agricultural implements, books, schools and many other lines in which you are pleased to concede our services are of unquestioned value.

You would have to educate us to understand your business, you say. You are correct—if in order to sell your goods it is more essential to know how to make them than how to persuade the buyer that he needs them and to educate him how to use them.

Creative salesmanship will always be at a premium. It adds value to merchandise by educating the consumer to larger uses and broader appreciation of its intrinsic merits.

We are salesmen using Magazine, Newspaper, Street Car and Bill Board space in "confident co-operation" with our customers.

Every account is handled individually, and the "conference method," original with us, insures you the best service of your people as well as ours.

Let us put your name on our mailing list to receive monthly THE MAHIN MESSENGER.



Telephone Long Distance
Central 7045 or address

MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY

John Lee Mahin, President

American Trust Building, Chicago

Grand
Canyon
Yellowstone
Park



Alaska- Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle

June 1 to October 16, 1909

Rose Festival, Portland

June 7 to 12, 1909

Yellowstone Park, June 5 to September 25, 1909

Form a trinity of attractions which have never been outrivaled and each of them may be visited on a trans-continental trip via the

Northern Pacific Railway

Either going to or returning from the Pacific Coast or California. Two strictly modern trains are operated daily in each direction between St. Paul-Minneapolis, and one train daily between Missouri River points and the North Pacific Coast. Through Pullmans, Observation Cars, modern Dining Cars, all meals a la carte. A tour of Yellowstone Park should be made and should always begin at the official entrance **Gardiner Gateway** Park boundary.

For fares and travel
literature, address

A. M. Cleland,

General Passenger Agent
ST. PAUL, MINN.



SPIRIT
OF THE
PACIFIC



HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE

IDEAL Cruises and Tours

THE delightful climate—the beautiful scenery and the many opportunities and facilities for all outdoor sports, make

JAMAICA and The CARIBBEAN

an ideal *American Winter Resort*. Reached in 4½ days from New York by the magnificent 6000-ton "PRINZ" steamers of the

ATLAS SERVICE, equipped and furnished according to the highest standards.

SPECIAL CRUISES of from 13 to 25 days. Cost, from \$105 upwards.

30-DAY CRUISE to the WEST INDIES, VENEZUELA and PANAMA CANAL, by steamer "Oceana," leaving Feb. 27. Cost, \$150 up.

SPECIAL TOURS of varied length and itinerary, with inclusive rates for hotels and sight-seeing.

Our comprehensive booklets, containing illustrations and giving full particulars, sent upon request.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway, - - New York

| | | |
|-----------|---------------|--------------|
| Boston | Chicago | Philadelphia |
| St. Louis | San Francisco | |

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Charming Itineraries
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Tours de Luxe to Japan, Manchuria, Korea, China, etc., Feb. 16, March 9. Exceptional Itineraries. Private Parties.

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the "New Way" through Siberia, Russia, etc. Special Tour leaves March 26.

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Illustrated Programmes from

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Cook's Traveler's Cheques are Good All Over the World.

No other limited train, via any line

Runs all the way on
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Block-signal safeguards and
oil-sprinkled (dustless) tracks

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winter resort



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E. J. Newman

Deluxe booklets of train and trip on request
New equipment this season
W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. AT&SFRy System
1118-S Railway Exchange-Chicago.

Limited



IT IS SUMMER IN

CALIFORNIA, ARIZONA,

MEXICO, TEXAS, LOUISIANA,

You can

MOTOR
DRIVE
RIDE
FISH
HUNT
BATHE
CLIMB
COACH
CANOE
YACHT
GOLF

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

Travel via the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC SUNSET ROUTE

THE NATURAL WINTER GATEWAY
AND OPEN WINDOW ROUTE

Rock-Ballast Roadbed—Automatic Block Signals—Oil-Burning Locomotives—Superior Equipment

Ten days' Stopover allowed at New Orleans on all tickets. For free illustrated pamphlets, address
Southern Pacific Agent.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, SYRACUSE, BALTIMORE,
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The most magnificent Hotel in the South.

European plan exclusively.

Rooms single and en suite, with and without bath.

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The Historical points of interest in and around Richmond make the City a desirable stop-over place for tourists.

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Personally conducted tours at all prices.

SAMUEL H. LONGLEY, 314 Main St., WORCESTER, MASS.

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Select two months' Summer tours. Personal escort; choice of routes; parties small; fine steamers. Apply at once.

\$250

The Temple Tours, 8-A Peacon St., Boston, Mass.

TRAVEL WITH **DUNNING**

EGYPT—PALESTINE—TURKEY—GREECE

Sail Winter, Spring, Summer, 1909. Send for Booklet.

H. W. DUNNING & Co., 116 Congregational House, Boston, Mass.

TEN LIMITED, conducted parties to

EUROPE in April, May, June, July. Everything First Class. "Old World Tourist Guide" Free.

DE POTTER TOURS, 82 Broadway, N. Y. (80th Year)



EUROPE AND ORIENT

28th Season—Limited Parties—Exceptional Advantages

DR. and MRS. HOWARD S. PAINE.

118 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y.

AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

By S. S. Arabic, 16,000 Tons, Oct. 16

30 TOURS TO EUROPE \$250 UP

F. C. CLARK, Times Building, New York



Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$18. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Connecticut.

Virginia Farms and Homes

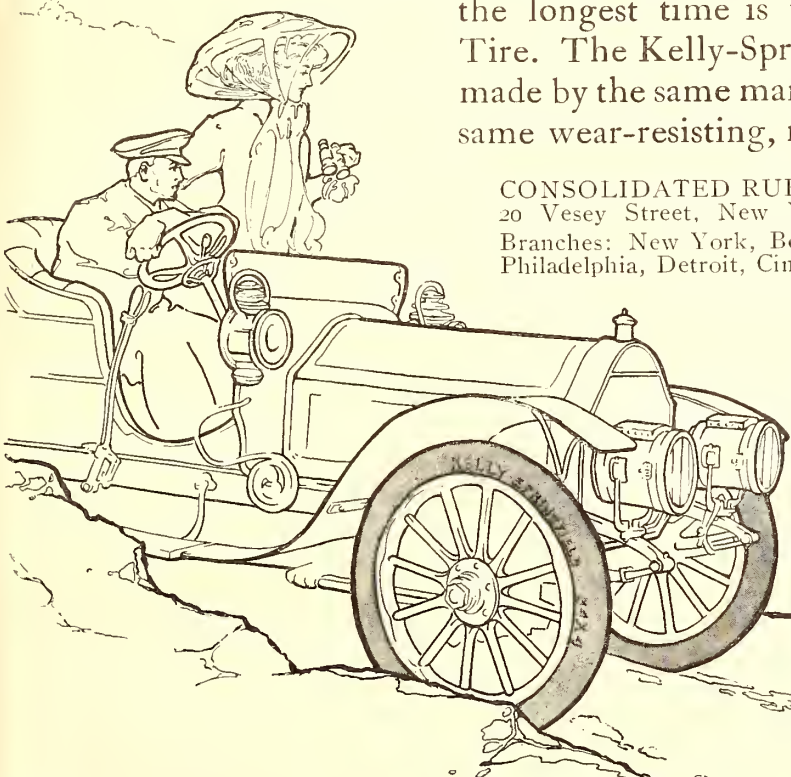
FREE CATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS.

R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

The Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic Tires for Automobiles

The best known carriage tire in the world and the one that has been best known for the longest time is the Kelly-Springfield Tire. The Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic is made by the same manufacturers. It has the same wear-resisting, resilient composition.

CONSOLIDATED RUBBER TIRE COMPANY
20 Vesey Street, New York, and Akron, Ohio
Branches: New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis,
Philadelphia, Detroit, Cincinnati and San Francisco



The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

Established Thirty-one Years.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity).

With the Escharotic Method
(without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



CUTICURA COMFORT



FOR WINTER IRRITATIONS

Of face and hands is found in Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, when all else fails. For winter eczemas, rashes, itchings, chafings, chappings, redness, roughness, frost-bites, chilblains, itching, burning feet, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are absolutely unrivaled.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co.; Sydney: India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd.; Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Post-free, New Cuticura Booklet, "Preserving and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair and Hands."



SKIN CLEAN-UP

is the vogue in New York. Cosmetics are passing away. It is now known that impurities in the pores infect the skin and cause bad complexions. Clean up the pores with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream on a hot wet cloth, use regularly to wipe the face instead of soap and water and you prevent infection, dryness, chapping and premature wrinkles.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream

is so delightfully cleansing, fragrant, creamy and refreshing, that if you form this new clean-up habit, you will be convinced that "skin cleanliness is skin health" and the best aid to lasting beauty. Of course you always have to look out for imitations, so speak the name plainly. Jars, 35c. up; travelers' tubes, 10c. up; at best shops.

**Sample Gratis by Post,
Daggett & Ramsdell**
Dept. E
D. & R. Bldg., W. 14th St.,
NEW YORK



MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

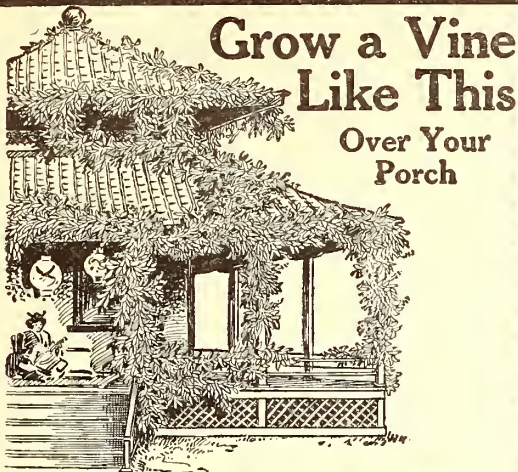
and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's Sea Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } No
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) } Samples
Specially prepared for the nursery. Sold only at Stores.



Grow a Vine Like This Over Your Porch

JAPANESE KUDZU VINE

This is the most remarkable *hardy* climbing vine of the age, and one that should be planted by every one desiring a dense shade. It comes from Japan, the land so productive of curious and ornamental flowers. The blossoms grow in panicles somewhat like Wistaria, but much larger in size and better clusters. Of a pleasing shade of purple and *deliciously fragrant*.

For rapidly covering arbors, fences, dead or old trees, porches or rockeries there is nothing to equal it, growing to a height of 40 to 50 feet if permitted.

It flourishes where nothing else will grow, in the best or poorest soil, and owing to its *hardy* nature, requires little or no care.

Kudzu Seed Price 10c per packet or 3 packets for 25c postpaid

For quickest results, however, buy our one-year-old Kudzu plants. We sell these at 25c each or 3 for 50c. **Free Book** of Northern Grown Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Fruits and Trees.

Valuable information for farm and garden.

L. L. MAY & CO. ST. PAUL, MINN.

**DO YOU KNOW
VICK QUALITY SEEDS?**

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide

tells how to grow Vick Quality Flowers, Fruits and
Vegetables. **Free on request.**

407 MAIN ST. JAMES VICKS SONS ROCHESTER, N.Y.



Write for free catalog "Plants & Plans for Beautiful Surroundings"

Full of invaluable information, illustrations of flowers and beautiful lawns. It shows how the modest as well as the most extensive grounds can easily be made charming and attractive. There is nothing more pleasing and delightful to cultured taste than artistic and properly planted grounds. Write us today.

Wagner Park Conservatories,
Box 432, Sidney, Ohio.

FERRY'S

There is
scarcely any limit to the
possible improvement in seeds,
but it takes time and money. We have been im-
proving flower and vegetable seeds for over 50
years. More than 2000 people are working to
make Ferry's Seeds suit you. Buy the best—
Ferry's. For sale everywhere.

**FERRY'S 1909 SEED ANNUAL
FREE ON REQUEST.**

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

SEEDS

Feb. 1909

Dreer's Garden Book for 1909

JUST what every amateur wants to know—
clear, concise, dependable cultural instruc-
tions for successfully growing flowers and vege-
tables.

Over 100 Special Articles

on every phase of gardening, most of them written expressly
for the **1909 Dreer's Garden Book** by such eminent
authorities as:

Mrs. H. Rutherford Ely, author of "A Woman's Hardy
Garden."

Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University.

Mr. Wm. Falconer, former editor of "Gardening."

Mr. Geo. W. Oliver, expert plantsman and writer.

Mr. W. C. Egan, the eminent amateur.

Mr. E. E. Rexford, the noted writer on house plants.

Mr. T. Greiner, author of "How to Make the Garden Pay," etc.

And **Special Articles** by our own experts.

You would have to read an entire library of books on gar-
dening to acquire the information contained in **Dreer's
Garden Book for 1909.**

*We will mail a copy WITHOUT CHARGE
if you mention this magazine.*

Henry A. Dreer 714 Chestnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA

BURPEE'S

The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1909!

THE "SILENT SALESMAN" of the World's
Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade is a **New BOOK
of 174 pages.** It describes Rare Novelties which
can not be had elsewhere and tells the *plain truth*
about the Best Seeds that can be grown,—as
proved at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS,—the
largest and most complete Trial Grounds in
America. Handsomely bound in covers litho-
graphed in nine colors it shows, with the beautiful
colored plates (also in nine colors) Seven Choice
Novelties in Vegetables, Three Superb "Spencer"
Sweet Peas and the most beautiful New Giant-
flowered Pansies,—all accurately painted from
nature. With hundreds of illustrations from pho-
tographs and carefully written descriptions it is A
SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden and should
be consulted by every one who plants either for
pleasure or profit. While too costly a book to
send unsolicited (except to our regular customers),
we are pleased to mail it **FREE to every one**
who has a garden and can appreciate **QUALITY IN
SEEDS.** Shall we mail You a copy? If so, kindly
name this paper and write **TO-DAY!**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.

Burpee Building, Philadelphia, U.S.A.



DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE AT 36TH STREET

NEW YORK

OUTFITTERS TO

Young Men, Boys and Girls

Novelties in Boys' and Girls' Wash Suits
in fine imported Galateas and linens.

ANNIPED SHOES

Shoes of every description for Children,
Boys and Girls of all ages.

Finest Materials—Best Workmanship.
Low Prices.

SEND FOUR CENTS FOR HANDSOME
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Washes without Ironing

Serpentine Crêpe

THE dainty equivalent
of Japanese fabrics in a
more pronounced, crinkly texture,
rich in design and coloring
Printed patterns of exquisite variety, and plain
shades covering everything that is modish.
It retails at not over 20c per yard. Ask your
retailer for it, or send to us to-day for beautiful
sample book. Please mention this magazine.

PACIFIC MILLS, BOSTON

RUBDRY

BATH TOWEL

THE ONLY TOWEL WORTH A NAME

Made of a patented weave which
gives a surface texture like a million
little nubby sponges.

They are *luxurious* to a degree, and
give a healthful, pleasing friction, with-
out irritation. No ravels, no lint. Just
rough enough for men — just soft
enough for women and children.

Will outwear two or three ordinary
towels. Put up each in a separate
package, which insures cleanliness.

Each towel has a sewed-on label
"Rubdry," which identifies it as the
bath room aristocrat.

RUBDRY TOWEL CO., Providence, R. I.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

Cooper's

ORIGINAL

Spring Needle

GRADE
DE
LUXE

Avoid Disappointment
by insisting that the under-
wear you buy bears this
trade mark... It is on all
genuine

Cooper
garments.
COOPER MFG. CO.
BENNINGTON, VT.



GRADE DE LUXE

Underwear

New edition of a "travel" book of rare
charm and interest.

DAYS SPENT ON A DOGE'S FARM By MARGARET SYMONDS

A book to delight in, with fifty-nine unusual
illustrations from photographs and from draw-
ings by the author. New edition with sixteen
new illustrations and a new preface. \$2.50 net,
postage 15 cents.

The "Doge's Farm" was the isolated estate of the family of Pisani, and here for many years lived the widowed Countess, a woman of exceptional intellect, beauty, and charm, a "loving and vital presence." The author of the book, daughter of John Addington Symonds, spent many happy days at Vescovana; and this is the narrative of the great house and its odd, fascinating, brilliant routine; the curious country life of this little-known part of Northern Italy; best of all of friendship with the Countess Pisani, whom to know — brilliant, beautiful, loving, vital — was a liberal education. And the telling is quite worthy of the subject, alive and vivid and full of color.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, NEW YORK



Associated Sunday Magazines

Issued co-operatively by and a part of the Sunday issues of the

CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD
ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC
PHILADELPHIA PRESS

PITTSBURGH POST
NEW-YORK TRIBUNE
BOSTON POST

WASHINGTON STAR
MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL
DENVER NEWS-TIMES

Each of the nine newspapers covers a wide territory, and as a result in hundreds of cases two or three of the papers have circulation in the same territory; in many instances four and five of the papers have circulation in a given city.

This "overlapping" gives the Associated Sunday Magazines, co-operatively issued, two or three times as much circulation in competitive territory as is possessed by any one of the nine newspapers that includes the magazine as a part of its Sunday edition.

For example, Buffalo is served by five of the nine newspapers, Baltimore by four, Wheeling by four, Altoona by four, Dayton by four.

Atlantic City, New Haven, Newport, Detroit, Toledo, and many other cities get their copies of the Associated Sunday Magazines as a part of four or more of the nine newspapers issuing the Associated Sunday Magazines.

Milwaukee takes more than 2500 copies of the Chicago Record-Herald and smaller lots from two other papers; Kansas City, 2305 from the St. Louis Republic and more than 500 from three other papers; Providence, 5115 from the Boston Post and more than 250 from three other papers.

Exact figures have been tabulated showing circulation in every town and city in the United States having twenty-five or more regular readers.

The statement shows 1208 different cities, towns, and villages in Illinois, 570 in New York State, 1097 in Pennsylvania, 355 in Michigan, 324 in Massachusetts, 598 in Wisconsin, 517 in Missouri, 378 in Indiana, and so on through all the States.

Below is Shown the Distribution by Cities

In the nine cities, the nine publishing points, copies circulated . . . 388,795

In thirty-two cities (outside of the nine issuing points) having a population of one hundred thousand and over, copies circulated . . . 35,722

In cities having a population of fifty to one hundred thousand,—46 in all,—copies circulated . . . 58,371

In cities having a population of twenty-five to fifty thousand,—104 cities in all,—copies circulated . . . 74,787

In cities of five to twenty-five thousand,—715 in all,—copies circulated . . . 150,437

In towns of one thousand to five thousand—2574 in all,—copies circulated . . . 130,744

In towns and villages of less than one thousand population,—7864 in all,—copies circulated . . . 96,401

Scattering circulation of single copies, but listed by the nine papers, without indicating postoffice or town address of subscribers . . . 88,968

The careful reader will observe that about 8% of the total circulation (about ninety thousand copies) is not apportioned in this exact distribution. The nine newspapers furnish their circulation figures in a large number of towns, and add footnotes that the remainders of their circulations are distributed in such and such wide territories.





More than One Million Copies

Each week—circulated in more than eleven thousand cities, towns, and villages

BY CARRIERS, NEWSDEALERS, POST, AND EXPRESS THE MAGAZINES ARE DELIVERED
NINE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENTS MANAGE THE GREAT WEEKLY DISTRIBUTION
ISSUE OF DEC. 13th (LATEST OBTAINABLE FIGURES), 1,024,225

Below Is Shown the Distribution by States

The attention of advertisers is especially called to the fact that 92% of the circulation is in the first group of States, which are the Eastern, the Central, the Northern, the Middle Western, and the Western,—the great buying States.

2% is distributed in the Southern and far Western States comprising the second group.

The scattering or unclassified circulation amounts to 69,373 copies.



GROUP 1

| | | | |
|----------------------------|---------|--------------------|---------|
| Maine . . . | 14,828 | Ohio . . . | 11,110 |
| New Hampshire . . . | 14,335 | Michigan . . . | 10,718 |
| Vermont . . . | 1,680 | Indiana . . . | 14,674 |
| Massachusetts . . . | 182,393 | Illinois . . . | 136,891 |
| Rhode Island . . . | 9,500 | Wisconsin . . . | 19,008 |
| Connecticut . . . | 7,950 | Minnesota . . . | 58,999 |
| New York . . . | 39,972 | Iowa . . . | 25,074 |
| New Jersey . . . | 20,253 | Missouri . . . | 78,357 |
| Pennsylvania . . . | 163,286 | Arkansas . . . | 5,369 |
| Delaware . . . | 1,621 | Oklahoma . . . | 6,508 |
| District of Columbia . . . | 31,796 | Kansas . . . | 4,373 |
| Maryland . . . | 3,962 | Nebraska . . . | 3,933 |
| Virginia . . . | 3,209 | South Dakota . . . | 5,336 |
| West Virginia . . . | 4,726 | North Dakota . . . | 8,246 |
| | | Colorado . . . | 47,028 |

GROUP 2

| | | | |
|------------------------|-------|------------------|---------------|
| Kentucky . . . | 1,704 | Arizona . . . | 1,500 |
| Tennessee . . . | 1,112 | Utah . . . | 100 |
| North Carolina . . . | 505 | Wyoming . . . | 3,047 |
| South Carolina . . . | 115 | Montana . . . | 993 |
| Georgia . . . | 328 | Idaho . . . | 133 |
| Florida . . . | 482 | Washington . . . | 313 |
| Alabama . . . | 719 | Oregon . . . | 96 |
| Mississippi . . . | 556 | Nevada . . . | 43 |
| Louisiana . . . | 1,326 | California . . . | 637 |
| Texas . . . | 2,990 | Alaska . . . | 20 |
| Indian Territory . . . | 13 | Canada . . . | 614 |
| New Mexico . . . | 2,006 | Foreign . . . | 365 |
| Unclassified . . . | | | 69,373 copies |

As this is a "direct statement" advertisement of the most serious kind, estimates and guesses cannot appear in it. You may, if you will, figure three or five readers for each copy of the magazine. It is the usual basis.

We know that as a part of the Chicago Record-Herald,—the New-York Tribune or the Rocky Mountain News and Denver Times,—the Washington Star or the Minneapolis Journal,—the Boston Post or the St. Louis Republic,—the Philadelphia Press or the Pittsburgh Post,—the magazine is an institution beloved by its millions of readers.

The advertising patronage now amounts to more than half a million dollars a year and is rapidly growing.

No wonder the advertising is constantly increasing. Advertisers reach buyers more effectively in the richest commercial territory in the world, and for less cost, through the Associated Sunday Magazines than they can through any standard independent magazine published.

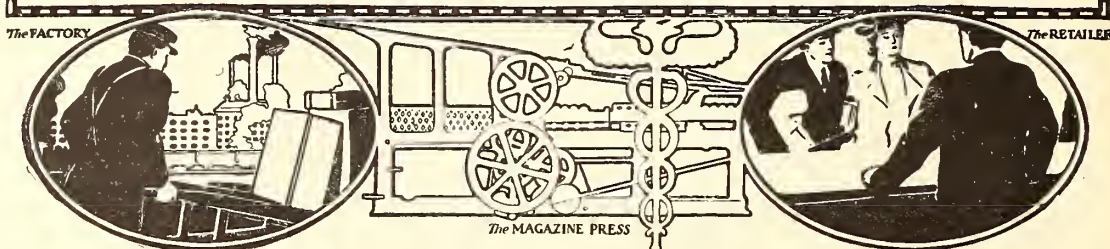
On request the advertising department will be glad to send advertisers, free of charge, copies of the magazines, together with the complete circulation statement showing exact distribution in more than eleven thousand cities, towns, and villages in the "area of profit." Each town having twenty-five or more regular subscribers is listed.

WALTER P. WHEELER, Advertising Manager,
Associated Sunday Magazines, 1 Madison Ave., New York City
or RUFUS T. FRENCH, Western Advertising Manager,
309 Record-Herald Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please send, without charge, copies of the A. S. M., together with the complete circulation statement as advertised in Century Magazine.

Name
Street
Town
State

The Phonograph of To-day



THE phonograph of yesterday was first one of the most famous and astonishing of American inventions. After that it became a mechanism for recording business correspondence—wonderful in its efficiency and economy for that purpose, yet meaning nothing whatever to the public at large in recreation and culture.

The phonograph of *to-day* is another instrument altogether. If you are familiar only with the phonograph of yesterday you owe it as a duty to yourself and family to become acquainted with the phonograph of *here and now*. What this newer instrument is you can learn right in your own community, and it is what it is largely through the magazines.

Magazine advertising has put the talking machine into every nook and corner of the nation—of the world. Demand created by magazine advertising has enabled the various manufacturers to undertake research, find new substances, develop more delicate mechanism, and, above all things, safely invest the large capital needed in the making of fine records for the instrument.

In your own home to-day, no matter where you live, the world's great opera singers will sing their greatest parts for you, your family, your friends, at a *first cost* far less than would be paid for a few performances of opera in New York, even if you could go there. You can hear these singers again and again at your own convenience.

Your talking machine will bring you songs of singers yet to rise into prominence, and keep the voices of the singers of the present at command years after they themselves have gone into retirement.

The capital invested in securing these records for *you* would subsidize half the state opera in Europe. Yet they are yours at the cost of street music if you appreciate them, along with instrumental music of highest quality. For the magazines have provided for the new phonograph a vast national audience of interested patrons, making the investment possible. That is why an authority stated, just the other day, that "the magazines have really *made* the phonograph, and it is not possible to imagine the present instrument without them."

In 1900 our phonograph industry was grouped with electrical supplies by the census-taker—not big enough then to be classed separately. Five years later it *had* to be classed alone, and to-day few of our industries are growing faster.

Only a few dealers sold the phonograph ten years ago, while to-day there are *seventeen thousand* dealers in the United States taking care of local demand for the phonograph. Moreover, each sale of an instrument means not merely a sale, but a permanent future connection in supplying records. When a dealer sells a phonograph he has made, not merely a customer, but a client.

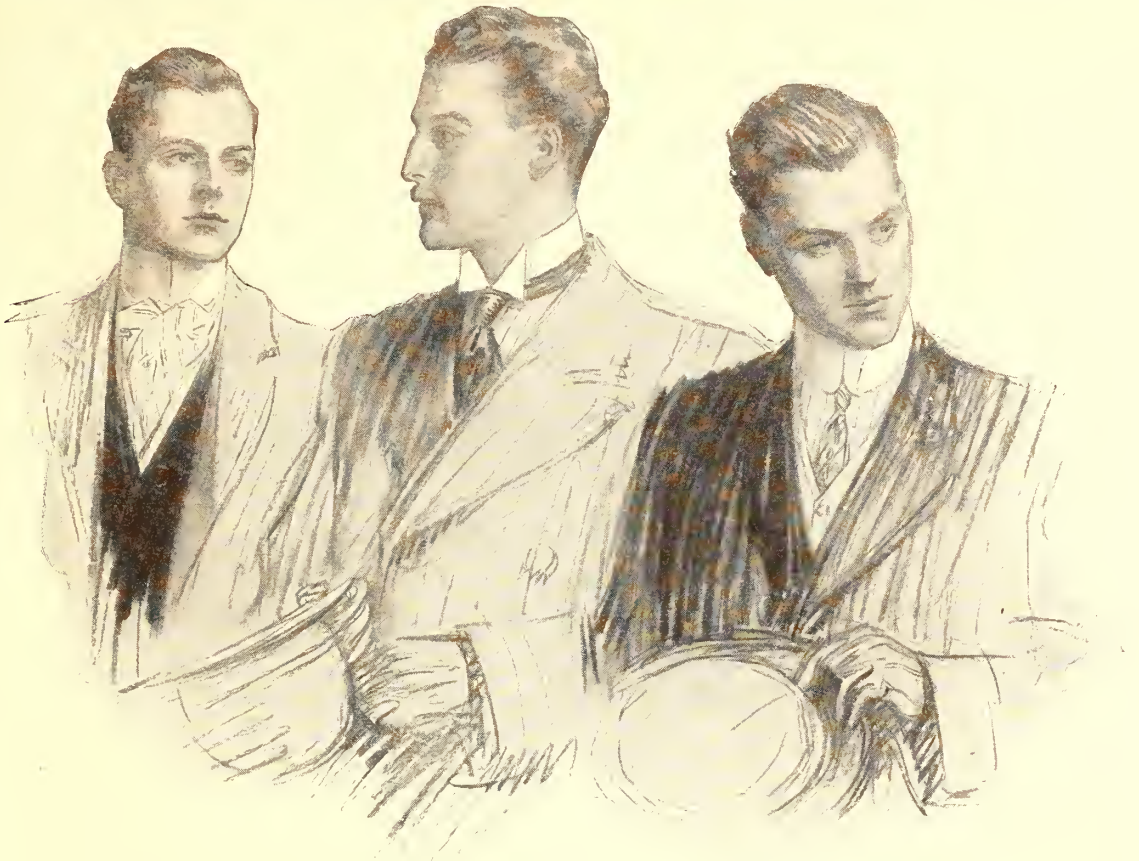
The Quoin Club T L T L T Key

Sent to any Business Man on Request

Mr. Manufacturer: What is your selling problem? Do you sell your product anonymously or by name? The latter plan builds up an asset that is yours—and the magazines could make that asset large. In the Quoin Club the 30 leading periodicals in America have an organization that can focus on your selling problem large experience and trained minds. It might serve you—and will gladly undertake to do it. Address or call

The Quoin Club

111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



A 3-ply collar costs you just as much as a 4-ply, but it cannot be more than three-quarters as good. The

ARROW

is 4 sizes to the inch
and 4 plies to the

COLLAR

Made only under the ARROW label.

15 cents each, 2 for 25c. In Canada 20 cents each, 3 for 50c.

ARROW CUFFS 25c. a pair. Send for booklet, "Proper Dress."

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers of Cluett Shirts, 439 River St., Troy, N.Y.



*Cover Design
by J. M. Flagg*

The Best Valentine

you can give is the big Valentine Number of Woman's Home Companion, with this heart of hearts in the centre of its beautiful red cover. The Valentine Number for February contains C. Allen Gilbert's beautiful painting, "David Copperfield and Agnes"; another of Irving Bacheller's "Cricket Heron Tales"; "When Sabina Intervened," by Mary Hastings; a full page portrait of Abraham Lincoln at the age of fifteen, painted by Balfour Ker; "The Mothers of Lincoln," by Laura Spencer Portor; and little descriptions of all the best books about Lincoln,—All this and more in the February

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
Subscription Price, \$1.25 a Year
The Crowell Publishing Company
Madison Square, New York City

The
New Models 10 and 11

Remington

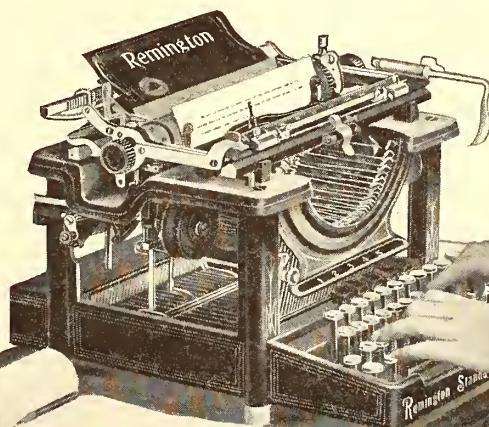
do more than supply every demand; they
anticipate every demand of every user
of the writing machine.

SOME OF THE NEW FEATURES

- New Single Dog Escapement
- New Column Selector (Model 10)
- New Built-in Decimal Tabulator (Model 11)
- New Two-Color Dial
- New Back Space Key
- New Variable Line Spacing Lock
- New Shift Lock
- New Paper Feed

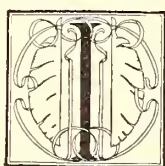
Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere



CRANE'S *Correct Social Stationery*

Crane's Linen Lawn



It is difficult to tell you in this small space the different things that go to make a writing paper perfect. The most we can do is to assure you that all these different things have been done in Crane's Linen Lawn, and ask you to accept the judgment of discriminating users of papers who always buy Crane's, and of many experienced stationers who always sell Crane's.

Every stationer knows that Crane's is the best, no matter what he sells, and the best stationers sell Crane's.

The way to identify Crane's Linen Lawn is to hold a sheet to the light and look for the water-mark "Crane's."

CRANE'S WEDDING PAPERS

The invitation to a wedding should never be apologetic in appearance. It is so easy to have the best; it is so easy to be sure you are right by simply insisting upon Crane's Wedding Papers. Every good stationer carries Crane's or can get it.

HIGHLAND LINEN

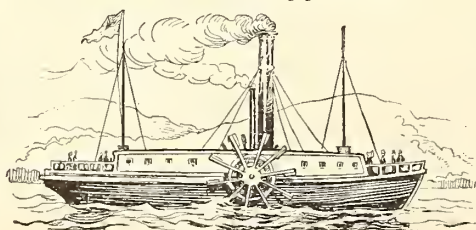
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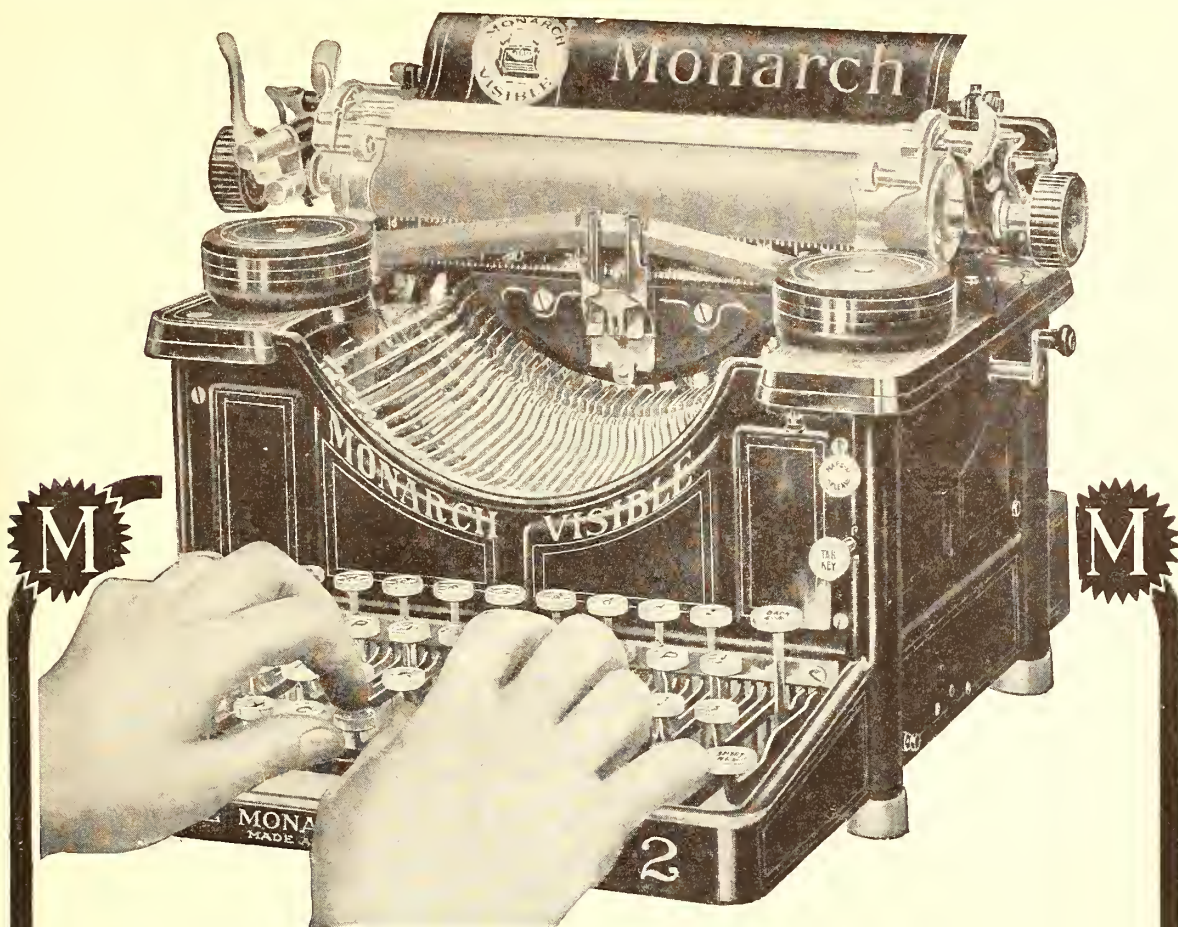
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A Knox Gelatine dessert costs no more than any other kind a housekeeper can prepare and is at the same time the most delicious, the most wholesome and the most easily digested of all desserts. A package of Knox Gelatine will make TWO QUARTS of jelly: the



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1 orange, 1 lemon, 3 cups rich milk,
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Grate the outside of both orange and lemon. Squeeze out all the juice, add to this the sugar. When ready to freeze, stir in the milk slowly to prevent curdling. Take part of a cup of the milk, add the gelatine. After standing a few minutes, place in a pan of hot water until dissolved, then stir into the rest of the milk and fruit juice. Freeze.

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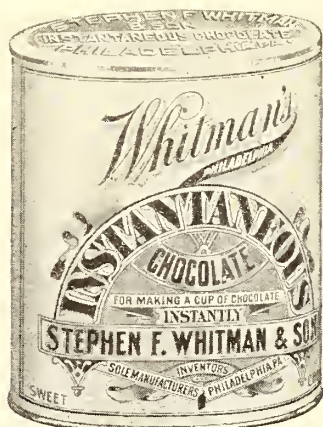
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One of these women is a married woman of nearly 40. The others are misses of 15 to 20 years younger.

Can you tell which is the oldest, the chaperon?

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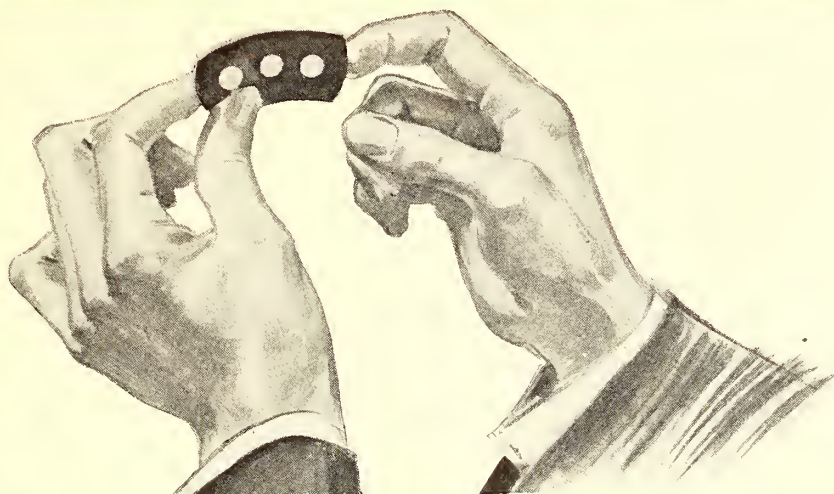


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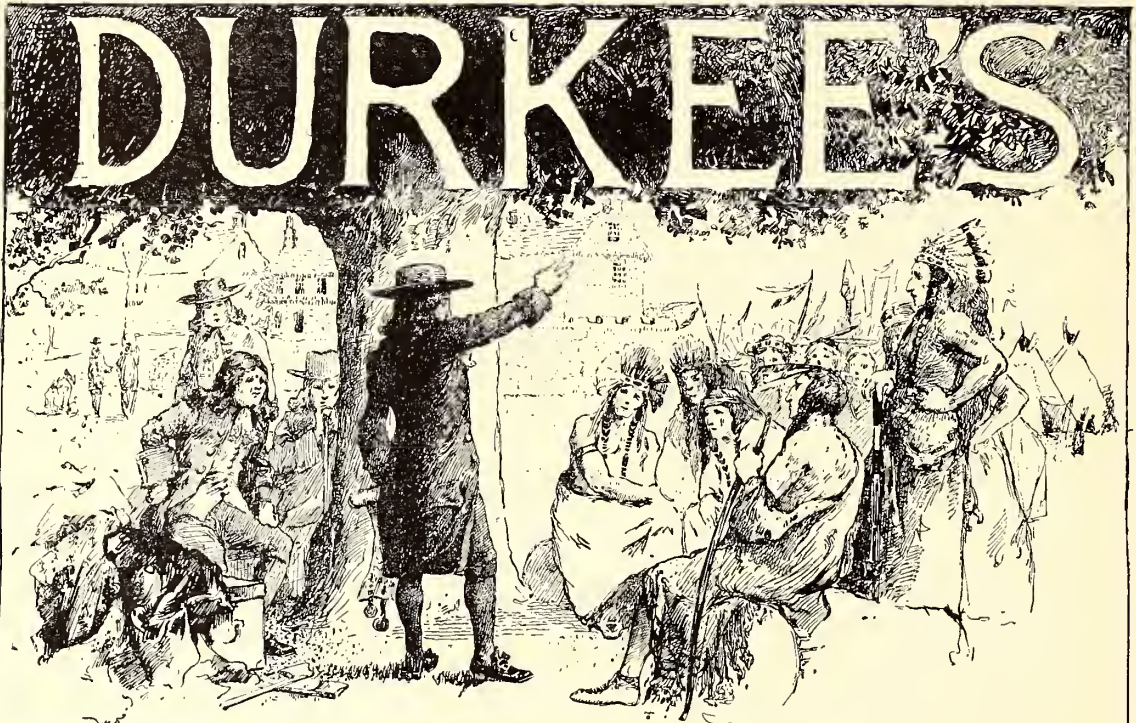
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Put into a soup-plate two tablespoonfuls of **Durkee's Salad Dressing**, thin it a little with the juice of a lemon, or a tablespoonful of vinegar. Remove the oysters from their liquor, dry them well in a cloth, dip them into the Dressing, then roll in bread or cracker crumbs; do not press them with the hands or place them one on top of another. When the lard is smoking hot, fry them as you would doughnuts. Brown the crumbs a little before using them by putting them in a pan in the oven.

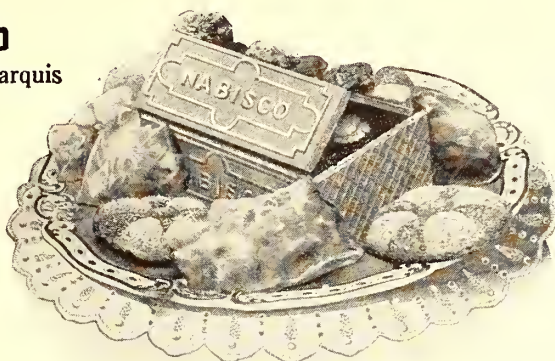
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express the "Art of the Dessert." They appeal to the sense of the appropriate on any and every occasion, whether served alone or as an accompaniment to an elaborate dessert.

RECIPE

Cut out a piece of plain cake, making each side the width of a Nabisco Sugar Wafer. Along one side of the wafers put a thin coating of Royal Icing—then place lengthwise against the cake. Remove center of cake. Chop fine two ounces of walnuts and add to one cupful of whipped cream with sugar and vanilla extract to taste—then fill up center. Decorate with two NABISCO Sugar Wafers and candied rose leaves. Serve with chopped lemon jelly and macaroons.

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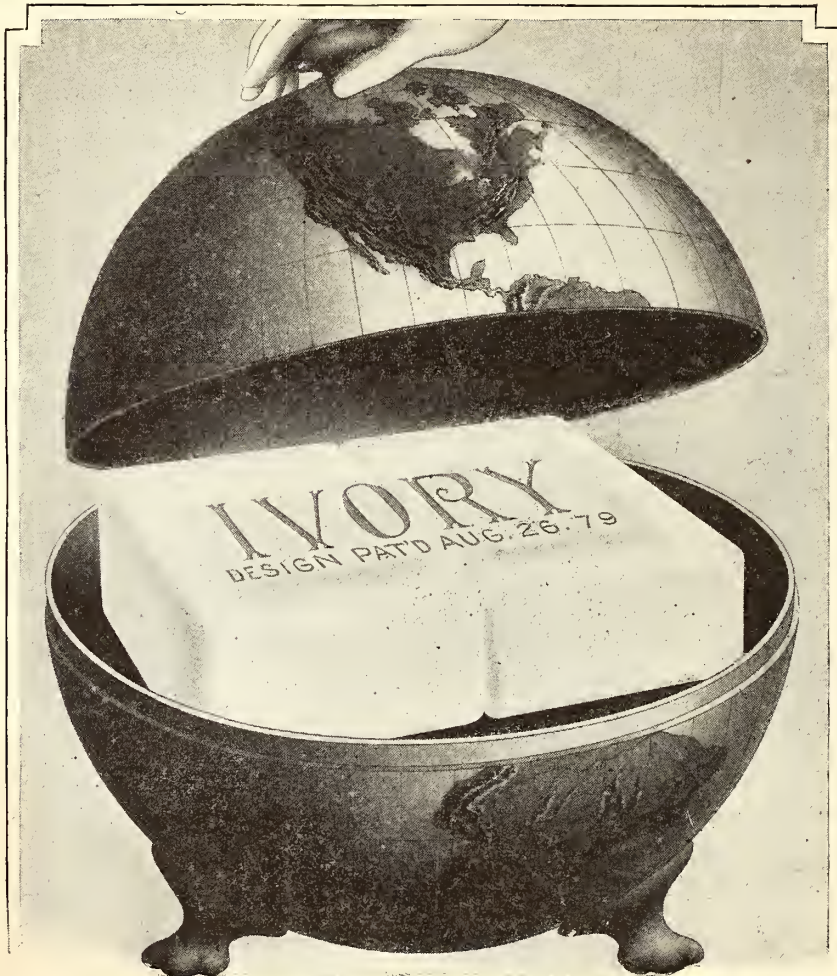
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